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ANOTHER BOOK OF VERSES FOR  
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TORONTO





We know not who in olden time  
It was who first invented rhyme,



But few have done as much as he  
To brighten things for you and me.



Another Book  
of Verses for  
Children

Edited by  
E.V. Lucas  
Illustrations by  
F.D. Bedford

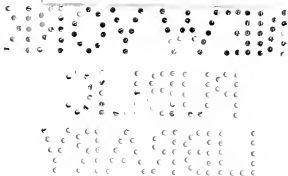
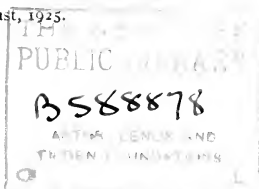
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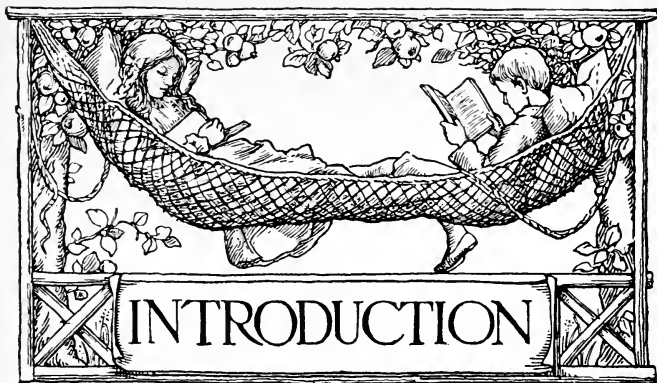
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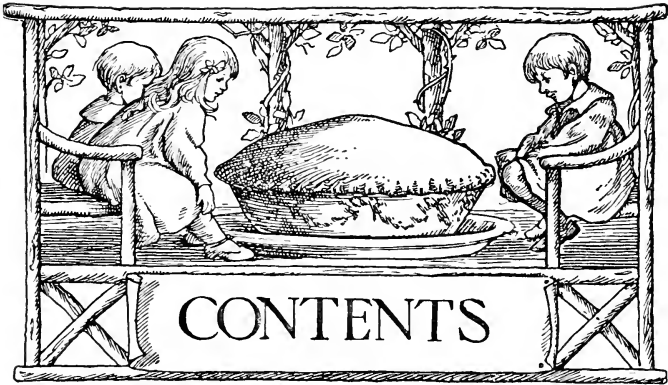
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OF the present collection of verses, as of that which (under the title "A Book of Verses for Children") preceded it ten years ago, I would say that it consists not so much of poetry as of poetry-for-children. It is, like that, merely a preparation for the real thing. I might add that their fitness for being read aloud has always been present in my mind when choosing the contents.

E. V. L.

PROYECTO  
OLIMPIA  
YAGUELL



INTRODUCTION . . . . .	PAGE vii
------------------------	-------------

*FOREWORD*

Good and Bad Children . . . . .	<i>R. L. Stevenson</i>	I
---------------------------------	------------------------	---

*THE FOUR SEASONS*

To Morning . . . . .	<i>William Blake</i>	5
Song to Pan . . . . .	<i>John Fletcher</i>	5
Spring . . . . .	<i>William Blake</i>	6
The Seasons —		
I. — To Spring . . . . .	<i>William Blake</i>	7
II. — To Summer . . . . .	" "	8
III. — To Autumn . . . . .	" "	8
IV. — To Winter . . . . .	" "	9
The Voice of Spring . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Hemans</i>	10
Written in March . . . . .	<i>William Wordsworth</i>	11
The First of April . . . . .	<i>William Hone</i>	12
The Spring Walk . . . . .	<i>Thomas Miller</i>	12
Daffodils . . . . .	<i>Robert Herrick</i>	14
“I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud”	<i>William Wordsworth</i>	15
The Daisy . . . . .	" "	16
The Young Primrose Gatherers . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Sewell</i>	18
To Primroses filled with Morning Dew . . . . .	<i>Robert Herrick</i>	19

## Contents

	PAGE
Country Lore —	
The Merry Heart . . . . . <i>Shakespeare</i>	20
Bees . . . . . <i>Anon.</i>	21
Four Winds . . . . . ”	21
The Winds . . . . . ”	21
The Promise of the Clouds . . . . . ”	21
Morning and Evening . . . . . ”	21
The Sea-gull . . . . . ”	21
To a Butterfly . . . . . <i>William Wordsworth</i>	22
Little Raindrops . . . . . <i>Mrs. Hawkshaw</i>	22
Rain in Summer . . . . . <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	24
A Fine Day . . . . . <i>Michael Drayton</i>	27
Ruth . . . . . <i>Thomas Hood</i>	27
Autumn . . . . . ” ”	28
Two Hunting Songs —	
I. . . . . <i>Anon.</i>	29
II. . . . . <i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	30
Address to a Child during a Boisterous Winter Evening	
<i>Dorothy Wordsworth</i>	31
Ode to the North-East Wind . . . . . <i>Charles Kingsley</i>	33
The Frost . . . . . <i>Hannah Flagg Gould</i>	35
The Frost Spirit . . . . . <i>J. G. Whittier</i>	36
Six Christmas Poems —	
I. — Old Christmas . . . . . <i>Anon.</i>	37
II. — Christmas Invitation . . . . . <i>William Barnes</i>	39
III. — Blind-Man's Buff . . . . . <i>William Blake</i>	40
IV. — The Turkey . . . . . <i>L.</i>	42
V. — Hands Across the Sea . . . . . ”	42
VI. — Retribution . . . . . <i>Carolyn Wells</i>	43
Life (Fragment) . . . . . <i>William Blake</i>	44

### FRIENDS IN THE VILLAGE

The Echoing Green . . . . . <i>William Blake</i>	47
Our Village . . . . . <i>Thomas Hood</i>	48
The Boy Lives on Our Farm . . . . . <i>J. W. Riley</i>	51
The Gamekeeper . . . . . <i>L.</i>	52
Wee Jouky Daidles . . . . . <i>James Smith</i>	53



# Contents

	PAGE
A Friend in the Garden . . . . . <i>Mrs. Ewing</i>	55
Mr. Coggs . . . . . <i>L.</i>	56
The Horse . . . . . <i>Peter Parley</i>	57
Big Smith . . . . . <i>Mrs. Ewing</i>	59
The Blacksmith . . . . . <i>L.</i>	61
Little Orphant Annie . . . . . <i>J. W. Riley</i>	62
The Chemist . . . . . <i>L.</i>	64
The Basket-Makers . . . . . „	65
Father O'Flynn . . . . . <i>Alfred Perceval Graves</i>	66

## LITTLE FOWLS OF THE AIR

Crumbs to the Birds . . . . . <i>Charles and Mary Lamb</i>	71
What the Birds Say . . . . . <i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i>	72
The London Sparrows . . . . . <i>L.</i>	72
Six Robin Poems —	
I. — The Robin in Winter . . . . . <i>Anon.</i>	73
II. — The Robin's Petition . . . . . „	73
III. — The Redbreast and the Butterfly <span style="padding-left: 10em;"><i>William Wordsworth</i></span>	75
IV. — To the Redbreast <i>A Friend of George Herbert</i>	76
V. — Robin's Cross . . . . . <i>George Darley</i>	76
VI. — An Epitaph on a Robin-Redbreast <span style="padding-left: 10em;"><i>Samuel Rogers</i></span>	77
The First Swallow . . . . . <i>Charlotte Smith</i>	77
The Skylark . . . . . <i>Allan Cunningham</i>	78
A Tale . . . . . <i>William Cowper</i>	79
The Bullfinch . . . . . <i>L.</i>	81
On the Death of Mrs. (now Lady) Throckmorton's Bull- finch . . . . . <i>William Cowper</i>	82
The Faithful Bird . . . . . „ „	84
Freddie and the Cherry-Tree . . . . . <i>Mrs. Hawkshaw</i>	85
The Golden-Crested Wren . . . . . <i>Thomas Miller</i>	86
Two Cuckoo Poems —	
I. . . . . <i>Mrs. Hawkshaw</i>	88
II. . . . . <i>J. Logan</i>	89
The Green Linnet . . . . . <i>William Wordsworth</i>	90

# Contents

	PAGE
The Great Brown Owl . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Hawkshaw</i> 92
The Owl . . . . .	<i>Lord Tennyson</i> 92
The Death of Master Tommy Rook . . . . .	<i>Eliza Cook</i> 93
The Jackdaw . . . . .	<i>William Cowper</i> 96
Man's Medley . . . . .	<i>George Herbert</i> 97

## BALLADS OF DUMB CREATURES

Human Nature . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> 101
The Lost Lamb . . . . .	<i>Thomas Westwood</i> 102
The Little Hare . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Hawkshaw</i> 104
The Girl Describes her Fawn . . . . .	<i>Andrew Marvell</i> 105
King Bruce and the Spider . . . . .	<i>Eliza Cook</i> 107
The Colubriad . . . . .	<i>William Cowper</i> 109
A Bunny Romance . . . . .	<i>Oliver Herford</i> 110
Easy . . . . .	<i>R. C. Lehmann</i> 113
The Knight's Leap . . . . .	<i>Charles Kingsley</i> 116
The Supper . . . . .	<i>Walter Ramal</i> 117
Miles Keogh's Horse . . . . .	<i>John Hay</i> 118
Home, Pup! . . . . .	<i>William Cory</i> 120
Poor Dog Tray . . . . .	<i>Thomas Campbell</i> 122
Helvellyn . . . . .	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 123

## THE COUNTRY ROUND

The Country Faith . . . . .	<i>Norman Gale</i> 127
The Town and Country Child . . . . .	<i>Allan Cunningham</i> 128
The Praise of a Countryman's Life . . . . .	<i>John Chalkhill</i> 131
The Farm . . . . .	<i>Jane Taylor</i> 132
Farewell to the Farm . . . . .	<i>R. L. Stevenson</i> 134
Bees a-Zwarmen . . . . .	<i>William Barnes</i> 135
The Water-Mill . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Hawkshaw</i> 136
The Windmill . . . . .	<i>L.</i> 138
The D'rection-Post . . . . .	<i>William Barnes</i> 139
Guy Faux's Night . . . . .	" " 141
In the Churchyard—	
I. — Upon a Child . . . . .	<i>Robert Herrick</i> 142
II. — Epitaph . . . . .	" " 142

# Contents

	PAGE
III. — Lucy . . . . . <i>William Wordsworth</i>	142
IV. — Redèn ov a Headstuone . . . . . <i>William Barnes</i>	144
The Waits: Two Old Country Songs—	
I. — In Bethlehem City . . . . . <i>Anon.</i>	145
II. — Lazarus . . . . . „	146

## FROM THE STREAM TO THE SEA

The Brook . . . . . <i>Lord Tennyson</i>	151
The Tide River . . . . . <i>Charles Kingsley</i>	153
The Cataract of Lodore . . . . . <i>Robert Southey</i>	154
The Secret of the Sea . . . . . <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	157
The Merman . . . . . <i>Lord Tennyson</i>	159
Sweet and Low . . . . . „ „	160
The Fishermen . . . . . <i>J. G. Whittier</i>	161
The Ship-builder . . . . . <i>L.</i>	163
The Ship-builders . . . . . <i>J. G. Whittier</i>	164
The Diver . . . . . <i>Edward Sydney Tylee</i>	167
The Lighthouse . . . . . <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	168
Ye Gentlemen of England . . . . . <i>Martin Parker</i>	170
The Sea-Deeps . . . . . <i>Thomas Miller</i>	171
A Sea Dirge . . . . . <i>Shakespeare</i>	172

## BALLADS OF SAILOR MEN

Sir Patrick Spens . . . . . <i>Anon.</i>	175
The <i>Golden Vanity</i> . . . . . <i>Old Song</i>	179
The Inchcape Rock . . . . . <i>Robert Southey</i>	180
The Death of Lord Nelson . . . . . <i>Anon.</i>	182
Skipper Ireson's Ride . . . . . <i>J. G. Whittier</i>	184
The Discoverer of the North Cape . . . . . <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	187
The Captain's Last Hail . . . . . <i>W. E. Penney</i>	191
The Last Buccaneer . . . . . <i>Charles Kingsley</i>	194
Captain Lean . . . . . <i>Walter Ramal</i>	196

# Contents

## *WHEN GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMAMMA WAS YOUNG*

	PAGE
The Fault and the Correction —	
I. — The Mimic . . . . . <i>Anon.</i>	199
II. — The Mocking-Bird . . . . . „	200
Mrs. Turner's Object-Lessons —	
I. — New Shoes . . . . . <i>Elizabeth Turner</i>	202
II. — A Very Good Boy . . . . . „	202
III. — Grateful Lucy . . . . . „	203
IV. — Disobedience . . . . . „	203
V. — Charity . . . . . „	204
VI. — Dangerous Sport . . . . . „	204
VII. — The Fan . . . . . „	205
VIII. — The Good Girl . . . . . „	205
IX. — The Letter . . . . . „	206
X. — Excellent Jane . . . . . „	206
Jane and Eliza . . . . . <i>Anon.</i>	207
The First of April . . . . . <i>Charles and Mary Lamb</i>	212
The Remedy . . . . . <i>Anon.</i>	213
Two Examples —	
I. — The Young English Gentleman <i>Mrs. Sewell</i>	214
II. — The Elegant Girl . . . . . <i>Anon.</i>	218
The Sluggard . . . . . „	220

## *EASY LESSONS IN GRAMMAR AND GEOGRAPHY*

Grammar in a Nutshell . . . . . <i>Anon.</i>	223
The Vowels . . . . . <i>Mrs. Barbauld</i>	224
First Latin Lesson . . . . . <i>Anon.</i>	225
French and English . . . . . <i>Thomas Hood</i>	225
The Young Letter-Writer . . . . . <i>Charles and Mary Lamb</i>	227
Puns . . . . . <i>Theodore Hook</i>	228
The Best Alphabetical Poem . . . . . <i>Anon.</i>	230
A Little Alphabetical Poem . . . . . „	231
Geography —	
I. — Wales . . . . . <i>L.</i>	231
II. — Normandy . . . . . „	231

# Contents

	PAGE
III. — Brittany . . . . .	L. 232
IV. — Spain . . . . .	" 232
V. — Germany . . . . .	" 233
VI. — Holland . . . . .	" 233
VII. — India . . . . .	" 234

## *THE GENIUS OF THE HEARTHTRUG*

To One Choosing a Kitten . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> 237
Kitten Gossip . . . . .	<i>Thomas Westwood</i> 237
The Kitten and Falling Leaves . . . . .	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 240
Symmetry . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> 241
Question and Answer . . . . .	" 241
Dame Wiggins of Lee . . . . .	" 242
The Nature of the Cat —	
I. — The Cat's Greediness . . . . .	L. 246
II. — The Cat's Friends . . . . .	" 246
III. — The Cat's Cruelty . . . . .	" 246
IV. — The Cat's Conscience . . . . .	" 247
V. — The Cat's Cleanliness . . . . .	" 247
VI. — The Cat's Sleeplessness . . . . .	" 247
Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat drowned in a Tub of Goldfishes . . . . .	<i>Thomas Gray</i> 248
Kit's Cradle . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Ewing</i> 249

## *THE RHYMES OF THE LIGHT-HEARTED*

Old-Fashioned Nonsense —	
I. — The Little Guinea-pig . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> 253
II. — The Comical Girl . . . . .	<i>M. Pelham</i> 254
III. — The Elderly Gentleman . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> 255
Clean Clara . . . . .	<i>W. B. Rands</i> 257
The Best Nonsense Rhyme . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> 258
Mr. Monkhouse's Recent Nonsense Rhymes	
<i>Cosmo Monkhouse</i> 259	
Two Others . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> 260
Mr. Belloc M.P.'s Excellent Nonsense —	
I. — The Yak . . . . .	<i>Hilaire Belloc</i> 260

# Contents

	PAGE
II. — The Big Baboon . . . . . <i>Hilaire Belloc</i>	261
III. — The Python . . . . . „ „	261
IV. — The Vulture . . . . . „ „	262
V. — The Crocodile . . . . . „ „	262
VI. — G . . . . . „ „	263
VII. — W . . . . . „ „	263
Homœopathic Soup . . . . . <i>Anon.</i>	264
Greedy Jane . . . . . „	265
Lines on the Birthday of Sir Thomas White	
<i>R. H. Barham</i>	265
The Court of Aldermen at Fishmongers' Hall . . . . . <i>Anon.</i>	267
Little Billee . . . . . <i>W. M. Thackeray</i>	268
Bunches of Grapes . . . . . <i>Walter Ramal</i>	270

## A BUDGET OF STORIES

The Carpenter's Shop . . . . . <i>Mrs. Hawkshaw</i>	273
Report of an Adjudged Case not to be Found in Any of the Books . . . . . <i>W. Cowper</i>	276
Cobbler! Stick to your Last; or, The Adventures of Joe Dobson . . . . . <i>B. A. T.</i>	277
Whittington and his Cat . . . . . <i>Anon.</i>	280
The Beautiful Damsel; or, The Undaunted Female „	286
The Milkmaid . . . . . <i>Jeffreys Taylor</i>	288
Prince Dorus . . . . . <i>Charles Lamb</i>	289
The Jackdaw of Rheims . . . . . <i>R. H. Barham</i>	299
King John and the Abbot of Canterbury . . . . . <i>Anon.</i>	303
The Priest and the Mulberry-Tree . . . . . <i>T. L. Peacock</i>	307
The Wonderful One-Hoss-Shay . . . . . <i>O. W. Holmes</i>	308
The Enchanted Shirt . . . . . <i>John Hay</i>	312

## HIAWATHA AND KWASIND

Hiawatha and the Pearl-Feather . . . . . <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	317
Kwasind —	
I. — His Strength . . . . . „ „	326
II. — His Death . . . . . „ „	329

# Contents

## BALLADS OF BATTLE

	PAGE
The Destruction of Sennacherib . . . . .	<i>Lord Byron</i> 335
The Battle of Agincourt . . . . .	<i>Michael Drayton</i> 336
The Armada . . . . .	<i>Lord Macaulay</i> 340
Mary Ambree . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> 344
Sir Beville . . . . .	<i>R. S. Hawker</i> 347
The Soldier's Dream . . . . .	<i>Thomas Campbell</i> 348
A Ballad for a Boy . . . . .	<i>William Cory</i> 349
Napoleon and the Sailor . . . . .	<i>Thomas Campbell</i> 353
The Pipes at Lucknow . . . . .	<i>J. G. Whittier</i> 355
John Burns of Gettysburg . . . . .	<i>Bret Harte</i> 358
Barbara Frietchie . . . . .	<i>J. G. Whittier</i> 362
Battle Bunny . . . . .	<i>Bret Harte</i> 364

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS

'The Rose and the Ring' . . . . .	<i>W. M. Thackeray</i> 369
Randolph Caldecott . . . . .	<i>L.</i> 373
Mr. Lang's Fairy Books . . . . .	<i>St. John Lucas</i> 373
Lewis Carroll . . . . .	<i>E. V. Lucas</i> 377

## 'GOOD NIGHT'

Night . . . . .	<i>William Blake</i> 381
Bed-Charms . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> 383
Nannarisima . . . . .	" 383
The Dustman . . . . .	" 383
Wee Willie Winkie . . . . .	<i>William Miller</i> 384
Sleepy Man . . . . .	<i>C. G. D. Roberts</i> 386
My Bed is a Boat . . . . .	<i>R. L. Stevenson</i> 387
'I Met at Eve' . . . . .	<i>Walter Ramal</i> 387
A Star-Fancy for a Child . . . . .	<i>G. Forrester Scott</i> 388
Robin Goodfellow . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> 389
Oberon's Feast . . . . .	<i>Robert Herrick</i> 393

## THE LESSON BEAUTIFUL

On Another's Sorrow . . . . .	<i>William Blake</i> 397
About Ben Adhem and the Angel . . . . .	<i>Leigh Hunt</i> 398
A Child's Hymn of Praise . . . . .	<i>Jane Taylor</i> 400

# Contents

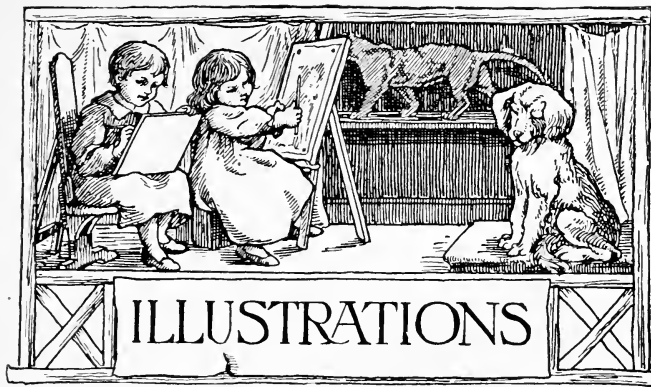
## POEMS IN THE NOTES

	PAGE
Of the Fatted Swine . . . . . <i>John Bunyan</i>	404
Of the Boy and Butterfly . . . . . ” ”	405
An Impetuous Resolve . . . . . <i>J. W. Riley</i>	406
The Conjurer . . . . . <i>L.</i>	407
The Gardener . . . . . ”	408
Song of the Cyclops . . . . . <i>Thomas Dekker</i>	409
The Obedient Dog . . . . . <i>J. Huddesford</i>	411
Faithless Sally Brown . . . . . <i>Thomas Hood</i>	414
Faithless Nelly Gray . . . . . ” ”	416

## A FAREWELL BUNCH

‘I Don't Care’ . . . . . <i>L. E. Tiddeman</i>	421
Choosing a Name . . . . . <i>Charles and Mary Lamb</i>	422
The Cricket . . . . . <i>William Cowper</i>	423
The Fly . . . . . <i>Walter Ramal</i>	424
Counsel to those that Eat—	
I. — Chocolate Cream . . . . . <i>L.</i>	425
II. — Hot Potatoes . . . . . ”	425
III. — Oranges . . . . . ”	426
The Cornish Emigrant's Song . . . . . <i>R. S. Hawker</i>	426
The Barber . . . . . <i>L.</i>	427
The Visit to the Zoo . . . . . ”	427
A Thanksgiving for his House . . . . . <i>Robert Herrick</i>	429





	PAGE
The Four Seasons . . . . .	3
Friends in the Village . . . . .	45
Little Fowls of the Air . . . . .	69
Ballads of Dumb Creatures . . . . .	99
The Country Round . . . . .	125
From the Stream to the Sea . . . . .	149
Ballads of Sailor Men . . . . .	173
When Great-Great-Grandmamma was Young . . . . .	197
Easy Lessons in Grammar and Geography . . . . .	221
The Genius of the Hearthrug . . . . .	235
The Rhymes of the Light-hearted . . . . .	251
A Budget of Stories . . . . .	271
Híawatha and Kwasind . . . . .	315
Ballads of Battle . . . . .	333
Children's Books . . . . .	367
'Good Night' . . . . .	379
The Lesson Beautiful . . . . .	395
Notes . . . . .	401



# Foreword

## Good and Bad Children

**C**HILDREN, you are very little,  
And your bones are very brittle;  
If you would grow great and stately,  
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,  
And content with simple diet;  
And remain, through all bewild'ring,  
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,  
Happy play in grassy places —  
That was how, in ancient ages,  
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly,  
And the sort who eat unduly,  
They must never hope for glory —  
Theirs is quite a different story!

Cruel children, crying babies,  
All grow up as geese and gabies,  
Hated, as their age increases,  
By their nephews and their nieces.

R. L. STEVENSON.





THE · FOUR  
SEASONS

Get up; for when all things are merry and glad,  
Good children should never be lazy and sad;  
For God gives us daylight, dear sister, that we  
May rejoice like the lark, and may work like the bee.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.



## The Four Seasons

### To Morning

**O** HOLY virgin, clad in purest white,  
Unlock heaven's golden gates, and issue forth;  
Awake the dawn that sleeps in heaven; let light  
Rise from the chambers of the east, and bring  
The honeyed dew that cometh on waking day.  
O radiant Morning, salute the Sun,  
Roused like a huntsman to the chase, and with  
Thy buskined feet appear upon our hills.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

### Song to Pan

**A**LL ye woods, and trees, and bowers,  
All ye virtues and ye powers  
That inhabit in the lakes,  
In the pleasant springs or brakes,

## The Four Seasons

Move your feet  
To our sound,  
Whilst we greet  
All this ground  
With his honour and his name  
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great and he is just;  
He is ever good, and must  
Thus be honoured. Daffodillies,  
Roses, pinks, and lovèd lilies,  
Let us fling,  
Whilst we sing,  
Ever holy,  
Ever holy,  
Ever honoured, ever young!  
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

JOHN FLETCHER.

## Spring

SOUND the flute!  
Now 'tis mute;  
Birds delight  
Day and night;  
Nightingale  
In the dale,  
Lark in sky —  
Merrily,  
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.

Little boy,  
Full of joy;  
Little girl,  
Sweet and small,



## The Seasons

Cock does crow,  
So do you;  
Merry voice,  
Infant noise;  
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.

Little lamb,  
Here I am;  
Come and lick  
My white neck;  
Let me pull  
Your soft wool;  
Let me kiss  
Your soft face;  
Merrily, merrily we welcome in the year.  
WILLIAM BLAKE.

## The Seasons

### I. — To Spring

**O** THOU with dewy locks, who lookest down  
Through the clear windows of the morning,  
turn

Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,  
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills tell each other, and the listening  
Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turned  
Up to thy bright pavilions: issue forth,  
And let thy holy feet visit our clime!

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds  
Kiss thy perfumèd garments; let us taste  
Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls  
Upon our lovesick land that mourns for thee.

## The Four Seasons

Oh, deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour  
Thy soft kisses on her bosom; and put  
Thy golden crown upon her languished head,  
Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee!

### II. — To Summer

**O** THOU who passest through our valleys in  
Thy strength, curb thy fierce steeds, allay the heat  
That flames from their large nostrils! Thou, O Summer,  
Oft pitchedst here thy golden tent, and oft  
Beneath our oaks hast slept, while we beheld  
With joy thy ruddy limbs and flourishing hair.

Beneath our thickest shades we oft have heard  
Thy voice, when Noon upon his fervid car  
Rode o'er the deep of heaven. Beside our springs  
Sit down and in our mossy valleys, on  
Some bank beside a river clear, throw thy  
Silk draperies off, and rush into the stream!  
Our valleys love the Summer in his pride.

Our bards are famed who strike the silver wire,  
Our youth are bolder than the southern swains,  
Our maidens fairer in the sprightly dance.  
We lack not songs, nor instruments of joy,  
Nor echoes sweet, nor waters clear as heaven,  
Nor laurel wreaths against the sultry heat.

### III. — To Autumn

**O** AUTUMN, laden with fruit, and stained  
With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit  
Beneath my shady roof; there thou mayst rest,  
And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe,  
And all the daughters of the year shall dance!  
Sing now the lusty song of fruits and flowers.

## The Seasons

'The narrow bud opens her beauties to  
The sun, and love runs in her thrilling veins;  
Blossoms hang round the brows of Morning, and  
Flourish down the bright cheek of modest Eve,  
Till clustering summer breaks forth into singing,  
And feathered clouds strew flowers round her head.

'The Spirits of the Air live on the smells  
Of fruit; and Joy, with pinions light, roves round  
The gardens, or sits singing in the trees.'  
Thus sang the jolly Autumn as he sat;  
Then rose, girded himself, and o'er the bleak  
Hills fled from our sight; but left his golden load.

### IV. — To Winter

O WINTER! bar thine adamantine doors:  
The North is thine; there hast thou built thy dark  
Deep-founded habitation. Shake not thy roofs,  
Nor bend thy pillars with thine iron car.

He hears me not, but o'er the yawning deep  
Rides heavy; his storms are unchained, sheathed  
In ribbéd steel; I dare not lift mine eyes;  
For he hath reared his sceptre o'er the world.

Lo! now the direful monster, whose skin clings  
To his strong bones, strides o'er the groaning rocks:  
He withers all in silence, and in his hand  
Unclothes the earth, and freezes up frail life.

He takes his seat upon the cliffs — the mariner  
Cries in vain. Poor little wretch, that deal'st  
With storms! — till heaven smiles, and the monster  
Is driven yelling to his caves beneath Mount Hecla.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

## The Four Seasons

### The Voice of Spring

I COME, I come! ye have called me long,  
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;  
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,  
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,  
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,  
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-flowers  
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers;  
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,  
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.  
— But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,  
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy North,  
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,  
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,  
And the reindeer bounds through the pasture free,  
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,  
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,  
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,  
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,  
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,  
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain:  
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,  
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,  
They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs,  
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,  
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

## Written in March

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!  
Where the violets lie may now be your home.  
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,  
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,  
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,  
Come forth to the sunshine, — I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,  
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen;  
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,  
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,  
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,  
And Youth is abroad in my green domains.

MRS. HEMANS

## Written in March

THE cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun:  
The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest:  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising.  
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated,  
The snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill;

## The Four Seasons

The ploughboy is whooping — anon — anon :  
There's joy in the mountains ;  
There's life in the fountains ;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing,  
The rain is over and gone !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## The First of April

WHEN, indoor young ones club their wicked wits,  
And almost frighten servants into fits —  
'Oh, John! James! John! — Oh, quick! oh! Molly, oh!  
Oh, the trap-door! oh, Molly! down below!'  
'What, what's the matter!' scream, with wild surprise,  
John, James, and Molly, while the young ones' cries  
Redouble till they come; then all the boys  
Shout, 'Ah! you April fools!' with clamorous noise;  
And little girls, enticed downstairs to see,  
Stand peeping, clap their hands, and cry 'Te-hee!'  
Each gibing boy escapes a different way,  
And meet again, some trick 'as good as that' to play.

WILLIAM HONE.

## The Spring Walk

WE had a pleasant walk to-day,  
Over the meadows and far away,  
Across the bridge by the water-mill,  
By the woodside, and up the hill;  
And if you listen to what I say,  
I'll tell you what we saw to-day.

## The Spring Walk

Amid a hedge, where the first leaves  
Were peeping from their sheaths so sly,  
We saw four eggs within a nest,  
And they were blue as the summer sky.

An elder-branch dipp'd in the brook;  
We wondered why it moved, and found  
A silken-hair'd, smooth water-rat  
Nibbling and swimming round and round.

Where daisies open'd to the sun,  
In a broad meadow, green and white,  
The lambs were racing eagerly —  
We never saw a prettier sight.

We saw upon the shady banks,  
Long rows of golden flowers shine,  
And first mistook for buttercups,  
The star-shaped yellow celandine.

Anemones and primroses,  
And the blue violets of spring,  
We found whilst listening by a hedge  
To hear a merry ploughman sing.

And from the earth the plough turn'd up  
There came a sweet refreshing smell,  
Such as the lily of the vale  
Sends forth from many a woodland dell.

We saw the yellow wall-flower wave  
Upon a mouldering castle wall,  
And then we watch'd the busy rooks  
Among the ancient elm-trees tall;

And leaning from the old stone bridge,  
Below we saw our shadows lie,  
And through the gloomy arches watch'd  
The swift and fearless swallows fly.

## The Four Seasons

We heard the speckle-breasted lark  
As it sang somewhere out of sight,  
And tried to find it, but the sky  
Was fill'd with clouds of dazzling light.

We saw young rabbits near the wood,  
And heard a pheasant's wing go 'whirr';  
And then we saw a squirrel leap  
From an old oak-tree to a fir.

And many pretty birds we saw,  
Which had come o'er the stormy main,  
To build their nests, and rear their young,  
And sing in our old woods again.

We came back by the village fields;  
A pleasant walk it was across 'em,  
For all behind the houses lay  
The orchards red and white with blossom.

Were I to tell you all we saw,  
I'm sure that it would take me hours;  
For the whole landscape was alive  
With bees, and birds, and buds, and flowers.

THOMAS MILLER.

## Daffodils

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attained his noon.  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hasting day  
Has run  
But to the even-song;  
And, having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along.



## I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

We have short time to stay, as you,  
    We have as short a spring;  
As quick a growth to meet decay  
    As you, or any thing.  
    We die,  
As your hours do, and dry  
    Away  
    Like to the summer's rain;  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
    Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee: —  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company;  
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

## The Four Seasons

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## The Daisy

WITH little here to do or see  
Of things that in the great world be,  
Daisy, again I talk to thee,  
For thou art worthy,  
Thou unassuming common-place  
Of Nature, with that homely face,  
And yet with something of a grace  
Which love makes for thee.

Oft on the dappled turf at ease  
I sit, and play with similes,  
Loose types of things through all degrees,  
Thoughts of thy raising:  
And many a fond and idle name  
I give to thee, for praise or blame,  
As is the humour of the game,  
While I am gazing.

A nun demure of lowly port;  
Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,  
In thy simplicity the sport  
Of all temptations;

## The Daisy

A queen in crown of rubies drest;  
A starveling in a scanty vest;  
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,  
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops with one eye  
Staring to threaten and defy:  
That thought comes next — and instantly  
The freak is over;  
The shape will vanish — and behold  
A silver shield with boss of gold,  
That spreads itself, some fairy bold  
In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar —  
And then thou art a pretty star,  
Not quite so fair as many are  
In heaven above thee:  
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,  
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest; —  
May peace come never to his nest  
Who shall reprove thee!

Bright flower, for by that name at last,  
When all my reveries are past,  
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,  
Sweet silent creature,  
That breath'st with me in sun and air,  
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair  
My heart with gladness, and a share  
Of thy meek nature.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## The Four Seasons

### The Young Primrose Gatherers

COME! Mary and Jane, and Johnny and Joe,  
Let us all to the copse in the high wood go;  
The primroses now are in blossom, I know,  
And the pretty anemones white as the snow.

Now, take hold of hands as we run down the lane,  
And just in the middle we'll put little Jane;  
She's smaller than we are, and isn't so strong,  
But, safe in the middle, we'll skip her along.

Don't you smell something sweet here? I'm sure that I can;  
There used to be violets grow in this lane:  
Oh! here I have one — how it cover'd its head,  
But I spied it out in its snug little bed.

Look! now there are plenty, all blue in the grass;  
We'll each make a bunch just to put in a glass;  
I'll make one for mother — she thinks them so sweet,  
And, Jane, you can make one for little Rose Fleet.

Ah! poor little Rose! the doctor has said  
In a very few months that she will be dead;  
So take her, dear Jenny, a nice bunch of flowers,  
They'll be pretty to look at in wearisome hours.

See! there's a fine butterfly, yellow as gold,  
They never come out when 'tis rainy and cold;  
They would spoil all their beautiful colours, they say,  
And so they keep house till a sunshiny day.

Let us sit down and listen! I never did hear  
Such a number of voices all singing so clear:  
There's the thrush and the blackbird — I like them the best,  
Except, in the winter, the little redbreast.

## The Young Primrose Gatherers

And there's Mr. Cuckoo — he's always the same —  
He never seems tired of telling his name;  
And there is the skylark, high up in the skies,  
I cannot look at him — it dazzles my eyes.

And there goes the rook, with his fine glossy coat,  
For ever repeating his rookery note;  
I could sit here and listen the whole summer long;  
Every bush in the thicket is merry with song.

Ah! what have you got, Johnny Jones? Let us see;  
A little bird dropp'd from its nest in the tree!  
How it shivers and flutters, and opens its beak,  
And looks all about it, as if it would speak!

It wants to be put in its warm nest again —  
Do climb the tree, Johnny, and try if you can.  
Ah! you've got it safe there; now, quick, run away;  
It was a good thing that we came here to-day.

It soon would have died at the foot of the tree;  
How merry and happy its mother will be!  
But here are the primroses — oh! look, how gay;  
Now gather, and gather, and gather away.

MRS. SEWELL.

## To Primroses filled with Morning Dew

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears  
Speak grief in you  
Who were but born  
Just as the modest morn  
Teemed her refreshing dew?

## The Four Seasons

Alas! you have not known that shower  
That mars a flower,  
Nor felt the unkind  
Breath of a blasting wind;  
Nor are ye worn with years,  
Or warped as we  
Who think it strange to see  
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,  
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whim'ring younglings, and make known  
The reason why  
Ye droop and weep;  
Is it for want of sleep,  
Or childish lullaby?  
Or that ye have not seen as yet  
The violet?  
Or brought a kiss  
From that sweet heart to this?  
No, no; this sorrow shown  
By your tears shed,  
Would have this lecture read —  
'That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,  
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.'

ROBERT HERRICK.

## Country Lore

### The Merry Heart

JOG on, jog on, the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

## Country Lore

### Bees

IF bees stay at home,  
Rain will soon come;  
If they fly away,  
Fine will be the day.

### Four Winds

THE south wind brings wet weather,  
The north wind wet and cold together;  
The west wind always brings us rain,  
The east wind blows it back again.

### The Winds

WHEN the wind is in the east,  
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;  
When the wind is in the north,  
The skilful fisher goes not forth;  
When the wind is in the south,  
It blows the bait in the fish's mouth;  
When the wind is in the west,  
Then 'tis at the very best.

### The Promise of the Clouds

WHEN clouds appear like rocks and towers,  
The earth's refreshed by frequent showers.

### Morning and Evening

IF the evening's red, and the morning grey,  
It is the sign of a bonnie day;  
If the evening's grey, and the morning's red,  
The lamb and the ewe will go wet to bed.

### The Sea-Gull

SEA-GULL, sea-gull, sit on the sand:  
It's never good weather when you're on the land.

## The Four Seasons

### To a Butterfly

I'VE watched you now a full half-hour,  
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;  
And, little Butterfly! indeed  
I know not if you sleep or feed.  
How motionless! — not frozen seas  
More motionless! and then  
What joy awaits you, when the breeze  
Hath found you out among the trees,  
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard-ground is ours;  
My trees they are, my sister's flowers;  
Here rest your wings when they are weary;  
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!  
Come often to us, fear no wrong;  
Sit near us on the bough.  
We'll talk of sunshine and of song;  
And summer days when we were young;  
Sweet childish days, that were as long  
As twenty days are now.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### Little Raindrops

I

O! where do you come from,  
You little drops of rain,  
Pitter patter, pitter patter,  
Down the window-pane?



# Little Raindrops

## II

They won't let me walk  
And they won't let me play,  
And they won't let me go  
Out of doors at all to-day.

## III

They put away my playthings  
Because I broke them all,  
And then they locked up all my bricks,  
And took away my ball.

## IV

Tell me, little raindrops,  
Is that the way you play,  
Pitter patter, pitter patter,  
All the rainy day?

## V

They say I'm very naughty,  
But I've nothing else to do  
But sit here at the window;  
I should like to play with you.

## VI

The little raindrops cannot speak,  
But 'pitter, patter pat'  
Means, 'We can play on *this* side:  
Why can't you play on *that*?'

MRS. HAWKSHAW.

## The Four Seasons

### Rain in Summer

HOW beautiful is the rain!  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs!  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing spout!  
Across the window-pane  
It pours and pours;  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, the welcome rain.

The sick man from his chamber looks  
At the twisted brooks;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool;  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion;  
And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Engulfs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.

## Rain in Summer

In the country, on every side  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand,  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head.  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapours that arise  
From the well-watered and smoking soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.  
Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures, and his fields of grain,  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,  
The Poet sees!  
He can behold  
Aquarius old  
Walking the fenceless fields of air,

## The Four Seasons

And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly told,  
Have not been wholly sung nor said.  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,  
To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers underground;  
And sees them, when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colours seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange,  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things, unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
Turning for evermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

## A Fine Day—Ruth

### A Fine Day

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,  
All chequered was the sky,  
Thin clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn  
Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.  
The wind had no more strength than this,  
That leisurely it blew,  
To make one leaf the next to kiss  
That closely by it grew.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

### Ruth

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,  
Clasped by the golden light of morn,  
Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,  
Deeply ripened; — such a blush  
In the midst of brown was born,  
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,  
Which were blackest none could tell,  
But long lashes veiled a light,  
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,  
Made her tressy forehead dim;  
Thus she stood amid the stooks,  
Praising God with sweetest looks:

## The Four Seasons

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,  
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;  
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,  
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

### Autumn

#### I

I SAW old Autumn in the misty morn  
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening  
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing  
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,  
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn;  
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright  
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,  
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.

#### II

Where are the songs of Summer? — With the sun,  
Oping the dusky eyelids of the south,  
Till shade and silence waken up as one,  
And Morning sings with a warm odorous mouth.  
Where are the merry birds? — Away, away,  
On panting wings through the inclement skies,  
Lest owls should prey  
Undazzled at noonday,  
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.

#### III

Where are the blooms of Summer? — In the west,  
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,  
When the wild Eve by sudden Night is prest  
Like tearful Proserpine, snatched from her flowers  
To a most gloomy breast.

## Autumn—Two Hunting Songs

Where is the pride of Summer, — the green prime, —  
The many, many leaves all twinkling? — Three

On the mossed elm; three on the naked lime  
Trembling, — and one upon the old oak-tree!

Where is the Dryads' immortality?

Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,  
Or wearing the long gloomy Winter through

In the smooth holly's green eternity.

### IV

The squirrel gloats on his accomplished hoard,  
The ants have brimmed their garner with ripe grain,  
And honey bees have stored

The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells;  
The swallows all have winged across the main;  
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,  
And sighs her tearful spells,  
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.

Alone, alone,

Upon a mossy stone,

She sits and reckons up the dead and gone —  
With the last leaves for a love-rosary,  
Whilst all the withered world looks drearily,  
Like a dim picture of the drowned past  
In the hushed mind's mysterious far away,  
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last  
Into that distance, grey upon the grey.

THOMAS HOOD.

## Two Hunting Songs

### I

THE hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
And it's well-nigh daye,  
And Harry our Kinge is gone hunting,  
To bring his deere to baye.

## The Four Seasons

The east is bright with morning light,  
And darkness it is fled,  
And the merrie horne wakes up the morne  
To leave his idle bed.

Behold the skyes with golden dyes  
Are glowing all around,  
The grasse is greene, and so are the treene,  
All laughing at the sound.

The horses snort to be at the sport,  
The dogges are running free,  
The woodes rejoyce at the merrie noise  
Of hey tantara tee ree!

The sunne is glad to see us clad  
All in our lustie greene,  
And smiles in the skye as he riseth hye,  
To see and to be seene.

Awake, all men, I say agen,  
Be merrie as you maye,  
For Harry our Kinge is gone hunting,  
To bring his deere to baye.

*Old Song.*

## II

**W**AKEN, lords and ladies gay!  
On the mountain dawns the day;  
All the jolly chase is here,  
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear:  
Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling;  
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,  
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'



## Two Hunting Songs

Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
The mist has left the mountain grey;  
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:  
And foresters have busy been,  
To track the buck in thicket green;  
Now we come to chaunt our lay,  
'Waken, lords and ladies gay!'

Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
To the greenwood haste away;  
We can show you where he lies,  
Fleet of foot and tall of size:  
We can show the marks he made  
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;  
You shall see him brought to bay,  
'Waken, lords and ladies gay!'

Louder, louder, chaunt the lay,  
'Waken, lords and ladies gay!'  
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,  
Run a course as well as we:  
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk?  
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk;  
Think of this, and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## Address to a Child during a Boisterous Winter Evening

**W**HAT way does the Wind come? What way does  
he go?

He rides over the water, and over the snow,  
Through wood, and through vale; and o'er rocky height,  
Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight;

## The Four Seasons

He tosses about in every bare tree,  
As, if you look up, you plainly may see:  
But how he will come, and whither he goes,  
There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,  
And rings a sharp 'larum; but, if you should look,  
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow  
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,  
And softer than if it were covered with silk.  
Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,  
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock.  
Yet see him, — and what shall you find in his place?  
Nothing but silence and empty space;  
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,  
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves!

As soon as 'tis daylight, to-morrow, with me  
You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see  
That he has been there, and made a great rout,  
And cracked the branches, and strewn them about;  
Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright twig  
That looked up at the sky so proud and big,  
All last summer, as well you know,  
Studded with apples, a beautiful show!

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,  
And growls as if he would fix his claws  
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle  
Drive them down, like men in a battle:  
But let him range round; he does us no harm,  
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm;  
Untouched by his breath, see the candle shines bright,  
And burns with a clear and steady light;  
Books have we to read, — but that half-stifled knell,  
Alas! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell.

## Ode to the North-East Wind

Come, now we'll to bed! and when we are there  
He may work his own will, and what shall we care?  
He may knock at the door, — we'll not let him in;  
May drive at the windows, — we'll laugh at his din:  
Let him seek his own home, wherever it be;  
Here's a *cozie* warm house for Edward and me.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

## Ode to the North-East Wind

WELCOME, wild North-easter!  
Shame it is to see  
Odes to every zephyr;  
Ne'er a verse to thee.  
Welcome, black North-easter!  
O'er the German foam,  
O'er the Danish moorlands,  
From thy frozen home.  
Tired we are of summer,  
Tired of gaudy glare,  
Showers soft and streaming,  
Hot and breathless air.  
Tired of listless dreaming  
Through the lazy day:  
Jovial wind of winter,  
Turns us out to play!  
Sweep the golden reed-beds;  
Crisp the lazy dyke;  
Hunger into madness  
Every plunging pike.  
Fill the lake with wild-fowl;  
Fill the marsh with snipe;  
While on dreary moorlands  
Lonely curlew pipe.

## The Four Seasons

Through the black fir forest  
Thunder harsh and dry,  
Shattering down the snowflakes  
Off the curdled sky.  
Hark, the brave North-easter!  
Breast-high lies the scent,  
On by holt and headland,  
Over heath and bent.  
Chime, ye dappled darlings,  
Through the sleet and snow.  
Who can override you?  
Let the horses go!  
Chime, ye dappled darlings,  
Down the roaring blast!  
You shall see a fox die  
Ere an hour be passed.  
Go! and rest to-morrow,  
Hunting in your dreams,  
While our skates are ringing  
O'er the frozen streams.  
Blow, thou wind of God!  
Let the luscious South-wind  
Breathe in lovers' sighs,  
While the lazy gallants  
Bask in ladies' eyes.  
What does he but soften  
Heart alike and pen?  
'Tis the hard grey weather  
Breeds hard Englishmen.  
What's the soft South-wester?  
'Tis the ladies' breeze,  
Bringing home their true loves  
Out of all the seas.  
But the black North-easter,

## The Frost

Through the snowstorm hurled,  
Drives our English hearts of oak  
Seaward round the world.  
Come as came our fathers,  
Heralded by thee,  
Conquering from the eastward,  
Lords by land and sea.  
Come; and strong within us  
Stir the viking's blood,  
Bracing brain and sinew.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## The Frost

THE Frost looked forth one still clear night,  
And whispered, 'Now I shall be out of sight;  
So through the valley and over the height

In silence I'll take my way:

I will not go on like that blustering train,  
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,  
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,

But I'll be as busy as they.'

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest;  
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed  
In diamond beads — and over the breast

Of the quivering lake he spread  
A coat of mail, that it need not fear  
The downward point of many a spear  
That hung on its margin far and near,  
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,  
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;  
Wherever he breathed, wherever he slept,

By the light of the moon were seen

## The Four Seasons

Most beautiful things — there were flowers and trees;  
There were beves of birds and swarms of bees;  
There were cities with temples and towers, and these  
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;  
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there  
That all had forgotten for him to prepare —  
‘Now just to set them a-thinking,  
I’ll bite this basket of fruit,’ said he,  
‘This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three,  
And the glass of water they’ve left for me  
Shall “*ichich!*” to tell them I’m drinking.’

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

## The Frost Spirit

HE comes — he comes — the Frost Spirit comes! You  
may trace his footsteps now  
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown  
hill’s withered brow.  
He has smitten the leaves of the grey old trees where their  
pleasant green came forth,  
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken  
them down to earth.

He comes — he comes — the Frost Spirit comes! from the  
frozen Labrador,  
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white  
bear wanders o’er,  
Where the fisherman’s sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless  
forms below  
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues  
grow.

## The Frost Spirit

He comes — he comes — the Frost Spirit comes! on the  
rushing Northern blast,  
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful  
breath went past.  
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where the fires  
of Hecla glow  
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice  
below.

He comes — he comes — the Frost Spirit comes! and the  
quiet lake shall feel  
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the  
skater's heel;  
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang  
to the leaning grass,  
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful  
silence pass.

He comes — he comes — the Frost Spirit comes! Let us  
meet him as we may,  
And turn with the light of the parlour fire his evil power  
away;  
And gather closer the circle round, when that firelight  
dances high,  
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding  
wing goes by!

J. G. WHITTIER.

## Six Christmas Poems

### I. — Old Christmas

ALL you that in his house be here,  
Remember Christ that for us dy'd,  
And spend away with modest cheere  
In loving sort this Christmas-tide.

## The Four Seasons

And whereas plenty God hath sent,  
Give frankly to your friends in love:  
The bounteous mind is freely bent,  
And never will a niggard prove.

Our table's spread within the hall,  
I know a banquet is at hand,  
And friendly sort to welcome all  
That will unto their cacklings stand.

The maids are bonny girles, I see,  
Who have provided much good cheere,  
Which at my dame's commandment be  
To set it on the table here.

For I have here two knives in store  
To lend to him that wanteth one;  
Commend my wits, good lads, therefore,  
That come now hither having none.

For if I schuld, no Christmas pye  
Would fall, I doubt, unto my share;  
Wherefore I will my manhood try  
To fight a battle if I dare.

For pastry-crust, like castle walls,  
Stands braving me unto my face;  
I am not well until it falls,  
And I made captain of the place.

The prunes so lovely look on me,  
I cannot choose but venture on:  
One pye-meat spicéd brave I see,  
One which I must not let alone.

ANON.



# Christmas Invitation

## II. — Christmas Invitation

COME down to marra night, an' mind  
Don't læve thy fiddle-bag behind.  
We'll shiake a lag an' drink a cup  
O' yal to kip wold Chris'mas up.

An' let thy sister tiake thy yarm,  
The wa'k woont do 'er any harm:  
Ther's noo dirt now to spwile her frock  
Var 'tis a-vroze so hard's a rock.

Ther bēnt noo stranngers that 'ull come,  
But only a vew naighbours: zome  
Vrom *Stowe*, an' *Combe*, an' two ar dree  
Vrom uncles up at *Rookery*.

An' thee woot vine a ruozy fiace,  
An' pair ov eyes so black as sloos,  
The pirtiest oones in al the pliace.  
I'm sure I needen tell thee whose.

We got a back bran', dree girt logs  
So much as dree ov us can car:  
We'll put 'em up *athirt* the dogs,  
An' miake a vier to the bar,

An' ev'ry oone wull tell his tiale,  
An' ev'ry oone wull zing his zong,  
An' ev'ry oone wull drink his yal,  
To love an' frien'ship al night long.

We'll snap the tongs, we'll have a bal,  
We'll shiake the house, we'll rise the ruf,  
We'll romp an' miake the mädens squal,  
A catchen o'm at bline-man's buff.

## The Four Seasons

Zoo come to marra night, an' mind  
Don't leäve thy fiddle-bag behind:  
We'll shiake a lag, and drink a cup  
O' yal to kip wold Chris'mas up.

WILLIAM BARNES.

### III. — Blind-Man's Buff

WHEN silver snow decks Susan's clothes,  
And jewels hang at th' shepherd's nose,  
The blushing bank is all my care,  
With hearth so red, and walls so fair.  
'Heap the sea-coal, come, heap it higher;  
The oaken log lay on the fire.'  
The well-washed stools, a circling row,  
With lad and lass, how fair the show!  
The merry can of nut-brown ale,  
The laughing jest, the love-sick tale —  
Till, tired of chat, the game begins.  
The lasses prick the lads with pins.  
Roger from Dolly twitched the stool;  
She, falling, kissed the ground, poor fool!  
She blushed so red, with sidelong glance  
At hobnail Dick, who grieved the chance.  
But now for Blind-man's Buff they call;  
Of each incumbrance clear the hall.  
Jenny her silken kerchief folds,  
And blear-eyed Will the black lot holds.  
Now laughing stops, with 'Silence, hush!'  
And Peggy Pout gives Sam a push.  
The blind-man's arms, extended wide,  
Sam slips between: — 'Oh, woe betide  
Thee, clumsy Will!' — but tittering Kate  
Is penned up in the corner strait  
And now Will's eyes beheld the play;

## Blind-Man's Buff

He thought his face was t'other way.  
'Now, Kitty, now! what chance hast thou?  
Roger so near thee trips, I vow!'  
She catches him — then Roger ties  
His own head up — but not his eyes;  
For through the slender cloth he sees,  
And runs at Sam, who slips with ease  
His clumsy hold; and, dodging round,  
Sukey is tumbled on the ground.  
'See what it is to play unfair!  
Where cheating is, there's mischief there.'  
But Roger still pursues the chase,  
'He sees! he sees!' cries softly Grace;  
'O Roger, thou, unskilled in art,  
Must, surer bound, go through thy part!'  
Now Kitty, pert, repeats the rhymes,  
And Roger turns him round three times,  
Then pauses ere he starts. But Dick  
Was mischief-bent upon a trick;  
Down on his hands and knees he lay  
Directly in the Blind-man's way,  
Then cries out 'Hem!' — Hodge heard, and ran,  
With hood-winked chance — sure of his man;  
But down he came. — Alas, how frail  
Our best of hopes, how soon they fail!  
With crimson drops he stains the ground;  
Confusion startles all around.  
Poor piteous Dick supports his head,  
And fain would cure the hurt he made.  
But Kitty hastened with a key,  
And down his back they straight convey  
The cold relief: the blood is stayed,  
And Hodge again holds up his head.<sup>1</sup>

WILLIAM BLAKE.

<sup>1</sup> A few lines omitted.

## The Four Seasons

### IV. — The Turkey

**A**T Christmas time the poulterer's is all a blaze of gas,  
And rows and rows of turkeys that will strut the farm  
no more.

The shopman smoothes his apron and assures the folk who  
pass

That never was such plump and pleasing poultry seen  
before.

I'm sorry for the turkey, yet the fault's his own, I fear,  
For had he kept his counsel he'd have grown an older  
bird;

But having bade us 'Gobble! gobble! gobble!' all the  
year,

He can't complain at Christmas if we take him at his  
word.

L.

### V. — Hands Across the Sea

**E**RE Christmas can be everything  
That Christmas ought to be, —  
The fullest kind of joy to bring  
To you and also me, —  
In every country of the earth  
Good folk must work for all they're worth.

How many nations toiled to make  
The Dinner, who can say? —  
(One does not want one's head to ache  
Too much on Christmas Day) —  
But think about it as you wait  
For Caroline to fill your plate.

## Hands Across the Sea

Just take the Pudding. Ere it comes,  
Our appetites to seal,  
Dark Greeks have had to find the plums,  
Italians the peel;  
The flour is from Canadian fields,  
While Demerara sugar yields.

Again, brave sailors must pursue  
And kill a mighty whale, —  
In peril lest he dash in two  
Their vessel with his tail, —  
Before the Christmas tree's small flames,  
Can shine upon our merry games.

It is an interesting thought —  
This toiling far and near,  
In every land some labour wrought  
To make our Christmas cheer,  
And steamers crossing every sea  
To bring good things for you and me.

L.

### VI. — Retribution

‘MY daughter, surely you’ve received  
Full many a Christmas present.  
What makes you look so sad and grieved?  
Why can’t you look more pleasant?’

‘Oh, mother dear,’ Susanna sniffed,  
‘To-morrow I must write  
A note of thanks for every gift  
That I’ve received to-night!’

CAROLYN WELLS.

## The Four Seasons

### Life

Every night and every morn  
Some to misery are born;  
Every morn and every night  
Some are born to sweet delight;  
Some are born to sweet delight,  
Some are born to endless night.  
Joy and woe are woven fine,  
A clothing for the soul divine;  
Under every grief and pine  
Runs a joy with silken twine.  
It is right it should be so;  
Man was made for joy and woe;  
And when this we rightly know,  
Safely through the world we go.

WILLIAM BLAKE.



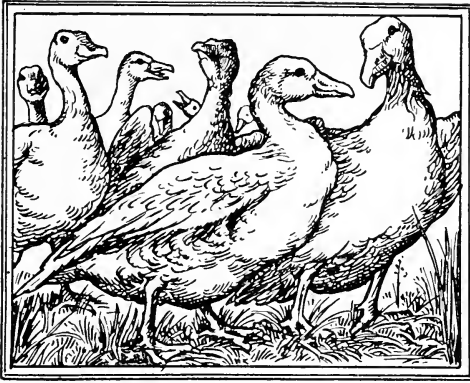
FRIENDS  
IN THE VILLAGE

F. D. B.

The friendly cow, all red and white,  
I love with all my heart;  
She gives me cream with all her might,  
To eat with apple-tart.

R. L. STEVENSON.





## Friends in the Village

### The Echoing Green

THE sun does arise,  
And make happy the skies;  
The merry bells ring,  
To welcome the Spring;  
The skylark and thrush,  
The birds of the bush,  
Sing louder around  
To the bells' cheerful sound;  
While our sports shall be seen  
On the echoing green.

Old John, with white hair,  
Does laugh away care,  
Sitting under the oak,  
Among the old folk.  
They laugh at our play,  
And soon they all say,

## Friends in the Village

'Such, such were the joys  
When we all — girls and boys —  
In our youth-time were seen  
On the echoing green.'

Till the little ones, weary,  
No more can be merry:  
The sun does descend,  
And our sports have an end.  
Round the laps of their mothers  
Many sisters and brothers,  
Like birds in their nest,  
Are ready for rest,  
And sport no more seen  
On the darkening green.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

## Our Village

OUR village, that's to say, not Miss Mitford's village,  
but our village of Bullock's Smithy,  
Is come into by an avenue of trees, three oak pollards, two  
elders, and a withy;  
And in the middle there's a green, of about not exceeding  
an acre and a half;  
It's common to all, and fed off by nineteen cows, six ponies,  
three horses, five asses, two foals, seven pigs, and a  
calf!  
Besides a pond in the middle, as is held by a sort of com-  
mon law lease,  
And contains twenty ducks, six drakes, three ganders, two  
dead dogs, four drowned kittens, and twelve geese.

## Our Village

Of course the green's cropt very close, and does famous  
for bowling when the little village boys play at  
cricket;

Only some horse, or pig, or cow, or great jackass, is sure to  
come and stand right before the wicket.

There's fifty-five private houses, let alone barns and work-  
shops, and pigsties, and poultry huts, and such-like  
sheds,

With plenty of public-houses — two Foxes, one Green Man,  
three Bunch of Grapes, one Crown, and six King's  
Heads.

The Green Man is reckoned the best, as the only one that  
for love or money can raise

A postillion, a blue jacket, two deplorable lame white horses,  
and a ramshackle 'neat postchaise'!

There's one parish church for all the people, whatsoever  
may be their ranks in life or their degrees,

Except one very damp, small, dark, freezing cold, little  
Methodist Chapel of Ease;

And close by the churchyard there's a stonemason's yard,  
that when the time is seasonable

Will furnish with afflictions sore and marble urns and  
cherubims, very low and reasonable.

There's a cage comfortable enough; I've been in it with  
Old Jack Jeffery and Tom Pike;

For the Green Man next door will send you in ale, gin, or  
anything else you like.

I can't speak of the stocks, as nothing remains of them but  
the upright post;

But the pound is kept in repairs for the sake of Cob's horse  
as is always there almost.

There's a smithy of course, where that queer sort of a chap  
in his way, Old Joe Bradley,

Perpetually hammers and stammers, for he stutters and  
shoes horses very badly.

## Friends in the Village

There's a shop of all sorts that sells everything, kept by the  
widow of Mr. Task;  
But when you go there it's ten to one she's out of every-  
thing you ask.  
You'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like flies,  
about the old sugary cask:  
There are six empty houses and not so well papered inside  
as out,  
For bill-stickers won't beware, but stick notices of sales  
and election placards all about.  
That's the Doctor's with a green door, where the garden  
pots in the window are seen:  
A weakly monthly rose that don't blow, and a dead geranium,  
and a tea-plant with five black leaves, and one green.  
As for hollyhocks at the cottage doors, and honeysuckles  
and jasmynes, you may go and whistle;  
But the Tailor's front garden grows two cabbages, a dock,  
a ha'porth of pennyroyal, two dandelions, and a  
thistle!  
There are three small orchards — Mr. Busby's the school-  
master's is the chief —  
With two pear-trees that don't bear; one plum, and an  
apple that every year is stripped by a thief.  
There's another small day-school too, kept by the respect-  
table Mrs. Gaby,  
A select establishment for six little boys, and one big, and  
four little girls and a baby;  
There's a rectory with pointed gables and strange odd  
chimneys that never smokes,  
For the Rector don't live on his living like other Christian  
sort of folks;  
There's a barber's once a week well filled with rough black-  
bearded, shock-headed churls,  
And a window with two feminine men's heads, and two  
masculine ladies in false curls;

## The Boy Lives on Our Farm

There's a butcher, and a carpenter's, and a plumber, and  
a small greengrocer's, and a baker,  
But he won't bake on a Sunday; and there's a sexton that's  
a coal merchant besides, and an undertaker;  
And a toyshop, but not a whole one, for a village can't com-  
pare with the London shops;  
One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, bats, Clout's  
balls, and the other sells malt and hops.  
And Mrs. Brown, in domestic economy not to be a bit  
behind her betters,  
Lets her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a rat-catcher,  
a cobbler, lives in it herself, and it's the post-office for  
letters.  
Now I've gone through all the village — ay, from end to  
end, save and except one more house,  
But I haven't come to that — and I hope I never shall —  
and that's the village Poor House!

THOMAS HOOD.

## The Boy Lives on Our Farm<sup>1</sup>

THE Boy lives on our Farm, he's not  
Afeard o' horses none!  
An' he can make 'em lope, er trot,  
Er rack, er pace, er run.  
Sometimes he drives two horses, when  
He comes to town an' brings  
A wagon-full o' 'taters nen,  
An' roastin'-ears an' things.

Two horses is 'a team,' he says, —  
An' when you drive er hitch,

<sup>1</sup>From *Child Rhymes*. Copyright, 1898. By special permission of the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

## Friends in the Village

The right un's a 'near horse,' I guess,  
Er 'off' — I don't know which.  
The Boy lives on our Farm, he told  
Me, too, 'at he can see,  
By lookin' at their teeth, how old  
A horse is, to a T!

I'd be the gladdest boy alive  
Ef I knowed much as that,  
An' could stand up like him an' drive,  
An' ist push back my hat,  
Like he comes skallyhootin' through  
Our alley, with one arm  
A-wavin' Fare-ye-well! to you —  
The Boy lives on our Farm.

J. W. RILEY.

## The Gamekeeper

**T**O make the keeper's moleskin vest  
A hundred moles have died;  
The keeper's coat is velveteen,  
With pockets deep and wide,  
And many is the bird and beast  
That finds its way inside.

Supposing we might turn them out  
We'd find, perhaps, to-day  
A sparrow-hawk, an owl, a stoat,  
A weasel, and a jay —  
To keep the pheasants free from harm  
So much there is to slay!

## Wee Jouky Daidles

While you and I are still in bed  
The keeper's on his rounds:  
There's not a tree he doesn't know  
Within his master's bounds;  
He knows the call of every bird,  
And all the woodland sounds.

And though he puts up notice boards  
With 'Trespassers, beware!'  
And though his gun is always cocked,  
He's not at all a bear.  
He gave us once a pair of doves,  
And once a baby hare.

L.

## Wee Jouky Daidles

W<sup>E</sup>E Jouky Daidles,  
Toddlin' out an' in:  
Oh, but she's a cuttie,  
Makin' sic a din!  
She sae fon' o' mischief,  
An' minds na what I say:  
My verra heart gangs loup, loup,  
Fifty times a day!

Wee Jouky Daidles —  
Where's the stumpie noo?  
She's peepin' thro' the cruivie  
And lauchin' to the soo!  
Noo she sees my angry e'e,  
An' aff she's like a hare!  
Lassie, when I get ye,  
I'll scud you till I'm sair!

## Friends in the Village

Wee Jouky Daidles —  
Noo she's breakin' dishes —  
Noo she's soakit i' the burn,  
Catchin' little fishes —  
Noo she's i' the barn-yard,  
Playin' w' the fowls;  
Feedin' them wi' butter-bakes,  
Snaps, an' sugar-bools.

Wee Jouky Daidles —  
Oh, my heart, it's broke!  
She's torn my braw new wincey  
To make a dolly's frock —  
There's the goblet oure the fire!  
The jaud! she weel may rin!  
Not a tattic ready yet,  
An' faither comin' in!

Wee Jouky Daidles —  
Where's the smoukie noo?  
She's hidin' i' the coal-hole  
Cryin' 'Keeky-bo!' —  
Noo she's at the fireside,  
Pu'in' pussy's tail —  
Noo she's at the broun bowl,  
Suppin' a' the kail!

Wee Jouky Daidles —  
Paidlin' i' the shower —  
There she's at the windy!  
Haud her or she's oure!  
Noo she's slippit frae my sicht;  
Where's the wean at last?  
In the byre amang the kye,  
Sleepin' soun' an' fast!



## A Friend in the Garden

Wee Jouky Daidles —  
For a' ye gi' me pain,  
Ye're aye my darlin' tottie yet —  
My ain wee wean!  
Ah! gin I'm spared to ither days —  
Oh, may they come to pass! —  
I'll see my bonnie bairnie  
A braw, braw lass!

JAMES SMITH.

## A Friend in the Garden

**H**E is not John the gardener,  
And yet the whole day long  
Employs himself most usefully,  
The flower-beds among.

He is not Tom the pussy-cat,  
And yet the other day,  
With stealthy stride and glistening eye,  
He crept upon his prey.

He is not Dash the dear old dog,  
And yet, perhaps, if you  
Took pains with him and petted him,  
You'd come to love him too.

He's not a Blackbird, though he chirps,  
And though he once was black;  
And now he wears a loose grey coat,  
All wrinkled on the back.

He's got a very dirty face,  
And very shining eyes;

## Friends in the Village

He sometimes comes and sits indoors;  
He looks — and p'r'aps is — wise.

But in a sunny flower-bed  
He has his fixed abode;  
He eats the things that eat my plants —  
He is a friendly TOAD.

MRS. EWING.

## Mr. Coggs

A WATCH will tell the time of day,  
Or tell it nearly, any way,  
Excepting when it's overwound,  
Or when you drop it on the ground.

If any of our watches stop  
We haste to Mr. Coggs's shop;  
For though to scold us he pretends,  
He's quite among our special friends.

He fits a dice-box in his eye,  
And takes a long and thoughtful spy,  
And prods the wheels, and says, 'Dear, dear!  
More carelessness, I greatly fear.'

And then he lays the dice-box down  
And frowns a most prodigious frown;  
But if we ask him what's the time,  
He'll make his gold repeater chime.

L.

## The Horse

### The Horse

THE horse — he is noble, and valiant, and strong,  
And looks all on fire as he gallops along,  
With his long flowing mane, in its ringlets that deck  
The rich archéd curve of his beautiful neck.  
How he snorts when he hears the fierce trumpet afar,  
The clash of the sword, and the thunders of war: —  
How proudly he bears the brave chieftain on high,  
And shows his full soul in the glow of his eye;  
He prances in foam, and bounds onwards in glee,  
As wild as the billow that springs from the sea;  
And the sparks from his hoofs, as he dashes away,  
Are scattered around like the glittering spray;  
And his thick muscles knit, in the strength of his strain,  
Seem the shackle to scorn, and the earth to disdain:  
He flies o'er the field like a creature of pride,  
And seems more to heaven than to mortals allied.  
Behold the poor Arab, in tent or on plain,  
His horse is his brother in joy or in pain;  
He rears him with care on the desert so wild,  
And fondles and feeds like a well-beloved child:  
He teaches and trains him, and, as he grows up  
He eats of his bread, and he drinks of his cup;  
By day he rides on him, and speeds with delight,  
And makes of his bosom a pillow at night;  
And thus, close united, together they live,  
And all one desireth the other can give: —  
The perils of life thus together are taken,  
And one by the other is never forsaken.  
Behold him in England, with blood of true breed,  
Now coursing along in the blossoming mead, —  
Scarce bending the turf with his lightness of tread,  
And shaking the foam from his glorious head;

## Friends in the Village

Or view him, submitting to curb and to whip,  
The blood streaming oft from his quivering lip, —  
The fire of his heart growing less and less bright,  
His eye still resplendent with glory and light:  
His ardour unquenched, see him follow the sound  
Of the hunter's shrill horn, with a leap and a bound,  
Over hedge, ditch, and thicket, or breasting the wave —  
Yet he paws not the deep with the hoof of a slave!

Again in the race, see him smile in the sun,  
All eager, in joy, with his fellows to run  
Away, o'er the race-course, he seemeth to fly,  
More swift than the thunderbolt sent from the sky;  
He hears the loud shouts as he reaches the goal,  
Curvetting and plunging in greatness of soul.

Yet, view him again, when he tugs at the load,  
At the blow of the whip, or the prick of the goad,  
When he lugs at the waggon, and pants up the hill,  
With the all of his strength, and the all of his will.  
Day by day, hour by hour, he works patiently on,  
His spirit still rife, though his strength may be gone;  
From the field to the chaise, from the chaise to the cart,  
He is changed, year by year, at the stall or the mart;  
From bad unto worse he still sinks — and, too true,  
The older he gets the more work he must do;  
And when his knees tremble, and bones are half bare,  
'Tis then he comes in for the scantiest fare; —  
Yet patiently still, though his day is long past,  
He holds up his spirit and will to the last —  
And at the last gasp will he tug and strain on,  
Till strength, and not ardour, is perished and gone;  
Devoted to man, thus he gives up his breath,  
And noble in life — he is noble in death!

PETER PARLEY.

## Big Smith

### Big Smith

ARE you a Giant, great big man, or is your real name  
Smith?

Nurse says you've got a hammer that you hit bad children  
with.

I'm good to-day, and so I've come to see if it is true  
That you can turn a red-hot rod into a horse's shoe.

Why do you make the horses' shoes of iron instead of  
leather?

Is it because they are allowed to go out in bad weather?

If horses should be shod with iron, Big Smith, will you shoe  
mine?

For now I may not take him out, excepting when it's  
fine.

Although he's not a real live horse, I'm very fond of him;  
His harness won't take off and on, but still it's new and  
trim.

His tail is hair; he has four legs, but neither hoofs nor  
heels:

I think he'd seem more like a horse without these yellow  
wheels.

They say that Dapple-grey's not yours, but don't you wish  
he were?

My horse's coat is only paint, but his is soft grey hair;  
His face is big and kind, like yours, his forelock white as  
snow —

Shan't you be sorry when you've done his shoes and he  
must go?

I do so wish, Big Smith, that I might come and live with  
you —

To rake the fire, to heat the rods, to hammer two and two;

## Friends in the Village

To be so black, and not to have to wash unless I choose;  
To pat the dear old horses, and to mend their poor old  
shoes.

When all the world is dark at night, you work among the  
stars,  
A shining shower of fireworks beat out of red-hot bars.  
I've seen you beat, I've heard you sing, when I was going  
to bed;  
And now your face and arms looked black, and now were  
glowing red.

The more you work, the more you sing, the more the bel-  
lows roar;  
The falling stars, the flying sparks, stream shining more  
and more.  
You hit so hard, you look so hot, and yet you never tire;  
It must be very nice to be allowed to play with fire.

I long to beat and sing and shine, as you do, but instead  
I put away my horse, and nurse puts me away to bed.  
I wonder if you go to bed; I often think I'll keep  
Awake and see, but, though I try, I always fall asleep.

I know it's very silly, but I sometimes am afraid  
Of being in the dark alone, especially in bed;  
But when I see your forge-light come and go upon the  
wall,  
And hear you through the window, I am not afraid at all.

I often hear a trotting horse, I sometimes hear it stop;  
I hold my breath — you stay your song — it's at the black-  
smith's shop.  
Before it goes I'm apt to fall asleep, Big Smith, it's true;  
But then I dream of hammering that horse's shoes with  
you!

MRS. EWING.

## The Blacksmith

### The Blacksmith

OUR blacksmith is a stronger man  
Than any in the town:  
At lifting weights and bending bars,  
He has immense renown;  
And no one disagrees with him,  
Because he knocks them down.

He never learned to read or write,  
Or do the simplest sums.  
But what of that? He'll take a stone  
And bite it into crumbs,  
Or break a shilling-piece between  
His fingers and his thumbs.

He never does a single thing  
That copy books extol,  
But if he wants to light his pipe  
He picks a glowing coal —  
For nothing hurts his hand of iron —  
And holds it to the bowl.

His muscles are terrific! Why,  
I'll tell you what he'll do:  
He'll let you bind his straightened arm,  
So tight it turns it blue,  
And then he'll bend his elbow up,  
And snap the cords in two.

L.

## Friends in the Village

### Little Orphant Annie<sup>1</sup>

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to  
stay,  
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs  
away,  
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an'  
sweep,  
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board  
an'-keep;  
An' all us other childern, when the supper things is  
done,  
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun  
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,  
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you  
    Ef you  
    Don't  
    Watch  
    Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his prayers, —  
An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,  
His Mammy heered him holler, an' his Daddy heered him  
bawl,  
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at  
all!  
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an'  
press,  
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'wheres, I  
guess;

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## Little Orphant Annie

But all they ever found was thist his pants an' round-  
about; —

An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,

An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood and kin;

An' onc't, when they was 'company,' 'an ole folks was  
there,

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said, she didn't  
care!

An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an'  
hide,

They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her  
side,

An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed  
what she's about!

An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,

An' the lamp-wick sputters, and the wind goes *woo-oo!*

An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is grey,

An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away —

You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an'  
dear,

An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's  
tear,

## Friends in the Village

An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,  
Er the Gobble-uns'll git you  
    Ef you  
        Don't  
            Watch  
                Out!

J. W. RILEY.

## The Chemist

OF all the kinds of shops there are  
The Chemist's is the neatest, far.  
Like well-drilled soldiers in a line  
His sturdy bottles stand and shine.  
(I wish he'd leave them on the shelf,  
    Or, if that cannot be,  
I wish he'd drink them all himself,  
    And you and I go free;  
For physic is the kind of stuff  
Of which one quickly has enough.)

Of all the kinds of men there are  
The chemist is precisest, far.  
Though but a halfpenny you spend  
He treats you like his dearest friend;  
He stands beside his tiny light,  
    And hurries not a bit,  
And folds the paper smooth and white,  
    And sealing-waxes it,  
And hands it to you with the air  
Of one who serves a millionaire.

L.

## The Basket-Makers

### The Basket-Makers

THE ordinary merchant  
Lives just like you or I;  
His house is made of brick or stone,  
His rooms are warm and dry;  
And if we want his merchandise,  
On foot or in a 'bus  
We journey to his shop, because,  
His shop won't come to us.

But Basket-making Gipsies  
Consider people more:  
They harness horses to their house  
And bring it to your door;  
And 'neath the shelter of the trees  
It stands when day is done —  
A kitchen, bedroom, workroom, shop,  
And nursery in one.

The Basket-making Gipsies,  
A pleasant life is theirs,  
Without the sameness of a street,  
The weariness of stairs —  
They've every day another ride,  
Another town to see,  
And, in the shade beside the road,  
Another picnic tea.

L.

## Friends in the Village

### Father O'Flynn

OF priests we can offer a charmin' variety,  
Far renowned for larnin' and piety;  
Still, I'd advance ye, without impropriety,  
Father O'Flynn is the flower of them all.

*Chorus.*

Here's a health to you,  
Father O'Flynn,  
Slainté and slainté and slainté agin';  
Powerfullest preacher, and  
Tenderest teacher, and  
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,  
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity:  
Dad and the divels and all at Divinity,  
Father O'Flynn'd make hares of them all!  
Come, I venture to give you my word  
Never the likes of his logic was heard,  
Down from Mythology  
Into Thayology —  
Troth! and Conchology if he'd the call.

*Chorus.*

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid you.  
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,  
All the young children are wild for to play wid you —  
You've such a way wid you, Father avick!  
Still, for all you've so gentle a soul,  
Gad! you've your flock in the grandest control;  
Checkin' the crazy ones,  
Coaxin' onaisy ones,  
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.

*Chorus.*

## Father O'Flynn

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity  
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,  
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality  
At comicality, Father, wid you?  
Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,  
Till this remark set him off wid the rest:  
'Is it leave gaiety  
All to the laity?  
Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too?'

*Chorus.*

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.





LITTLE  
FOWLS OF THE AIR

F.D.B.

Birds in their little nests agree:  
So why, O tell me, shouldn't we?

*Old Problem.*





## Little Fowls of the Air

### Crumbs to the Birds

A BIRD appears a thoughtless thing;  
He's ever living on the wing,  
And keeps up such a carolling,  
That little else to do but sing  
A man would guess had he.

No doubt he has his little cares,  
And very hard he often fares;  
The which so patiently he bears,  
That, listening to those cheerful airs,  
Who knows but he may be

In want of his next meal of seeds?  
I think for *that* his sweet song pleads;  
If so, his pretty art succeeds,  
I'll scatter there among the weeds  
All the small crumbs I see.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

## Little Fowls of the Air

### What the Birds Say

**D**O you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,  
The linnet and thrush say, 'I love, and I love!'  
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;  
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.  
But green leaves and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,  
And singing and loving — all come back together.  
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,  
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,  
That he sings and he sings, and for ever sings he,  
'I love my Love, and my Love loves me.'

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### The London Sparrows

**T**HEY chatter on the housetop,  
They chatter in the tree —  
The sparrows of the capital,  
So fat and brown and free,  
And talkative and impudent,  
And greedy as can be.

Wherever there's a cabstand,  
You find a busy crew  
Disputing for the chaff and oats  
The hungry horses strew.  
(When all our cabs are motor-cabs,  
What will the sparrows do?)

## Six Robin Poems

Wherever there is poultry,  
The sparrows throug all day;  
When Rover's back is turned they snatch  
The biscuit from his tray;  
And in the Zoo they calmly steal  
The emu's food away.

Their nests are where no nests should be:  
Our water-pipe holds ten.  
The parish church has dozens more,  
And mercy! now and then  
They dare to build beneath the arms  
Of statues of great men!

## Six Robin Poems

### I. — The Robin in Winter

**W**HEN the snow is on the ground,  
Little Robin-Redbreast grieves;  
For no berries can be found,  
And on the trees there are no leaves.

The air is cold, the worms are hid:  
For this poor bird what can be done?  
We'll strew him here some crumbs of bread,  
And then he'll live till the snow is gone.

ANON.

### II. — The Robin's Petition

**W**HEN the leaves had forsaken the trees,  
And the forests were chilly and bare;  
When the brooks were beginning to freeze,  
And the snow waved fast through the air;

## Little Fowls of the Air

A robin had fled from the wood  
To the snug habitation of man;  
On the threshold the wanderer stood,  
And thus his petition began:  
'The snow's coming down very fast,  
No shelter is found on the tree;  
When you hear this unpitying blast,  
I pray you take pity on me.  
'The hips and the haws are all gone;  
I can find neither berry nor sloe;  
The ground is as hard as a stone,  
And I'm almost buried in snow.  
'My dear little nest, once so neat,  
Is now empty, and ragged, and torn;  
On some tree, should I now take my seat,  
I'd be frozen quite fast before morn.  
'Oh, throw me a morsel of bread,  
Take me in by the side of your fire;  
And, when I am warmed and fed  
I'll whistle without other hire.  
'Till the sun be again shining bright,  
And the snow is all gone, let me stay.  
Oh! see what a terrible night!  
I shall die if you drive me away!  
'And when you come forth in the morn,  
And are talking and walking around,  
Oh! how will your bosom be torn,  
When you see me lie dead on the ground!  
'Then pity a poor little thing,  
And throw me a part of your store;  
I'll fly off in the first of the spring,  
And never will trouble you more.'

ANON.

## The Redbreast and the Butterfly

### III. — The Redbreast and the Butterfly

ART thou the bird whom man loves best,  
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,  
Our little English robin;  
The bird that comes about our doors  
When autumn winds are sobbing?  
Art thou the Peter of Norway boors?  
Their Thomas in Finland,  
And Russia far inland?  
The bird who by some name or other  
All men who know thee call their brother,  
The darling of children and men?  
Could Father Adam open his eyes  
And see this sight beneath the skies,  
He'd wish to close them again.

— If the butterfly knew but his friend,  
Hither his flight he would bend;  
And find his way to me,  
Under the branches of the tree:  
In and out, he darts about;  
Can this be the bird, to man so good,  
That, after their bewildering,  
Covered with leaves the little children,  
So painfully in the wood?  
What ailed thee, robin, that thou could'st pursue  
A beautiful creature,  
That is gentle by nature?  
Beneath the summer sky  
From flower to flower let him fly;  
'Tis all that he wishes to do.  
The cheerer thou of our indoor sadness,  
He is the friend of our summer gladness:

## Little Fowls of the Air

What hinders, then, that ye should be  
Playmates in the sunny weather,  
And fly about in the air together?  
His beautiful bosom is drest,  
In crimson as bright as thine own:  
If thou wouldst be happy in thy nest,  
O pious bird, whom man loves best,  
Love him, or leave him alone!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### IV. — To the Redbreast

UNHEARD in summer's flaring ray,  
Pour forth thy notes, sweet singer,  
Wooing the stillness of the autumn day:  
Bid it a moment linger,  
Nor fly  
Too soon from winter's scowling eye.

The blackbird's song at eventide,  
And hers, who gay ascends,  
Filling the heavens far and wide,  
Are sweet. But none so blends,  
As thine,  
With calm decay, and peace divine.

A FRIEND OF GEORGE HERBERT.

### V. — Robin's Cross

A LITTLE cross  
To tell my loss;  
A little bed  
To rest my head;  
A little tear is all I crave  
Upon my very little grave.

## An Epitaph on a Robin-Redbreast

I strew thy bed  
Who loved thy lays;  
The tear I shed,  
The cross I raise,  
With nothing more upon it than  
'Here lies the little friend of man.'

GEORGE DARLEY.

### VI. — An Epitaph on a Robin-Redbreast

**T**READ lightly here, for here, 'tis said,  
When piping winds are hush'd around,  
A small note wakes from underground,  
Where now his tiny bones are laid.  
Nor more in lone or leafless groves,  
With ruffled wing and faded breast,  
His friendless, homeless spirit roves;  
Gone to the world where birds are blest!  
Where never cat glides o'er the green,  
Or schoolboy's giant form is seen;  
But love, and joy, and smiling Spring  
Inspire their little souls to sing!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

## The First Swallow

**T**HE gorse is yellow on the heath;  
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay;  
The oaks are budding, and beneath  
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,  
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled spring,  
The swallow, too, is come at last;

## Little Fowls of the Air

Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,  
I saw her dash with rapid wing,  
And hailed her as she passed.

Come, summer visitant, attach  
To my reed roof your nest of clay,  
And let my ear your music catch,  
Low twittering underneath the thatch,  
At the grey dawn of day.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

## The Skylark

**B**IRD of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place —  
O to abide in the desert with thee!  
Wild is thy lay and loud,  
Far in the downy cloud,  
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,  
Where, on thy dewy wing,  
Where art thou journeying?  
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,  
Over the cloudlet dim,  
Over the rainbow's rim,  
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!  
Then, when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the heather blooms,



## A Tale

Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!

Emblem of happiness,

Blest is thy dwelling-place —

O to abide in the desert with thee!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

## A Tale

**I**N Scotland's realm, forlorn and bare,

The history chanced of late —

The history of a wedded pair,

A chaffinch and his mate.

The spring drew near: each felt a breast

With genial instinct filled;

They paired, and would have built a nest

But found not where to build.

The heaths uncovered, and the moors,

Except with snow and sleet,

Sea-beaten rocks and naked shores,

Could yield them no retreat.

Long time a breeding-place they sought,

Till both grew vexed and tired;

At length a ship arriving brought

The good so long desired.

A ship! could such a restless thing

Afford them place of rest?

Or was the merchant charged to bring

The homeless birds a nest?

Hush! — silent readers profit most —

This racer of the sea

Proved kinder to them than the coast, —

It served them with a tree.

## Little Fowls of the Air

But such a tree! 'twas shaven deal,  
The tree they call a mast;  
And had a hollow with a wheel,  
Through which the tackle pas ed.  
Within that cavity, aloft,  
Their roofless home they fixed;  
Formed with materials neat and soft,  
Bents, wool, and feathers mixed.  
Four ivory eggs soon pave its floor,  
With russet specks bedight:  
The vessel weighs, forsakes the shore,  
And lessens to the sight.  
The mother-bird is gone to sea,  
As she had changed her kind;  
But goes the male? Far wiser, he  
Is doubtless left behind.  
No: — soon as from ashore he saw  
The wingèd mansion move,  
He flew to reach it, by a law  
Of never-failing love;  
Then perching at his consort's side,  
Was briskly borne along;  
The billows and the blasts defied,  
And cheered her with a song.  
The seaman, with sincere delight,  
His feathered shipmate eyes,  
Scarce less exulting in the sight  
Than when he tows a prize.  
For seamen much believe in signs,  
And, from a chance so new,  
Each some approaching good divines;  
And may his hopes be true!<sup>1</sup>

WILLIAM COWPER.

<sup>1</sup> A few stanzas omitted.

## The Bullfinch

### The Bullfinch

**I**F anyone should come to me and bid me recommend  
The very nicest animal to care for as a pet,  
I should answer, 'As a playmate and one's own especial  
friend,  
I have never known the creature to excel the bullfinch yet.

'The rabbit has a twitching nose and bright and startled  
eye  
(And when he happens to be white his eye is pinky, too),  
But nothing will he do for you, however you may try,  
Excepting eat, and eat, and eat, and eat, his lifetime  
through.

'The squirrel is a lively little brilliant mass of fur,  
Who frolics when he wishes, but to love is not inclined;  
The dormouse has attractions, but for months he doesn't  
stir;  
The silkworm is industrious, but lacks the mirthful  
mind.

'The bullfinch, on the contrary, is full of love and cheek:  
He'll hop among the breakfast things, and peck what  
suits him best;  
He'll nestle on your shoulder, and he'll kiss you with his  
beak,  
And sing his little soothing song and puff his rosy  
chest.'

L.

## Little Fowls of the Air

### On the Death of Mrs. (now Lady) Throckmorton's Bullfinch

YE nymphs! if e'er your eyes were red  
With tears o'er hapless fav'rites shed,  
O share Maria's grief!  
Her fav'rite, even in his cage  
(What will not hunger's cruel rage?),  
Assassin'd by a thief.

Where Rhenus strays his vines among,  
The egg was laid from which he sprung;  
And, though by nature mute,  
Or only with a whistle blest,  
Well-taught, he all the sounds express'd  
Of flageolet or flute.

The honours of his ebon poll  
Were brighter than the sleekest mole;  
His bosom of the hue  
With which Aurora decks the skies,  
When piping winds shall soon arise,  
To sweep away the dew.

Above, below, in all the house,  
Dire foe alike of bird and mouse,  
No cat had leave to dwell;  
And Bully's cage supported stood  
On props of smoothest-shaven wood,  
Large-built, and lattic'd well.

Well-lattic'd — but the grate, alas!  
Not rough with wire of steel or brass,

## Mrs. Throckmorton's Bullfinch

For Bully's plumage sake,  
But smooth with wands from Ouse's side,  
With which, when neatly peel'd and dried,  
The swains their baskets make.

Night veil'd the pole, all seem'd secure:  
When led by instinct sharp and sure,  
Subsistence to provide,  
A beast forth sallied on the scout,  
Long-back'd, long-tail'd, with whisker'd snout,  
And badger-colour'd hide.

He, ent'ring at the study door,  
Its ample area 'gan explore;  
And something in the wind  
Conjectur'd, sniffing round and round,  
Better than all the books he found,  
Food chiefly for the mind.

Just then, by adverse fate impress'd,  
A dream disturb'd poor Bully's rest;  
In sleep he seem'd to view  
A rat fast clinging to the cage,  
And, screaming at the sad presage,  
Awoke and found it true.

For, aided both by ear and scent,  
Right to his mark the monster went —  
Ah, muse! forbear to speak  
Minute the horrors that ensued;  
His teeth were strong, the cage was wood —  
He left poor Bully's beak.

O had he made that too his prey,  
That beak, whence issued many a lay

## Little Fowls of the Air

Of such mellifluous tone,  
Might have repaid him well, I wote,  
For silencing so sweet a throat,  
Fast stuck within his own.

Maria weeps — the Muses mourn:  
So, when, by Bacchanalians torn,  
On Thracian Hebrus' side  
The tree-enchanter Orpheus fell,  
His head alone remained to tell  
The cruel death he died.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## The Faithful Bird

THE greenhouse is my summer seat;  
My shrubs displac'd from that retreat  
Enjoy'd the open air;  
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song  
Had been their mutual solace long,  
Liv'd happy pris'ners there.

They sang, as blithe as finches sing,  
That flutter loose on golden wing,  
And frolic where they list;  
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,  
But that delight they never knew,  
And therefore never miss'd.

But nature works in ev'ry breast,  
With force not easily suppress'd;  
And Dick felt some desires,  
That, after many an effort vain,  
Instructed him at length to gain  
A pass between his wires.

## Freddie and the Cherry-Tree

The open windows seem'd t' invite  
The freeman to a farewell flight;  
    But Tom was still confin'd;  
And Dick, although his way was clear,  
Was much too gen'rous and sincere  
    To leave his friend behind.

So settling on his cage, by play,  
And chirp, and kiss, he seem'd to say,  
    You must not live alone —  
Nor would he quit that chosen stand  
Till I, with slow and cautious hand,  
    Return'd him to his own.

O ye who never taste the joys  
Of Friendship, satisfied with noise,  
    Fandango, ball, and rout!  
Blush when I tell you how a bird  
A prison with a friend preferr'd  
    To liberty without.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## Freddie and the Cherry-Tree

### I

FREDDIE saw some fine ripe cherries  
Hanging on a cherry-tree,  
And he said, 'You pretty cherries,  
Will you not come down to me?'

### II

'Thank you kindly,' said a cherry,  
'We would rather stay up here;  
If we ventured down this morning,  
You would eat us up, I fear.'

## Little Fowls of the Air

### III

One, the finest of the cherries,  
Dangled from a slender twig.  
'You are beautiful,' said Freddie,  
'Red, and ripe, and oh, how big!'

### IV

'Catch me,' said the cherry, 'catch me,  
Little master, if you can.'  
'I would catch you soon,' said Freddie,  
'If I were a grown-up man.'

### V

Freddie jumped, and tried to reach it,  
Standing high upon his toes;  
But the cherry bobbed about,  
And laughed, and tickled Freddie's nose.

### VI

'Never mind,' said little Freddie,  
'I shall have them when it's right;'  
But a blackbird whistled boldly,  
'I shall eat them all to-night.'

MRS. HAWKSHAW.

## The Golden-Crested Wren

THE smallest bird that can be found,  
If you search all England round,  
Everywhere through glade and glen,  
Is the golden-crested wren.  
Though little, 'tis a brave bird too,  
And stays with us the winter through;



## The Golden-Crested Wren

Goes picking here, and hopping there,  
And never leaves us all the year.  
When it freezes, when it snows,  
When it thaws, and when it blows,  
You still see its little form  
Tossed about upon the storm;  
Rumpled, crumpled, every feather,  
And all backward blown together,  
While it puffs, and pants, and draws  
Together close its little claws  
On some branch or mossy rail,  
Turning to the wind its tail.  
But if there be a hole at all,  
It can get in — it is so small —  
And shelter from the piercing cold  
Its pretty head and crest of gold.  
In spring it builds a little house,  
Scarce larger than the harvest mouse;  
And in it you'll find children five,  
The size of bees, and all alive.  
And for all these she must find bread,  
From morning till 'tis time for bed.  
And you will see this little wren  
Works harder far than many men,  
Beginning when the dawn doth peep,  
Nor ending till it's time to sleep.  
Without a minute's pause or rest,  
She carries food into her nest  
Near forty times in every hour.  
Through the sunshine and the shower  
Food doth she to her young convey,  
For sixteen hours through every day,  
Without a moment's time to play.  
Ever coming, ever going,  
Never idle, always doing —

## Little Fowls of the Air

This a bit, and that a taste;  
Then she's off again in haste,  
Across the field and by the mill,  
Bringing something for each bill —  
Bill wide-gaping every minute,  
And she dropping something in it.  
Such a hungry family  
As a man doth seldom see;  
Helpless, and without a feather,  
Opening all their mouths together.  
As soon as brought, the food is gone,  
All the five agape like one.  
She herself can't get a bit,  
There is such a 'twit, twit, twit.'  
Though such a family she maintains,  
Her weight is scarcely ninety grains:  
No smaller bird can there be found  
If you search all England round.  
I'm sure that every girl or boy  
Will usefully their time employ,  
And be ashamed to idle, when  
They've read about this little wren.

THOMAS MILLER.

## Two Cuckoo Poems

### I

AND so you have come back again,  
And it was you I heard  
Proclaiming it to all the world —  
You most conceited bird.

You talked of nothing but yourself  
When you were here before,

## The Cuckoo

Until your voice became so hoarse  
That you could talk no more.

And now you fly from bush to bush,  
And say 'Cuckoo, Cuckoo.'  
Have you no friends to care about?  
No useful work to do?

I hear you're such a lazy bird,  
You cannot build a nest;  
Perhaps you could if you would try —  
We ought to do our best.

The little bird that told me this  
Suspected something worse —  
That you neglect your little ones,  
And put them out to nurse.

Oh, cuckoo! if this story's true,  
I think you're much to blame.  
Then talk no more about yourself;  
Go, hide yourself, for shame!

MRS. HAWKSHAW.

## II

**H**AIL, beauteous stranger of the grove,  
Thou messenger of spring;  
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,  
Thy certain voice we hear;  
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
Or mark the rolling year?

## Little Fowls of the Air

Delightful visitant, with thee  
I hail the time of flowers,  
And hear the sound of music sweet  
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy wandering through the wood  
To pull the primrose gay  
Starts the new voice of spring to hear,  
And imitates the lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom  
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,  
An annual guest in other lands,  
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee;  
We'd make, with joyful wing,  
Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
Companions of the spring.

J. LOGAN.

## The Green Linnet

**B**ENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed  
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,  
With brightest sunshine round me spread  
Of spring's unclouded weather,  
In this sequestered nook how sweet  
To sit upon my orchard-seat,  
And birds and flowers once more to greet,  
My last year's friends together.

## The Green Linnet

One have I marked, the happiest guest  
In all this covert of the blest:

Hail to Thee, far above the rest

    In joy of voice and pinion:

Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,

Presiding spirit here to-day,

Dost lead the revels of the May;

    And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,

Make all one band of paramours,

Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,

    Art sole in thy employment:

A life, a presence, like the Air,

Scattering thy gladness without care,

Too blest with any one to pair;

    Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,

That twinkle to the gusty breeze

Behold him perched in ecstasies,

    Yet seeming still to hover;

There, where the flutter of his wings

Upon his back and body flings

Shadows and sunny glimmerings,

    That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,

A brother of the dancing leaves;

Then flits, and from the cottage eaves

    Pours forth his song in gushes;

As if by that exulting strain

He mocked and treated with disdain

The voiceless Form he chose to feign,

    While fluttering in the bushes.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## Little Fowls of the Air

### The Great Brown Owl

THE brown Owl sits in the ivy bush,  
And she looketh wondrous wise,  
With a horny beak beneath her cowl,  
And a pair of large round eyes.

She sat all day on the self-same spray,  
From sunrise till sunset;  
And the dim, grey light it was all too bright  
For the owl to see in yet.

‘Jenny-Owlet, Jenny-Owlet,’ said a merry little bird,  
‘They say you’re wondrous wise:  
But I don’t think you see, though you’re looking  
at ME  
With your large, round, shining eyes.’

But night came soon, and the pale white moon  
Rolled high up in the skies;  
And the great brown Owl flew away in her cowl,  
With her round large shining eyes.

MRS. HAWKSHAW.

### The Owl

I

WHEN cats run home and light is come,  
And dew is cold upon the ground,  
And the far-off stream is dumb,  
And the whirring sail goes round,  
And the whirring sail goes round:  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

# Death of Master Tommy Rook

## II

When merry milkmaids click the latch,  
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,  
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch  
Twice or thrice his roundelay,  
Twice or thrice his roundelay:  
Alone and warming his five wits,  
The white owl in the belfry sits.

LORD TENNYSON.

# The Death of Master Tommy Rook

A PAIR of steady rooks  
Chose the safest of all nooks  
In a hollow of a tree to build their home;  
And while they kept within  
They did not care a pin  
For any roving sportsman who might come.  
Their family of five  
Were all happy and alive,  
And Mrs. Rook was careful as could be  
To never let them out  
Till she looked all round about,  
And saw that they might wander far and free.  
She had talked to every one  
Of the dangers of a gun,  
And fondly begged that none of them would stir  
To take a distant flight,  
At morning, noon, or night,  
Before they prudently asked leave of her.  
But one fine sunny day,  
Toward the end of May,  
Young Tommy Rook began to scorn her power,

## Little Fowls of the Air

And said that he would fly  
Into the field close by,  
And walk among the daisies for an hour.

‘Stop, stop!’ she cried, alarmed;  
‘I see a man that’s armed,  
And he will shoot you, sure as you are seen;  
Wait till he goes, and then,  
Secure from guns and men,  
We all will have a ramble on the green.’

But Master Tommy Rook,  
With a very saucy look,  
Perched on a twig and plumed his jetty breast;  
Still talking all the while,  
In a very pompous style,  
Of doing just what he might like the best.

‘I don’t care one bit,’ said he,  
‘For any gun you see;  
I am tired of the cautions you bestow:  
I mean to have my way,  
Whatever you may say,  
And shall not ask when I may stay or go.’

‘But, my son,’ the mother cried,  
‘I only wish to guide  
Till you are wise and fit to go alone.  
I have seen much more of life,  
Of danger, woe, and strife,  
Than you, my child, can possibly have known.

‘Just wait ten minutes here —  
Let that man disappear;  
I am sure he means to do some evil thing:  
I fear you may be shot  
If you leave this sheltered spot,  
So pray come back, and keep beside my wing.’



## Death of Master Tommy Rook

But Master Tommy Rook  
Gave another saucy look,  
And chattered out, 'Don't care! don't care! don't care!'  
And off he flew with glee  
From his brothers in the tree,  
And lighted on the field so green and fair.

He hopped about and found  
All pleasant things around;  
He strutted through the daisies — but, alas!  
A loud shot — bang! — was heard,  
And the wounded, silly bird  
Rolled over, faint and dying, on the grass.

'There, there! I told you so!'  
Cried his mother in her woe;  
'I warned you with a parent's thoughtful truth;  
And you see that I was right  
When I tried to stop your flight,  
And said you needed me to guide your youth.'

Poor Master Tommy Rook  
Gave a melancholy look  
And cried, just as he drew his latest breath:  
'Forgive me, mother dear,  
And let my brothers hear  
That disobedience caused my cruel death.'

Now, when his lot was told,  
The rooks, both young and old,  
All said he should have done as he was bid —  
That he well deserved his fate;  
And I, who now relate  
His hapless story, really think he did.

ELIZA COOK.

## Little Fowls of the Air

### The Jackdaw

#### I

THERE is a bird, who, by his coat,  
And by the hoarseness of his note,  
Might be suppos'd a crow;  
A great frequenter of the church,  
Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch,  
And dormitory too.

#### II

Above the steeple shines a plate,  
That turns and turns, to indicate  
From what point blows the weather.  
Look up — your brains begin to swim;  
'Tis in the clouds — that pleases him,  
He chooses it the rather.

#### III

Fond of the speculative height,  
Thither he wings his airy flight,  
And thence securely sees  
The bustle and the raree-show,  
That occupy mankind below,  
Secure and at his ease.

#### IV

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses  
On future broken bones and bruises,  
If he should chance to fall.  
No; not a single thought like that  
Employs his philosophic pate,  
Or troubles it at all.

## The Jackdaw—Man's Medley

V

He sees that this great roundabout,  
The world, with all its motley rout,  
    Church, army, physic, law,  
Its customs, and its bus'nesses,  
Is no concern at all of his,  
    And says — what says he? — Caw.

VI

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen  
Much of the vanities of men;  
    And, sick of having seen 'em,  
Would cheerfully these limbs resign  
For such a pair of wings as thine,  
    And such a head between 'em.

WILLIAM COWPER  
*(after Vincent Bourne).*

## Man's Medley

**H**ARK! how the birds do sing,  
And woods do ring!  
All creatures have their joy, and man has his.  
Yet if we rightly measure,  
Man's joy and pleasure  
Rather hereafter than at present is.  
Not that he may not here  
    Taste of the cheer;  
But, as birds drink, and straight lift up their head;  
So must he sip and think  
    Of better drink  
He may attain to, after he is dead.

## Little Fowls of the Air

Yet even the greatest griefs  
    May be reliefs,  
Could we but take them right and in their wayes.  
Happie is he whose heart  
    Hath found the art  
To turn his double pains to double praise.

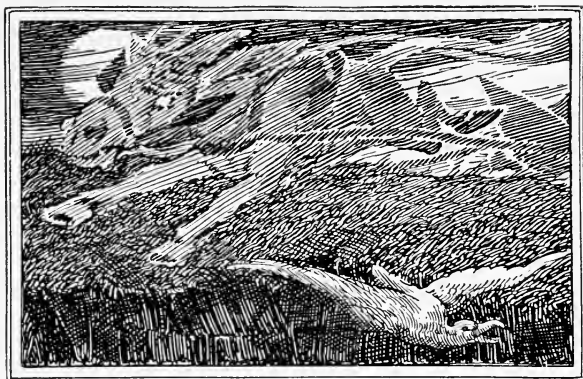
GEORGE HERBERT.



BALLADS OF  
DUMB CREATURES

A robin redbreast in a cage  
Puts all heaven in a rage;  
A dove-house filled with doves and pigeons  
Shudders hell through all its regions.  
A dog starved at his master's gate  
Predicts the ruin of the state;  
A game-cock clipped and armed for fight  
Doth the rising sun affright;  
A horse misused upon the road  
Calls to Heaven for human blood.  
Every wolf's and lion's howl  
Raises from hell a human soul;  
Each outcry of the hunted hare  
A fibre from the brain doth tear;  
A skylark wounded on the wing  
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.  
He who shall hurt the little wren  
Shall never be beloved by men;  
He who the ox to wrath has moved  
Shall never be by woman loved;  
He who shall train the horse to war  
Shall never pass the Polar Bar. . . .  
The wild deer wandering here and there  
Keep the human soul from care:  
The lamb misused breeds public strife,  
And yet forgives the butcher's knife.  
Kill not the moth nor butterfly,  
For the last judgment draweth nigh;  
The beggar's dog and widow's cat,  
Feed them and thou shalt grow fat.  
Every tear from every eye  
Becomes a babe in eternity;  
The bleat, the bark, bellow, and roar,  
Are waves that beat on Heaven's shore.

WILLIAM BLAKE.



## Ballads of Dumb Creatures

### Human Nature

TWO little children five years old —  
Marie the gentle, Charlie the bold;  
Sweet and bright and quaintly wise,  
Angels both, in their mother's eyes.

But you, if you follow my verse, shall see  
That they were as human as human can be,  
And had not yet learned the maturer art  
Of hiding the 'self' of the finite heart.

One day they found, in their romp and play,  
Two little rabbits, soft and gray —  
Soft and gray, and just of a size,  
As like each other as your two eyes.

All day long the children made love  
To the dear little pets — their treasure-trove;  
They kissed and hugged them until the night  
Brought to the conies a glad respite.

## Ballads of Dumb Creatures

But too much fondling doesn't agree  
With the rabbit nature, as we shall see,  
For ere the light of another day  
Had chased the shadows of night away,

One little pet had gone to the shades,  
Or, let us hope, to perennial glades,  
Brighter and softer than any below —  
A heaven where good little rabbits go.

The living and dead lay side by side,  
And still alike as before one died;  
And it chanced that the children came singly to view  
The pets they had dreamed of all the night through.

First Charlie came, and, with sad surprise,  
Beheld the dead with streaming eyes;  
Howe'er, consolingly, he said,  
'Poor little Marie! *her rabbit's dead!*'

Later came Marie, and stood aghast;  
She kissed and caressed it, but at last  
Found voice to say, while her young heart bled,  
'I'm sorry for Charlie — *his rabbit's dead!*'

• ANON.

## The Lost Lamb

STORM upon the mountain,  
Night upon its throne!  
And the little snow-white lamb,  
Left alone, alone!  
Storm upon the mountain,  
Rainy torrents beating,  
And the little snow-white lamb  
Bleating, ever bleating!



## The Lost Lamb

Down the glen the shepherd  
    Drives his flock afar;  
Through the murky mist and cloud,  
    Shines no beacon star.  
Fast he hurries onward,  
    Never hears the moan  
Of the pretty snow-white lamb,  
    Left alone, alone!

At the shepherd's doorway  
    Stands his little son;  
Sees the sheep come trooping home,  
    Counts them one by one:  
Counts them full and fairly —  
    Trace he findeth none  
Of the little snow-white lamb,  
    Left alone, alone!

Up the glen he races,  
    Breasts the bitter wind,  
Scours across the plain and leaves  
    Wood and wold behind; —  
Storm upon the mountain,  
    Night upon its throne, —  
There he finds the little lamb,  
    Left alone, alone!

Struggling, panting, sobbing,  
    Kneeling on the ground,  
Round the pretty creature's neck  
    Both his arms are wound:  
Soon within his bosom,  
    All its bleatings done,  
Home he bears the little lamb,  
    Left alone, alone!

## Ballads of Dumb Creatures

Oh! the happy faces  
By the shepherd's fire!  
High without the tempest roars,  
But the laugh rings higher.  
Young and old together  
Make that joy their own —  
In their midst the little lamb,  
Left alone, alone!

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

### The Little Hare

#### I

**B**YOND the palings of the park  
A hare had made her form,  
Beneath a drooping fern, that made  
A shelter snug and warm.

#### II

She slept until the daylight came  
And all things were awake,  
And then the Hare with noiseless steps  
Crept softly from the brake.

#### III

She stroked her whiskers with her paws,  
Looked timidly around  
With open eyes, and ears erect  
That caught the smallest sound.

#### IV

The Field-mouse rustled in the grass,  
The Squirrel in the trees,  
But Puss was not at all afraid  
Of common sounds like these.

## The Little Hare

### V

She frisked and gambolled with delight,  
And cropped a leaf or two  
Of clover, and of tender grass  
That glistened in the dew.

### VI

What was it, then, that made her start,  
And run away so fast?  
She heard the distant sound of hounds,  
She heard the huntsman's blast.

### VII

Tally-ho! — hoy! — tally-ho!  
The hounds are in full cry;  
Ehew! Ehew! — in scarlet coats  
The men are sweeping by.

### VIII

So off she set, with a spring and a bound,  
Over the meadows and open ground,  
Faster than hunter and faster than hound;  
And on — and on — till she lost the sound,  
And away went the little hare.

MRS. HAWKSHAW.

## The Girl Describes her Fawn

WITH sweetest milk and sugar first  
I it at my own fingers nursed,  
And as it grew, so every day  
It waxed more white and sweet than they —  
It had so sweet a breath! and oft  
I blushed to see its foot more soft

## Ballads of Dumb Creatures

And white — shall I say? — than my hand;  
Nay, any lady's of the land!

It is a wondrous thing how fleet  
'Twas on those little silver feet.  
With what a pretty skipping grace  
It oft would challenge me the race;  
And when 't had left me far away,  
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay:  
For it was nimbler much than hinds,  
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,  
But so with roses overgrown  
And lilies, that you would it guess  
To be a little wilderness;  
And all the spring-time of the year  
It only lovèd to be there.  
Among the beds of lilies I  
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;  
Yet could not, till itself would rise,  
Find it, although before mine eyes;  
For in the flaxen lilies' shade  
It like a bank of lilies laid.  
Upon the roses it would feed,  
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed:  
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,  
And print those roses on my lip.  
But all its chief delight was still  
On roses thus itself to fill,  
And its pure virgin limbs to fold  
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.  
Had it lived long, it would have been  
Lilies without, roses within.

ANDREW MARVELL.

## King Bruce and the Spider

### King Bruce and the Spider

**K**ING BRUCE of Scotland flung himself down  
In a lonely mood to think;  
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,  
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,  
To make his people glad;  
He had tried, and tried, but couldn't succeed;  
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,  
As grieved as man could be;  
And after a while as he pondered there,  
'I'll give it all up,' said he.

Now just at that moment a spider dropp'd  
With its silken cobweb clue;  
And the king in the midst of his thinking stopp'd  
To see what that spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,  
And it hung by a rope so fine,  
That how it would get to its cobweb home  
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl  
Straight up with strong endeavour;  
But down it came with a slippery sprawl,  
As near the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stay'd  
To utter the least complaint;  
Till it fell still lower, and there it laid,  
A little dizzy and faint.

## Ballads of Dumb Creatures

Its head grew steady — again it went,  
And travell'd a half-yard higher;  
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,  
A road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,  
But again it quickly mounted;  
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,  
Nine brave attempts were counted.

'Sure,' cried the King, 'that foolish thing  
Will strive no more to climb;  
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,  
And tumbles every time.'

But up the insect went once more,  
Ah me! 'tis an anxious minute;  
He's only a foot from his cobweb door,  
Oh, say will he lose or win it!

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch  
Higher and higher he got;  
And a bold little run at the very last pinch  
Put him into his native cot.

'Bravo, bravo!' the King cried out,  
'All honour to those who *try*;  
The spider up there defied despair;  
He conquer'd, and why shouldn't I?'

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,  
And gossips tell the tale,  
That he tried once more as he tried before,  
And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,  
And beware of saying, 'I *can't*';  
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead  
To Idleness, Folly, and Want.

## The Colubriad

Whenever you find your heart despair  
Of doing some goodly thing,  
Con over this strain, try bravely again,  
And remember the Spider and King.

ELIZA COOK.

## The Colubriad

CLOSE by the threshold of a door nailed fast  
Three kittens sat; each kitten looked aghast;  
I, passing swift and inattentive by,  
At the three kittens cast a careless eye,  
Little concerned to know what they did there,  
Not deeming kittens worth a poet's care.  
But presently a loud and furious hiss  
Caused me to stop and to exclaim, 'What's this?'  
When lo! a viper there did meet my view,  
With head erect and eyes of fiery hue.  
Forth from his head his forkèd tongue he throws,  
Darting it full against a kitten's nose!  
Who, never having seen in field or house  
The like, sat still and silent as a mouse,  
Only projecting, with attention due,  
Her whiskered face, she asked him, 'Who are you?'  
On to the hall went I, with pace not slow  
But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe;  
With which, well armed, I hastened to the spot  
To find the viper; — but I found him not;  
And turning up the leaves and shrubs around,  
Found only — that he was not to be found.  
But still the kittens, sitting as before,  
Were watching close the bottom of the door.  
'I hope,' said I, 'the villain I would kill  
Has slipped between the door and the doorsill;

## Ballads of Dumb Creatures

And if I make despatch, and follow hard  
No doubt but I shall find him in the yard.'  
(For long ere now it should have been rehearsed,  
'Twas in the garden that I found him first.)  
Ev'n there I found him; there the full-grown cat  
His head, with velvet paw, did gently pat,  
As curious as the kittens erst had been  
To learn what this phenomenon might mean.  
Filled with heroic ardour at the sight,  
And fearing every moment he would bite,  
And rob our household of the only cat  
That was of age to combat with a rat,  
With outstretched hoe I slew him at the door,  
And taught him NEVER TO COME THERE NO MORE.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## A Bunny Romance

THE Bunnies are a feeble folk,  
Whose weakness is their strength;  
To shun a gun a Bun will run  
To almost any length.  
Now once, when war's alarms were rife  
In the ancestral wood  
Where the kingdom of the Bunnies  
For centuries had stood,  
The king, for fear long peace had made  
His subjects over-bold,  
To wake the glorious spirit  
Of timidity of old,  
Announced one day he would bestow  
Princess Bunita's hand  
On the Bunny who should prove himself  
Most timid in the land.



## A Bunny Romance

Next day a proclamation  
Was posted in the wood:  
'To the Flower of Timidity,  
The Pick of Bunnyhood:

'His Majesty the Bunny King  
Commands you to appear  
At a tournament — at such a date  
In such and such a year —  
Where His Majesty will then bestow  
Princess Bunita's hand  
On the Bunny who will prove himself  
Most timid in the land.'

Then every timid Bunny's heart  
Swelled with exultant fright  
At the thought of doughty deeds of fear  
And prodigies of flight.  
For the motto of the Bunnies,  
As perhaps you are aware,  
Is, 'Only the faint-hearted  
Are deserving of the fair.'

They fell at once to practising,  
Those Bunnies, one and all,  
Till some could almost die of fright  
To hear a petal fall.  
And one enterprising Bunny  
Got up a special class  
To teach the art of fainting  
At your shadow on the grass.

At length — at length — at length  
The moment is at hand!  
And trembling all from head to foot  
A hundred Bunnies stand.

## Ballads of Dumb Creatures

And a hundred Bunny mothers  
With anxiety turn grey  
Lest their offspring dear should love their fun  
And linger in the hay.

Never before in Bunny lore  
Was such a stirring sight  
As when the bugle sounded  
To begin the glorious flight!  
A hundred Bunnies, like a flash,  
All disappeared from sight  
Like arrows from a hundred bows,  
None swerved to left or right —  
Some north, some south, some east, some west —  
And none of them, 'tis plain,  
Till he has gone around the earth  
Will e'er be seen again.

It may be in a hundred weeks,  
Perchance a hundred years —  
Whenever it may be, 'tis plain  
The one who first appears  
Is the one who ran the fastest;  
He wins the Princess' hand,  
And gains the glorious title of  
'Most Timid in the Land.'

OLIVER HERFORD.

## Easy

## Easy

### A Legend of Bournemouth

THERE once was a moke that drew a chair,  
And the name of the moke was *Easy*:  
His coat was matted with thick grey hair  
Wherever it hadn't been rubbed quite bare,  
And his wind was a trifle wheezy.  
This moke did duty in Bournemouth town,  
Where the hills go up and the slopes go down;  
And he drew a chair, as I said before,  
On the cliff that edges the Bournemouth shore.

There never was anything patienter  
In life or in song or story  
Than this same *Easy*, who wouldn't stir  
Unless his proprietor laced his fur,  
His fur which was thick and hoary.  
It was 'Get up, can't yer,' and 'Stir your stumps,'  
And 'Now we're off,' and 'What-ho, she bumps!'  
And 'Excuse me, mum, if I made too free,  
But the donkey'll be the death o' me.'

He might have been eight or nine or ten,  
He might have been twelve or twenty;  
For none of us knew precisely when  
He first swam into the ken of men,  
But we judged that his years were plenty.  
His eyes were luminous, large and meek,  
And his nose was soft as a young girl's cheek;  
And his ears he waggled them to and fro,  
And his pace was a mile an hour or so.

## Ballads of Dumb Creatures

He refused to follow the ways of ants,  
Who never put in a rest-day;  
And his owner was garbed in a pair of pants  
(He was one of the oldest inhabitants)  
That had managed to see their best day:  
In frayed old pants, and a gaberdine,  
The raggedest robe that was ever seen,  
And a purple face, and a thing that sat  
Askew on his head and was called a hat.

He liked his fares to be thin and light,  
This moke, as he went a-chairing;  
And then, when the Bournemouth sun shone bright  
On the sands, the sea, and the Isle of Wight,  
He started out for an airing:  
He started out, but he soon stopped dead,  
And I can't repeat what his owner said;  
And the fare observed, 'It's a shame to baste  
A beast, but you see he *won't* make haste.'

So matters went on till one fine day,  
When there wasn't a cloud in heaven,  
With his harness polished and bright and gay,  
The moke came round in the usual way  
At a little before eleven.  
And he stood at the door and waited there,  
With his chair prepared for a lady fare;  
And his head was drooped and his fore-legs bent,  
Like Patience upon a monument.

And a voice said, '*This* is the donkey? Law!  
Do you think he can really do it?'  
And *Easy* he turned his head and saw  
A sight that struck on his heart with awe —  
No moke could have cottoned to it —

## Easy

For the figure that stood at the *Pension* door  
Was a lady of twenty stone or more;  
And what with her rugs and wraps and that  
She certainly seemed to be far too fat.

The lady advanced to occupy

The chair: she was all but in it —  
When, lo, with a tympanum-piercing cry,  
The moke from the door-step seemed to fly  
In less than a quarter minute.

The mind of the beast was soon made up,  
For the look of the lady had filled his cup;  
And before you could say 'Jack Robinson'  
The donkey and chair and all were gone.

And away and away and away he flew,  
While his owner after him shuffled;  
And up the hill like a flash he drew  
His chair with a pace completely new,  
For his feelings were sadly ruffled.  
And faster and faster along the flat  
He sped to escape the lady fat,  
Till he came to the edge of the cliff, and then  
Went over, and never was seen again.

\* \* \* \* \*

And still, when the nights are wild and chill,  
And the furious winds are shrieking,  
The ghost of a donkey scales the hill  
At a break-neck pace with a cry that's shrill,  
And his chair comes after him creaking.  
And men say this is the very one  
Who fled from a lady of twenty stone;  
Who had never in all his life gone fast,  
Till he sighted her bulk and went at last!

R. C. LEHMANN.

## Ballads of Dumb Creatures

### The Knight's Leap

#### A Legend of Altenahr

'SO the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine,  
And the water is spent and gone?

Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine:

I never shall drink but this one:

'And reach me my harness, and saddle my horse,

And lead him me round to the door:

He must take such a leap to-night perforce

As horse never took before.

'I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,

I have drunk my share of wine;

From Trier to Coln there was never a knight

Led a merrier life than mine.

'I have lived by the saddle for years two score;

And if I must die on tree,

Then the old saddle-tree, which has borne me of yore,

Is the properest timber for me.

'So now to show Bishop, and burgher, and priest,

How the Altenahr hawk can die;

If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,

He must take to his wings and fly!

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,

And he mounted his horse at the door;

And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr-wine

As man never drained before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,

And he leapt him out over the wall —

Out over the cliff, out into the night,

Three hundred feet of fall.

## The Supper

They found him next morning below in the glen,  
With never a bone in him whole.  
A mass or a prayer, now, good gentlemen,  
For such a bold rider's soul.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## The Supper

A WOLF he pricks with eyes of fire  
Across the night's o'ercrusted snows;  
Seeking his prey,  
He pads his way  
Where Jane benighted goes,  
Where Jane benighted goes.

He curdles the bleak air with ire,  
Ruffling his hoary raiment through,  
And lo! he sees  
Beneath the trees  
Where Jane's light footsteps go,  
Where Jane's light footsteps go.

No hound peals thus in wicked joy;  
He snaps his muzzle in the snows;  
His five-clawed feet  
Do scamper fleet

Where Jane's bright lanthorn shows,  
Where Jane's bright lanthorn shows.

Now his greed's green doth gaze unseen  
On a pure face of wilding rose;  
Her amber eyes  
In fear's surprise  
Watch largely as she goes,  
Watch largely as she goes.

## Ballads of Dumb Creatures

Salt wells his hunger in his jaws,  
His lust it revels to and fro,  
    Yet small beneath  
    A soft voice saith,  
'Jane shall in safety go,  
    Jane shall in safety go.'

He lurched as if a fiery lash  
Had scourged his hide, and through and through;  
    His furious eyes  
    O'erscanned the skies,  
But nearer dared not go,  
    But nearer dared not go.

He reared like wild Bucephalus,  
His fangs like spears in him uprose;  
    E'en to the town  
    Jane's flitting gown  
He grins on as she goes,  
    He grins on as she goes.

In fierce lament he howls amain;  
He scampers, marvelling in his throes  
    What brought him there  
    To sup on air  
While Jane unarméd goes,  
    While Jane unarméd goes.

WALTER RAMAL.

## Miles Keogh's Horse

ON the bluff of the Little Big-Horn,  
At the close of a woeful day,  
Custer and his Three Hundred  
    In death and silence lay.



## Miles Keogh's Horse

Three Hundred to Three Thousand!  
They had bravely fought and bled;  
For such is the will of Congress  
When the White man meets the Red.

The White men are ten millions,  
The thriftiest under the sun;  
The Reds are fifty thousand,  
And warriors every one.

So Custer and all his fighting-men  
Lay under the evening skies,  
Staring up at the tranquil heaven  
With wide, accusing eyes.

And of all that stood at noonday  
In that fiery scorpion ring,  
Miles Keogh's horse at evening  
Was the only living thing.

Alone from that field of slaughter,  
Where lay the three hundred slain,  
The horse Comanche wandered,  
With Keogh's blood on his mane.

And Sturgis issued this order,  
Which future times shall read,  
While the love and honour of comrades  
Are the soul of the soldier's creed.

He said: *'Let the horse Comanche  
Henceforth till he shall die,  
Be kindly cherished and cared for  
By the Seventh Cavalry.*

*'He shall do no labour; he never shall know  
The touch of spur or rein;  
Nor shall his back be ever crossed  
By living rider again.*

## Ballads of Dumb Creatures

*'And at regimental formation  
Of the Seventh Cavalry,  
Comanche draped in mourning and led  
By a trooper of a Company I.,*

*'Shall parade with the regiment!'* Thus it was  
Commanded and thus done,  
By order of General Sturgis, signed  
By Adjutant Garlington.

Even as the sword of Custer,  
In his disastrous fall,  
Flashed out a blaze that charmed the world  
And glorified his pall.

This order, issued amid the gloom  
That shrouds our army's name,  
When all foul beasts are free to rend  
And tear its honest fame,

Shall prove to a callous people  
That the sense of a soldier's worth,  
That the love of comrades, the honour of arms,  
Have not yet perished from earth.

JOHN HAY.

## Home, Pup!

**E**UPHEMIA SETON of Urchinhope,  
The wife of the farmer of Tynnerandoon,  
Stands lifting her eyes to the whitening slope,  
And longs for her laddies at supper-time soon.  
The laddies, the dog, and the witless sheep,  
Are bound to come home, for the snow will be deep.

## Home, Pup!

The mother is pickling a scornful word  
To throw at the head of the elder lad, Hugh;  
But talkative Jamie, as gay as a bird,  
Will have nothing beaten save snow from his shoe.  
He has fire in his eyes, he has curls on his head,  
And a silver brooch and a kerchief red.

Poor Hugh, trudging on with his collie pup Jess,  
Has kept his plain mind to himself all the way,  
Just quietly giving his dog the caress  
Which no one gave him for a year and a day.  
And luckily quadrupeds seldom despise  
Our lumbering wits and our lack-lustre eyes.

Deep down in the corrie, high up on the brae,  
Where Shinnel and Scar tumble down from the rock,  
The wicked white ladies have been at their play,  
The wind has been pushing the leewardly flock.  
The white land should tell where the creatures are gone,  
But snow hides the snow that their hooves have been on.

Ah! down there in Urchinhope nobody knows  
How blinding the flakes, and the north wind how cruel.  
Euphemia's gudeman will come for his brose,  
But far up the hill is her darling, her jewel.  
She sees something crimson. 'Oh, gudeman, look up!  
There's Jamie's cravat on the neck of the pup.'

'Where, where have ye been, Jess, and where did ye leave  
him?

Now just get a bite, pup, then show me my pet.  
Poor Jamie'll be tired, and the sheep will deceive him;  
Oh, stir him, oh, guide him, before the sun set!  
'Quick, Jock, bring a lantern! quick, Sandie, some wraps!  
Before ye win till him 'twill darken, perhaps.'

## Ballads of Dumb Creatures

Jess whimpered; the young moon was down in the west;  
A shelter-stone jutted from under the hill;  
Stiff hands beneath Jamie's blue bonnet were pressed,  
And over his beating heart one that was still.  
Bareheaded and coatless, to windward lay Hugh,  
And high on his back the snow gathered and grew.

'Now fold them with plaids — they'll be up with the sun;  
Their bed will be warm, and the blood is so strong.  
How wise to send Jessie! now cannily run.  
Poor pup, are ye tired? we'll be home before long.'  
Jess licked a cold cheek, and the bonny boy spoke:  
'Where's Hugh?' The pup whimpered, but Hugh never  
woke.

WILLIAM CORY.

## Poor Dog Tray

ON the green banks of Shannon, when Shulah was nigh,  
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;  
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,  
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Shulah to part,  
She said, while the sorrow was big at her heart,  
'O, remember your Shulah when far, far away,  
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.'

When the road was so dark, and the wind was so cold,  
And Pat and his dog were growing weary and old,  
How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey!  
And he licked me for kindness — my poor dog Tray.

## Helvellyn

Though my wallet was scant, I remembered his case,  
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;  
But he died at my feet on a cold winter's day,  
And I played a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go? poor, forsaken, and blind,  
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?  
To my dear native village, so far, far away,  
I can never return with my poor dog Tray!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## Helvellyn

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,  
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and  
wide;

All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,  
And starting around me the echoes replied.

On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,  
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,

One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,

When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had  
died:

Dark green was the spot 'mid the brown meadow heather,

Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretch'd in decay,  
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,

Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay,  
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,

For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,

The much-loved remains of her master defended,

And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

## Ballads of Dumb Creatures

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?  
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou  
start?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,  
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?  
And, oh! was it meet that — no requiem read o'er him,  
No mother to weep and no friend to deplore him,  
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him —  
Unhonoured the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,  
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall:  
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,  
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:  
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are  
gleaming,  
In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming,  
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,  
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,  
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb;  
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,  
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.  
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake laying,  
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,  
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,  
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

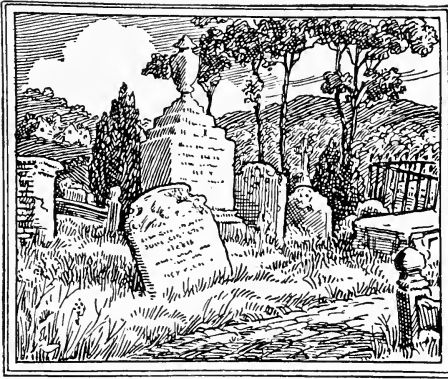


THE COUNTRY  
ROUND

The linnet is singing the wild wood through;  
The fawn's bounding footsteps skim over the dew.  
The butterfly flits round the blossoming tree,  
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee:  
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,  
And why should not I be as merry as they?

M. R. MITFORD.





# The Country Round

## The Country Faith

HERE in the country's heart,  
Where the grass is green,  
Life is the same sweet life  
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,  
And the bell at morn  
Floats with a thought of God  
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,  
And the crop grows tall —  
This is the country faith,  
And the best of all!

NORMAN GALE.

## The Country Round

### The Town and Country Child

CHILD of the Country! free as air  
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair,  
Born, like the lily, where the dew  
Lies odorous when the day is new;  
Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee,  
Nursed to sweet music on the knee,  
Lull'd in the breast to that glad tune  
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June:  
I sing of thee; — 'tis sweet to sing  
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the Town! for thee I sigh;  
A gilded roof's thy golden sky,  
A carpet is thy daisied sod,  
A narrow street thy boundless wood,  
Thy rushing deer's the clattering tramp  
Of watchmen; thy best light's a lamp, —  
Through smoke, and not through trellised vines  
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines:  
I sing of thee in sadness; where  
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair?

Child of the Country! thy small feet  
Tread on strawberries red and sweet;  
With thee I wander forth to see  
The flowers which most delight the bee;  
The bush o'er which the throstle sung  
In April while she nursed her young;  
The den beneath the sloe-thorn, where  
She bred her twins the timorous hare;  
The knoll, wrought o'er with wild blue-bells,  
Where brown bees build their balmy cells;

## The Town and Country Child

The greenwood stream, the shady pool,  
Where trouts leap when the day is cool;  
The shilfa's<sup>1</sup> nest that seems to be  
A portion of the sheltering tree, —  
And other marvels, which my verse  
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the Town! for thee, alas!  
Glad Nature spreads nor flowers nor grass;  
Birds build no nests, nor in the sun  
Glad streams come singing as they run:  
A Maypole is thy blossom'd tree,  
A beetle is thy murmuring bee;  
Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where  
Thy poulterer dwells, beside the hare;  
Thy fruit is pluck'd, and by the pound  
Hawk'd, clamorous, o'er the city round;  
No roses, twin-born on the stalk,  
Perfume thee in thy evening walk;  
No voice of birds, — but to thee comes  
The mingled din of cars and drums,  
And startling cries, such as are rife  
When wine and wassail waken strife.

Child of the Country! on the lawn  
I see thee like the bounding fawn,  
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing  
The first time on the wings of Spring;  
Bright as the sun when from the cloud  
He comes as cocks are crowing loud;  
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,  
Now groping trouts in lucid streams,  
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,  
Now hunting echo's empty sound,

<sup>1</sup> Shilfa — chaffinch.

## The Country Round

Now climbing up some old tall tree —  
For climbing's sake. 'Tis sweet to thee  
To sit where birds can sit alone,  
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Child of the Town and bustling street,  
What woes and snares await thy feet!  
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,  
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles;  
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,  
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak;  
And thou art cabin'd and confined,  
At once from sun, and dew, and wind;  
Or set thy tottering feet but on  
Thy lengthen'd walks of slippery stone:  
The coachman there careering reels  
With goaded steeds and maddening wheels;  
And Commerce pours each prosing son  
In pelf's pursuit and holloas 'run':  
While, flush'd with wine, and stung at play,  
Men rush from darkness into day.  
The stream's too strong for thy small bark;  
There nought can sail, save what is stark.  
Fly from the town, sweet child! for health  
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.  
There is a lesson in each flower,  
A story in each stream and bower;  
On every herb on which you tread  
Are written words which, rightly read,  
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,  
To hope, and holiness, and God.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

## The Praise of a Countryman's Life

### The Praise of a Countryman's Life

O H, the sweet contentment  
The countryman doth find,  
High trolлие, lollie, lol; high trolлие, lee;  
That quiet contemplation  
Possesseth all my mind:  
Then care away, and wend along with me.

For courts are full of flattery,  
As hath too oft been tried,  
High trolлие, lollie, lol; high trolлие, lee;  
The city full of wantonness,  
And both are full of pride:  
Then care away, and wend along with me.

But, oh! the honest countryman  
Speaks truly from his heart,  
High trolлие, lollie, lol; high trolлие, lee;  
His pride is in his tillage,  
His horses and his cart:  
Then care away, and wend along with me.

Our clothing is good sheep-skins,  
Grey russet for our wives,  
High trolлие, lollie, lol; high trolлие, lee;  
'Tis warmth and not gay clothing  
That doth prolong our lives:  
Then care away, and wend along with me.

The ploughman, though he labour hard,  
Yet on the holy day,  
High trolлие, lollie, lol; high trolлие, lee;  
No Emperor so merrily  
Does pass his time away:  
Then care away, and wend along with me.

## The Country Round

To recompense our tillage  
The heavens afford us showers,  
High trolлие, lolle, lol; high trolлие, lee;  
And for our sweet refreshments  
The earth affords us bowers:  
Then care away, and wend along with me.

The cuckoo and the nightingale  
Full merrily do sing,  
High trolлие, lolle, lol; high trolлие, lee;  
And with their pleasant roundelays  
Bid welcome to the spring:  
Then care away, and wend along with me.

This is not half the happiness  
The countryman enjoys,  
High trolлие, lolle, lol; high trolлие, lee;  
Though others think they have as much,  
Yet he that says so lies:  
Then care away, and wend along with me.

JOHN CHALKHILL.

## The Farm

**B**RIGHT glows the east with blushing red,  
While yet upon their wholesome bed  
The sleeping labourers rest;  
And the pale moon and silver star  
Grow paler still, and wandering far,  
Sink slowly to the west.  
And see behind the sloping hill  
The morning clouds grow brighter still,  
And all the shades retire;  
Slowly the sun with golden ray  
Breaks forth above the horizon grey,  
And gilds the distant spire.

## The Farm

And now, at Nature's cheerful voice,  
The hills, and vales, and woods rejoice,  
    The lark ascends the skies;  
And soon the cock's shrill notes alarm  
The sleeping people at the farm,  
    And bid them all arise.

Then at the dairy's cool retreat,  
The busy maids together meet;  
    The careful mistress sees  
Some tend with skilful hand the churns,  
While the thick cream to butter turns,  
    And some the curdling cheese.

And now comes Thomas from the house,  
With well-known cry, to call the cows,  
    Still sleeping on the plain;  
They quickly rising, one and all,  
Obedient to their daily call,  
    Wind slowly through the lane.

And see the rosy milkmaid now,  
Seated beside the hornéd cow,  
    With milking stool and pail;  
The patient cow with dappled hide  
Stands still, unless to lash her side  
    With her convenient tail.

And then the poultry (Mary's charge)  
Must all be fed and let at large,  
    To roam about again;  
Wide open swings the great barn-door,  
And out the hungry creatures pour,  
    To pick the scattered grain.

## The Country Round

Forth plodding to the heavy plough,  
The sunburnt labourer hastens now,  
    To guide with skilful arm;  
Thus all is industry around,  
No idle hand is ever found  
    Within the busy farm.

JANE TAYLOR.

## Farewell to the Farm

THE coach is at the door at last;  
The eager children, mounting fast  
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:  
‘Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

‘To house and garden, field and lawn,  
The meadow-gates we swang upon,  
To pump and stable, tree and swing,  
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

‘And fare you well for evermore,  
O ladder at the hayloft door,  
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,  
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!’

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;  
The trees and houses smaller grow;  
Last, round the woody turn we swing:  
‘Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!’

R. L. STEVENSON.



## Bee a-Zwarmen

### Bees a-Zwarmen

**A**VORE we went a-milken, vive  
Ar zix o's here wer al alive  
A-tiaken bees that zwarm'd vrom hive;  
An' we'd sich work to catch  
The hummen rogues, that led us sich  
A dance al auver hedge an' ditch;  
An' then at laste wher shood 'em pitch  
But up in uncle's thatch?

*Dick* rung a sheep-bell in his han',  
*Liz* beat a cannister, an' *Nan*  
Did bang the little fryen-pan  
Wi' thick an' thumpen blows;  
An' *Tom* went a'ter carren roun'  
A bee-pot up upon his crown,  
Wi' al the zide o'n reachen down  
Avore his eyes an' nose.

An' oone girt bee, wi' spitevul hum,  
Stung *Dicky's* lip, an' miade it come,  
Al up amost so big's a plum;  
An' zome, a-vlee-en on,  
Got al roun' *Liz*, an' miade her hop,  
An' scream, an' twirdle lik' a top,  
An' spring awoy right backward, flop  
Down into barken pon'.

An' *Nan* gi'ed *Tom* a roguish twitch  
Upon a bank, an' miade en pitch  
Right down head-voremost into ditch;  
*Tom* cooden zee a wink:

## The Country Round

An' when the zwarm we siafe an' soun'  
In mother's bit o' bee-pot groun'  
We coax'd her var a treat al roun',  
O' sillibub to drink.

WILLIAM BARNES.

## The Water-Mill

### I

'ANY grist for the mill?'  
How merrily it goes!  
Flap, flap, flap, flap,  
While the water flows;  
Round about, and round about  
The heavy millstones grind,  
And the dust flies all about the mill,  
And makes the miller blind.

### II

'Any grist for the mill?'  
The jolly farmer packs  
His waggon with a heavy load  
Of very heavy sacks.  
Noisily, oh noisily,  
The millstones turn about;  
You cannot make the miller hear  
Unless you scream and shout.

### III

'Any grist for the mill?'  
The bakers come and go;  
They bring their empty sacks to fill,  
And leave them down below.

## The Water-Mill

The dusty miller and his men  
Fill all the sacks they bring,  
And while they go about their work  
Right merrily they sing.

### IV

‘Any grist for the mill?’  
How quickly it goes round!  
Splash, splash, splash, splash,  
With a whirring sound.  
Farmers, bring your corn to-day,  
And, bakers, buy your flour;  
Dusty millers, work away,  
While it is in your power.

### V

‘Any grist for the mill?’  
Alas! it will not go;  
The river, too, is standing still,  
The ground is white with snow.  
And when the frosty weather comes  
And freezes up the streams,  
The miller only hears the mill,  
And grinds the corn, in dreams.

### VI

Living close beside the mill,  
The miller’s girls and boys  
Always play at make-believe,  
Because they have no toys.  
‘Any grist for our mill?’  
The elder brothers shout,  
While all the little petticoats  
Go whirling round about.

## The Country Round

### VII

The miller's little boys and girls  
Rejoice to see the snow:  
'Good father, play with us to-day;  
You cannot work, you know.  
We will be the millstones,  
And you shall be the wheel;  
We'll pelt each other with the snow,  
And it shall be the meal.'

### VIII

Oh, heartily the miller's wife  
Is laughing at the door;  
She never saw the mill worked  
So merrily before.  
'Bravely done, my little lads!  
Rouse up the lazy wheel,  
For money comes but slowly in  
When snowflakes are the meal.'

MRS. HAWKSHAW.

## The Windmill

**I**F you should bid me make a choice  
'Twixt wind and water mill,  
In spite of all a millpond's charms,  
I'd take those gleaming, sweeping arms  
High on the windy hill.

The miller stands before his door  
And whistles for a breeze;  
And when it comes his sails go round  
With such a mighty rushing sound  
You think of heavy seas.

## The Windmill—The D'rection-Post

And if the wind declines to blow,  
The miller takes a nap  
(Although he'd better spend an hour  
In brushing at the dust and flour  
That line his coat and cap).

Now, if a water-mill were his  
Such rest he'd never know,  
For round and round his crashing wheel,  
His dashing, splashing, plashing wheel,  
Unceasingly would go.

So if you'd bid me make a choice  
'Twixt wind and water mill,  
In spite of all a millpond's charms,  
I'd take those gleaming, sweeping arms  
High on the windy hill.

L.

## The D'rection-Post

**W**HY *thik* wold post so long kept out,  
Upon the knap, his yarms astrout,  
A-zenden on the weary veet  
By where the dree cross roads da meet;  
An' I've a-come so much *thik* woy  
Wi' happy heart a man ar buoy,  
That I'd a-miade at laste amost  
A friend o' *thik* wold d'rection-post.

An' there, wi' oone white yarm, 'e show'd  
Down auver brudge, the *Leyton* road;  
Wi' oone, the liane a-leaden roun'  
By *Bradlinch* hill, an' on to town;

## The Country Round

An' wi' the laste the woy to turn  
Droo common down to Rushiburn;  
The road I lik'd to goo the muost  
Ov al upon the d'rection-post.

The *Leyton* road ha lofty ranks  
Ov elm-trees upon his banks;  
The oone athirt the hill da show  
Us miles o' hedgy meads below;  
An' he to *Rushiburn* is wide  
Wi' strips o' green along his zide,  
An' ouer brown-ruff'd house amost  
In zight o' thik wold d'rection-post.

An' when the haymakers did zwarm  
O' zummer evemens out vrom farm,  
The merry maidens an' the chaps,  
A-piarten there wi' jokes an' slaps,  
Did goo, zome oone woy off, an' zome  
Another al a-zingen huome;  
Var vew o'm had to goo at muost  
A mile beyand the d'rection-post.

Poor Nanny Brown, oone darkish night,  
When he'd a-b'in a-painted white,  
Wer frighten'd near the gravel pits,  
So dead's a hammer, into fits.  
A-thinken 'twere the ghost she know'd  
Did come an' hante the *Leyton* road,  
Though a'ter al poor Nanny's ghost  
Turn'd out to be the d'rection-post.

WILLIAM BARNES.

## The Fifth of November

### Guy Faux's Night

**G**UY FAUX'S night, dost know, we chaps,  
A-putten on our woldest traps,  
Went up the highest o' the knaps  
An' miade up sich a vier!  
An' thee an' *Tom* wer al we miss'd;  
Var if a sarpent had a-hiss'd  
Among the rest in thy sprack vist,  
Our fun'd a-bin the higher.

We chaps at huome an' *Will* our cousin  
Took up a hafe a luoad o' vuzzen,  
An' burn'd a barrel wi' a dozen  
O' fakkets, till above en  
The fliames, arisen up so high  
'S the tun, did snap, an' roar, an' ply,  
An' drow a gliare agen the sky  
Lik' vier in an oven.

An' zome, wi' hissien squibs did run  
To pay off zome what they'd a-done,  
An' let 'em off so loud's a gun  
Agen ther smoken polls;  
An' zome did stir ther nimble pags  
Wi' crackers in between ther lags,  
While zome did burn ther cuoats to rags,  
Ar wes'cots out in holes.

An' zome o'm's heads lost hafe ther locks,  
An' zome o'm got ther white smock-frocks  
Jist fit to vill the tender-box,  
Wi' hafe the backs o'm off;

## The Country Round

An' *Dick*, that al o'm vell upon,  
Voun' oone flap ov his cuoat-tail gone,  
An' t'other jist a-hangen on,  
A-zweal'd so black's a snoff.

WILLIAM BARNES.

## In the Churchyard

### I. — Upon a Child

HERE a pretty baby lies,  
Sung asleep with lullabies:  
Pray be silent, and not stir  
Th' easy earth that covers her.

ROBERT HERRICK.

### II. — Epitaph

HERE a solemn fast we keep,  
While all beauty lies asleep:  
Hushed be all things, no noise here  
But the toning of a tear;  
Or a sigh of such as bring  
Cowslips for her covering.

ROBERT HERRICK.

### III. — Lucy

THREE years she grew in sun and shower;  
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown:  
This child I to myself will take;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own.



## Lucy

'Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse: and with me  
The girl in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

'She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That, wild with glee, across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs;  
And hers shall be the healing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things.

'The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her: for her the willow bend;  
Nor shall she fail to see  
Even in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.

'The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her: and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

'And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell.'

## The Country Round

Thus Nature spake — The work was done —  
How soon my Lucy's race was run!  
She died and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;  
The memory of what has been,  
And never more will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### IV. — Redèn ov a Headstuone

AS I wer redèn ov a stuone  
In *Grenley* churchyard al aluone,  
A little maid runn'd up, wi' pride  
To zee me there, an' push'd a-zide  
A bunch o' bennits that did hide  
A vess her faether, as she zed,  
Put up above her mother's head,  
To tell how much 'e lov'd her.

The vess wer very good, but short,  
I stood an' larn'd en off by heart, —  
'Mid God, dear Miary, gi'e me griace  
To vine, lik' thee, a better pliace,  
Wher I oonce muore mid zee thy fiace;  
An' bring thy childern up to know  
His word that they mid come an' shew  
Thy soul how much I lov'd thee.'

'Wher's faether, then,' I zed, 'my chile?'  
'Dead too,' she ānswer'd wi' a smile;  
'An' I an' brother Jim da bide  
At Betty White's, o' t'other zide  
O' road.' Mid He, my chile, I cried,  
That's faether to the faetherless,  
Become thy faether now, an' bless,  
An' kip, an' leād, an' love thee.

## In Bethlehem City

Though she've a-lost, I thought, so much,  
Still He don't let the thoughts o't touch  
Her litsome heart by day ar night;  
An' zoo, if we cood tiake it right,  
Da show he'll miake his burdens light  
To weaker souls, an' that his smile  
Is sweet upon a harmless chile,  
When they be dead that lov'd it.

WILLIAM BARNES.

## The Waits: Two Old Country Songs

### I. — In Bethlehem City

A VIRGIN unspotted, the prophets foretold,  
Should bring forth a Saviour, which now we behold,  
To be our Redeemer from death, hell, and sin,  
Which Adam's transgression involvèd us in.

#### *Chorus*

Then let us be merry, cast sorrow away:  
Our Saviour Christ Jesus was born on this day.

In Bethlehem city, in Judæa, it was,  
That Joseph and Mary together did pass,  
All for to be taxed when thither they came,  
For Cæsar Augustus commanded the same.

#### *Chorus*

But Mary's full time being come, as we find,  
She brought forth her first-born to save all mankind;  
The inn being full of the heavenly Guest,  
No place could she find to lay Him to rest.

#### *Chorus*

## The Country Round

Blest Mary, blest Mary, so meek and so mild!  
All wrapped up in swathing this heavenly Child,  
Contented, she laid Him where oxen do feed:  
The great God of Nature approved of the deed.

*Chorus*

To teach us humility all this was done,  
To learn us from hence haughty pride for to shun:  
The manger His cradle who came from above,  
The great God of mercy, of peace, and of love.

*Chorus*

Then presently after the shepherds did spy  
Vast numbers of angels did stand in the sky,  
So merry were talking, so sweetly did sing,  
'All glory and praise to the heavenly King!'

*Chorus*

## II. — Lazarus

I

**A**S it fell out upon one day,  
Rich Diverus he made a feast;  
And he invited all his friends,  
And gentry of the best.  
And it fell out upon one day,  
Poor Lazarus he was so poor,  
He came and laid him down and down,  
Ev'n down at Diverus' door.

II

So Lazarus laid him down and down,  
Ev'n down at Diverus' door:  
'Some meat, some drink, Brother Diverus,  
Do bestow upon the poor.'

## Lazarus

'Thou art none of mine, Brother Lazarus,  
Lying begging at my door;  
No meat, no drink will I give thee,  
Nor bestow upon the poor.'

### III

Then Lazarus laid him down and down,  
Ev'n down at Diverus' wall:  
'Some meat, some drink, Brother Diverus,  
Or surely starve I shall.'  
'Thou art none of mine, Brother Lazarus,  
Lying begging at my wall;  
No meat, no drink will I give thee,  
And therefore starve thou shall.'

### IV

Then Lazarus laid him down and down,  
Ev'n down at Diverus' gate:  
'Some meat, some drink, Brother Diverus,  
For Jesus Christ, His sake.'  
'Thou art none of mine, Brother Lazarus,  
Lying begging at my gate;  
No meat, no drink will I give thee,  
For Jesus Christ, His sake.'

### V

Then Diverus sent his merry men all  
To whip poor Lazarus away;  
They had not power to whip one whip,  
But threw their whips away.  
Then Diverus sent out his hungry dogs  
To bite poor Lazarus away;  
They had not power to bite one bite,  
But licked his sores away.

## The Country Round

### VI

And it fell out upon one day  
    Poor Lazarus, he sickened and died;  
There came two angels out of heaven  
    His soul thereto to guide.  
'Rise up, rise up, Brother Lazarus,  
    And come along with me;  
There is a place prepared in heaven,  
    For to sit upon an angel's knee.'

### VII

And it fell out upon one day  
    Rich Diverus sickened and died;  
There came two serpents out of hell  
    His soul thereto to guide.  
'Rise up, rise up, Brother Diverus,  
    And come along with me;  
There is a place prepared in hell,  
    For to sit upon a serpent's knee.'



FROM THE STREAM  
TO THE SEA

River! that in silence windest  
Through the meadows bright and free,  
Till at length thy rest thou findest  
In the bosom of the sea!

LONGFELLOW.





## From the Stream to the Sea

### The Brook

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
Or slip between the ridges,  
By twenty thorps, a little town,  
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
To join the brimming river;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles;  
I bubble into eddying bays,  
I babble on the pebbles.

## From the Stream to the Sea

With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake  
Upon me, as I travel  
With many a silvery waterbreak  
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

## The Tide River

I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow,  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

LORD TENNYSON.

## The Tide River

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,  
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool;  
Cool and clear, cool and clear,  
By shining shingle and foaming weir;  
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,  
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,  
Undefined, for the undefined;  
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,  
By the smoky town in its murky cowl;  
Foul and dank, foul and dank,  
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank;  
Darker and darker the farther I go,  
Baser and baser the richer I grow;  
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?  
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,  
The flood-gates are open, away to the sea.  
Free and strong, free and strong,  
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along

## From the Stream to the Sea

To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,  
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,  
As I lose myself in the infinite main,  
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.  
Undeiled, for the undeiled;  
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## The Cataract of Lodore

HOW does the water come down at Lodore?  
My little boy asked me thus, once on a time.  
Now moreover, he task'd me to tell him in rhyme.  
Anon at the word there first came one daughter,  
And then came another to second and third  
The request of their brother, and to hear how the water  
Comes down at Lodore, with its rush and its roar,  
As many a time they had seen it before.  
So I told them in rhyme, for of rhymes I had store:  
And 'twas in my vocation for their recreation,  
That thus I should sing,  
Because I was Laureate to them and the King.

From its sources which well  
In the tarn on the fell,  
From its fountains  
In the mountains,  
Its rills and its gills,  
Through moss and through brake,  
It runs and it creeps,  
For a while, till it sleeps  
In its own little lake,  
And thence at departing,  
Awakening and starting,  
It runs through the reeds,

## The Cataract of Lodore

And away it proceeds,  
Through meadow and glade,  
In sun and in shade,  
And through the wood shelter,  
Among crags and its flurry,  
Helter-skelter—  
Hurry-scurry.

Here it comes sparkling,  
And there it lies darkling;  
Here smoking and frothing,  
Its tumult and wrath in,  
Till in this rapid race  
On which it is bent  
It reaches the place  
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong  
Then plunges along  
Striking and raging,  
As if a war waging,

Its caverns and rocks among:

Rising and leaping,  
Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and sweeping,  
Showering and springing,  
Flying and flinging,  
Writhing and wringing,  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking,  
Twining and twisting,  
Around and around  
With endless rebound!  
Smiting and fighting,  
A sight to delight in;  
Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzing and deafening the ear with its sound,

## From the Stream to the Sea

Collecting, projecting,  
Reeding and speeding,  
And shocking and rocking,  
And darting and parting,  
And threading and spreading,  
And whizzing and hissing,  
And dripping and skipping,  
And hitting and splitting,  
And shining and twining,  
And rattling and battling,  
And shaking and quaking,  
And pouring and roaring,  
And waving and raving,  
And tossing and crossing,  
And flowing and going,  
And running and stunning,  
And foaming and roaming,  
And dinning and spinning,  
And dropping and hopping,  
And working and jerking,  
And guggling and struggling,  
And heaving and cleaving,  
And moaning and groaning,  
And glittering and frittering,  
And gathering and feathering,  
And whitening and brightening,  
And quivering and shivering,  
And hurrying and scurrying,  
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
And falling and crawling and sprawling,  
And driving and riving and striving,  
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,  
And sounding and bounding and rounding,

## The Secret of the Sea

And bubbling and troubling and doubling,  
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,  
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,  
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,  
And gleaming and steaming and streaming and beaming,  
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,  
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,  
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,  
And thumping and pumping and bumping and jumping,  
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing, —  
And so never ending, but always descending,  
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,  
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar —  
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

## The Secret of the Sea

AH! what pleasant visions haunt me  
As I gaze upon the sea!  
All the old romantic legends,  
All my dreams, come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sendal,  
Such as gleam in ancient lore;  
And the singing of the sailors,  
And the answer from the shore!

Most of all, the Spanish ballad  
Haunts me oft, and tarries long,  
Of the noble Count Arnaldos  
And the sailor's mystic song.

## From the Stream to the Sea

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,  
Where the sand as silver shines,  
With a soft monotonous cadence,  
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines;

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,  
With his hawk upon his hand,  
Saw a fair and stately galley,  
Steering onward to the land; —

How he heard the ancient helmsman  
Chant a song so wild and clear,  
That the sailing sea-bird slowly  
Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,  
And he cried with impulse strong, —  
'Helmsman! for the love of heaven,  
Teach me, too, that wondrous song!'

'Wouldst thou,' so the helmsman answered,  
'Learn the secret of the sea?  
Only those who brave its dangers  
Comprehend its mystery!'

In each sail that skims the horizon,  
In each landward-blowing breeze,  
I behold that stately galley,  
Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing  
For the secret of the sea,  
And the heart of the great ocean  
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



## The Merman

### The Merman

#### I

WHO would be  
A merman bold,  
Sitting alone,  
Singing alone,  
Under the sea,  
With a crown of gold,  
On a throne?

#### II

I would be a merman bold,  
I would sit and sing the whole of the day;  
I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power;  
But at night I would roam abroad and play  
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,  
Dressing their hair with the white sea-flower;  
And holding them back by their flowing locks,  
I would kiss them often under the sea,  
And kiss them again till they kissed me  
Laughingly, laughingly;  
And then we would wander away, away  
To the pale-green sea-groves straight and high,  
Chasing each other merrily.

#### III

There would be neither moon nor star;  
But the wave would make music above us afar —  
Low thunder and light in the magic night —  
Neither moon nor star.  
We would call aloud in the dreamy dells,  
Call to each other and whoop and cry  
All night, merrily, merrily;

## From the Stream to the Sea

They would pelt me with starry spangles and shells,  
Laughing and clapping their hands between,  
    All night, merrily, merrily;  
But I would throw to them back in mine  
Turkis and agate and almondine,  
Then leaping out upon them unseen  
I would kiss them often under the sea,  
And kiss them again until they kiss'd me  
    Laughingly, laughingly.  
Oh! what a happy life were mine  
Under the hollow-hung ocean green!  
Soft are the moss-beds under the sea;  
We would live merrily, merrily.

LORD TENNYSON.

## Sweet and Low

SWEET and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
    Wind of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dropping moon, and blow,  
    Blow him again to me;  
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.  
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
    Father will come to thee soon;  
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
    Father will come to thee soon;  
Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
Silver sails all out of the west  
    Under the silver moon:  
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

LORD TENNYSON.

## The Fishermen

### The Fishermen

**H**URRAH! the seaward breezes  
Sweep down the bay amain;  
Heave up, my lads, the anchor!  
Run up the sail again!  
Leave to the lubber landsmen  
The rail-car and the steed;  
The stars of heaven shall guide us,  
The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeple,  
And the lighthouse from the sand;  
And the scattered pines are waving  
Their farewell from the land.  
One glance, my lads, behind us,  
For the homes we leave one sigh,  
Ere we take the change and chances  
Of the ocean and the sky.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs  
Of frozen Labrador,  
Floating spectral in the moonshine,  
Along the low, black shore!  
Where like snow the gannet's feathers  
On Brador's rocks are shed,  
And the noisy murr are flying,  
Like black scuds, overhead;

Where in mist the rock is hiding,  
And the sharp reef lurks below,  
And the white squall smites in summer,  
And the autumn tempests blow;

## From the Stream to the Sea

Where, through grey and rolling vapour,  
From evening unto morn,  
A thousand boats are hailing,  
Horn answering unto horn.

Hurrah! for the Red Island,  
With the white cross on its crown!  
Hurrah! for Meccatina,  
And its mountains bare and brown!  
Where the Caribou's tall antlers  
O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,  
And the footstep of the Mickmack  
Has no sound upon the moss.

There we'll drop our lines, and gather  
Old Ocean's treasures in,  
Where'er the mottled mackerel  
Turns up a steel-dark fin.  
The sea's our field of harvest,  
Its scaly tribes our grain;  
We'll reap the teeming waters  
As at home they reap the plain!

Our wet hands spread the carpet,  
And light the hearth of home;  
From our fish, as in the old time,  
The silver coin shall come.  
As the demon fled the chamber  
Where the fish of Tobit lay,  
So ours from all our dwellings  
Shall frighten Want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets  
In the bitter air congeals,  
And our lines wind stiff and slowly  
From off the frozen reels;

## The Ship-builder

Though the fog be dark around us,  
And the storm blow high and loud,  
We will whistle down the wild wind,  
And laugh beneath the cloud!

In the darkness as in daylight,  
On the water as on land,  
God's eye is looking on us,  
And beneath us is His hand!  
Death will find us soon or later,  
On the deck or in the cot;  
And we cannot meet him better  
Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah! hurrah! the west-wind  
Comes freshening down the bay,  
The rising sails are filling;  
Give way, my lads, give way!  
Leave the coward landsman clinging  
To the dull earth, like a weed;  
The stars of heaven shall guide us,  
The breath of heaven shall speed!

J. G. WHITTIER.

## The Ship-builder

**S**UCH noise is in a shipwright's yard  
When everyone is working hard.

Good oak is falling everywhere:  
Hark how the saws its fibres tear!

The planks scream out beneath the planes,  
The knots endure terrific pains.

## From the Stream to the Sea

The air is throbbing with the din  
As nail on nail is hammered in.

With every nail that's driven home  
The ship is nearer to the foam.

'Then haste! then haste! Ply, hammers, ply!'  
Impatiently the wavelets cry:

'The ship is ours, to bear in glee  
From port to port across the sea!

'Make haste! Make haste! We're waiting now:  
We long to crisp around her prow.

'Plant deep her mast, sew well her sails,  
Against our stiff October gales.

'And, shipwright, sturdy make her form,  
Against the dark December storm!'

L.

## The Ship-builders

THE sky is ruddy in the east,  
The earth is grey below,  
And, spectral in the river-mist,  
The ship's white timbers show.  
Then let the sounds of measured stroke  
And grating saw begin;  
The broad-axe to the gnarléd oak,  
The mallet to the pin!

Hark! roars the bellows, blast on blast,  
The sooty smithy jars,  
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,  
Are fading with the stars.

## The Ship-builders

All day for us the smith shall stand  
Beside that flashing forge;  
All day for us his heavy hand  
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the panting team  
For us is toiling near;  
For us the raftsmen down the stream  
Their island barges steer.  
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke  
In forests old and still;  
For us the century-circled oak  
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up! up! in nobler toil than ours  
No craftsmen bear a part:  
We make of Nature's giant powers  
The slaves of human Art.  
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,  
And drive the treenails free;  
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam  
Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship  
The sea's rough field shall plough;  
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip  
With salt-spray caught below;  
That ship must heed her master's beck,  
Her helm obey his hand,  
And seamen tread her reeling deck  
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak  
Of Northern ice may peel;  
The sunken rock and coral peak  
May grate along her keel;

## From the Stream to the Sea

And know we well the painted shell  
We give to wind and wave,  
Must float, the sailor's citadel,  
Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho! strike away the bars and blocks,  
And set the good ship free!  
Why lingers on these dusty rocks  
The young bride of the sea?  
Look! how she moves adown the grooves,  
In graceful beauty now!  
How lowly on the breast she loves  
Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze  
Her snowy wing shall fan,  
Aside the frozen Hebrides,  
Or sultry Hindostan!  
Where'er, in mart or on the main,  
With peaceful flag unfurled,  
She helps to wind the silken chain,  
Of commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship! But let her bear  
No merchandise of sin,  
No groaning cargo of despair  
Her roomy hold within;  
No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,  
Nor poison-draught for ours;  
But honest fruits of toiling hands  
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,  
The Desert's golden sand,  
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,  
The spice of Morning-land!



## The Diver

Her pathway on the open main  
    May blessings follow free,  
And glad hearts welcome back again  
    Her white sails from the sea!

J. G. WHITTIER.

## The Diver

**S**WIFT arrowy flight through sun-soft air:  
Bright kiss of waters crystal cool:  
The middle darkness of the pool,  
Of shadowed monsters half aware:  
While deafened by the eddying swirl  
I waver back to life again,  
And those June heavens' turquoise stain  
Far-flecked with plumes of flying pearl.

Ah! joy, to feel the silken wave  
Slip softly over breast and side,  
And send great eddies circling wide,  
To flood the vole's grass-hidden cave,  
And stir the water-lily's raft  
At anchor in yon little bay  
Where points of fluttering sapphire play,  
And almost wreck that fairy craft.

O beauty of the day that dies!  
O scented airs from mead and wood!  
O pleasure of the dancing blood!  
As from the river I arise,  
And by its pure embraces seem  
Of passion and of care bereft,  
A spirit just set free that left  
Its heavy body in the stream.

EDWARD SYDNEY TYLEE.

## From the Stream to the Sea

### The Lighthouse

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,  
And on its outer point, some miles away,  
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,  
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,  
Upheaving, break unheard along its base,  
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides  
In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,  
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,  
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light  
With strange, unearthly splendour in its glare!

Not one alone; from each projecting cape  
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,  
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,  
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher, it stands  
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,  
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,  
The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,  
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,  
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,  
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails  
Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,  
And eager faces, as the light unveils,  
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

## The Lighthouse

The mariner remembers when a child,  
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink;  
And when, returning from adventures wild,  
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same  
Year after year, through all the silent night,  
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,  
Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp  
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;  
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,  
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm  
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,  
And steadily against its solid form  
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din  
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,  
Blinded and maddened by the light within,  
Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,  
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,  
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,  
But hails the mariner with words of love.

'Sail on!' it says, 'sail on, ye stately ships!  
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;  
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,  
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!'

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

## From the Stream to the Sea

### Ye Gentlemen of England

YE gentlemen of England  
That live at home at ease,  
Ah! little do ye think upon  
The dangers of the seas.  
Give ear unto the mariners,  
And they will plainly show  
All the cares and the fears  
When the stormy winds do blow,  
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us  
When England is at war  
With any foreign nation,  
We fear not wound or scar;  
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em  
Our valour for to know,  
Whilst they reel on the keel,  
And the stormy winds do blow,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,  
And never be dismay'd;  
While we have bold adventurers,  
We ne'er shall want a trade:  
Our merchants will employ us  
To fetch them wealth, we know;  
Then be bold — work for gold,  
When the stormy winds do blow,  
When the stormy winds do blow.

MARTIN PARKER.

## The Sea-Deeps

### The Sea-Deeps

DEEPER than the narwhal sinketh,  
Deeper than the sea-horse drinketh,  
There are miles and miles of sea,  
Where darkness reigns eternally.  
Nor length of line, nor sounding lead,  
Have ever reached the deep sea-bed;  
Nor aught again beheld the light,  
Which touched that land of endless night.  
Above, a ship might strike and ground,  
Below, no bottom could be found;  
Though, o'er the rocks the white waves hiss,  
Unfathomed lay the dark abyss.  
Depths measureless — rocks that were hurled  
From the foundations of the world.  
Deeper than plummet e'er can go  
Lie those grim endless depths below,  
Which neither wind nor wave come near,  
For all is dark and silent there.  
Perchance, huge monsters feed and sleep  
Below that black and soundless deep;  
Monsters of such weight and size,  
That they have no power to rise:  
The mighty kraken, which they say,  
Will heave upon that awful day,  
When the last trumpet's startling sound  
Shall pierce the inmost depths profound;  
And many a league of ocean part,  
While his huge bulk he doth uprear,  
And like an island vast appear.  
Such monstrous things, they say, now sleep  
Within the caverns of the deep.

THOMAS MILLER.

## From the Stream to the Sea

### A Sea Dirge

FULL fathom five thy father lies:  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
Hark! now I hear them, —  
Ding, dong, bell.

W. SHAKESPEARE.



ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY

BALLADS OF SAILOR MEN

I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.  
And the voice of that wayward song  
Is singing and saying still:  
'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

LONGFELLOW.





## Ballads of Sailor Men

### Sir Patrick Spens

THE King sits in Dunfermline Town,  
Drinking the blude-red wine;  
'O where will I get a skeely skipper,  
To sail this new ship of mine?'

O up and spak' an eldern knight,  
Sat at the King's right knee,  
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor  
That ever sailed the sea.'

'To Noroway, to Noroway,  
To Noroway o'er the faem,  
The King's daughter of Noroway,  
'Tis thou maun bring her haem.'

The first word that Sir Patrick read  
Sae loud, loud laughéd he;  
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,  
The tear blinded his ee.

## Ballads of Sailor Men

'O wha is this has done this deed,  
And tauld the King o' me,  
To send us out at this time of the year,  
To sail upon the sea?

'Be it wind, be it wet, be it hail, be it sleet,  
Our ship must sail the faem;  
The King's daughter of Noroway,  
'Tis we must fetch her haem.'

They hoysed their sails on Moneday morn,  
Wi' a' the speed they may:  
They hae landed in Noroway,  
Upon a Wednésday.

They hadna been a week, a week,  
In Noroway, but twae,  
When the lords o' Noroway  
Began aloud to say:

'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our King's goud,  
And a' our Queen's fee.'  
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!  
Fu' loud I heard ye lie;

'For I brought as much white monie  
As gane my men and me,  
And I brought a half-fou of gude red goud,  
Out o'er the sea with me.

'Make ready, make ready, my men, men a',  
Our gude ship sails the morn.'  
'Now, ever alake, my master dear,  
I fear a deadly storm.'

## Sir Patrick Spens

'I saw the new moon late yestreen,  
Wi' the old moon in her arm,  
And if we gang to sea, master,  
I fear we'll come to harm.'

They hadna sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,  
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the top-masts lap,  
It was sic a deadly storm;  
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship  
Till a' her sides were torn.

'O where will I get a gude sailor,  
To take my helm in hand,  
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,  
To see if I can spy land?'

'O, here am I, a sailor gude,  
To take the helm in hand,  
Till you go up to the tall top-mast;  
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.'

He hadna gane a step, a step,  
A step but barely ane,  
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,  
And the salt sea it cam in.

'Gae, fetch a web of the silken claith,  
Another o' the twine,  
And wap them into our ship's side,  
And let nae the sea come in!'

## Ballads of Sailor Men

They fetched a web o' the silken claiht,  
Another o' the twine,  
And they wrapped them round the gude ship's side,  
But still the sea cam in.

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords,  
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!  
But lang or a' the play was played,  
And they wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed,  
That fluttered on the faem;  
And mony was the gude lord's son,  
That never mair cam haem.

The ladies wrang their fingers white,  
The maidens tore their hair,  
A' for the sake of their true loves,  
For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang, may the ladies sit,  
Wi' their fans into their hand,  
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens  
Come sailing to the strand!

O lang, lang, may the maidens sit,  
With their goud kaims in their hair,  
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,  
For them they'll see nae mair!

O forty miles off Aberdeen,  
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,  
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens  
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

ANON.

## The *Golden Vanity*

### The *Golden Vanity*

THERE was a ship came from the North Country,  
And the name of the ship was the *Golden Vanity*,  
And they feared she might be taken by the Turkish  
enemy  
That sails upon the Lowland Sea.

Then up there came a little cabin-boy,  
And he said to the skipper, 'What will you give to me  
If I swim alongside of the Turkish enemy  
And sink her in the Lowland Sea?'

'O, I will give you silver and I will give you gold,  
And my only daughter your bride to be,  
If you'll swim alongside of the Turkish enemy,  
And sink her in the Lowland Sea.'

Then the boy made him ready and overboard sprang he,  
And he swam alongside of the Turkish enemy;  
And with his auger sharp in her side he bored holes three,  
And he sank her in the Lowland Sea.

Then the boy turned round and back again swam he,  
And he cried out to the skipper of the *Golden Vanity*;  
But the skipper did not heed, for his promise he would  
need,  
And he left him in the Lowland Sea.

Then the boy swam round and came to the port side,  
And he looked up at his messmates, and bitterly he  
cried:  
'O messmates, take me up! for I'm drifting with the tide,  
And I'm sinking in the Lowland Sea.'

## Ballads of Sailor Men

Then his messmates took him up, but on the deck he died;  
And they sewed him in his hammock, that was so large and  
    wide,  
And they lowered him overboard; but he drifted with the  
    tide,  
And he sank beneath the Lowland Sea.

*Old Song.*

## The Inchcape Rock

**N**O stir in the air, no stir in the sea,  
The ship was still as she could be,  
Her sails from heaven received no motion,  
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock  
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;  
So little they rose, so little they fell,  
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The worthy Abbot of Aberbrothock  
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;  
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,  
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,  
The mariners heard the warning bell;  
And then they knew the perilous Rock,  
And bless'd the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,  
All things were joyful on that day;  
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,  
And there was joyaunce in the sound.

## The Inchcape Rock

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,  
A darker speck on the ocean green;  
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,  
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,  
It made him whistle, it made him sing;  
His heart was mirthful to excess,  
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;  
Quoth he, 'My men, put out the boat,  
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,  
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock.'

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,  
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;  
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the Bell with a gurgling sound,  
The bubbles arose and burst around;  
Quoth Sir Ralph, 'The next who comes to the Rock  
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock.'

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,  
He scour'd the seas for many a day;  
And now, grown rich with plunder'd store,  
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky  
They cannot see the sun on high;  
The wind hath blown a gale all day,  
At evening it hath died away.

## Ballads of Sailor Men

On deck the Rover takes his stand,  
So dark it is they see no land;  
Quoth Sir Ralph, 'It will be lighter soon,  
For there is the dawn of the rising moon.'

'Canst hear,' said one, 'the breakers roar?  
For methinks we should be near the shore.'  
'Now where we are I cannot tell,  
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell.'

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;  
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,  
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock, —  
'O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!'

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;  
He curst himself in his despair;  
But the waves rush in on every side,  
And the vessel sinks beneath the tide.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

## The Death of Lord Nelson

COME all you gallant seamen as unites a meeting,  
Attend to these lines I be going to relate,  
And when you have heard them 'twill move you with pity  
To think how Lord Nelson he met with his fate.  
For he was a bold and undaunted commander  
As ever did sail on the ocean so wide;  
He made both the French and the Spaniard surrender  
By always a-pouring into them a broadside.

One hundred engagements 'twas he had been into,  
And ne'er in his life was he known to be beat;  
Though he'd lost an arm, likewise a right eye, boys,  
No power upon earth ever could him defeat.



## The Death of Lord Nelson

His age at his death it was forty-and-seven,  
And as long as I breathe his great praises I'll sing;  
The whole navigation was given up to him,  
Because he was loyal and true to his King.

Then up steps the doctor in a very great hurry,  
And unto Lord Nelson these words he did say:  
'Indeed then, my Lord, it is I'm very sorry,  
To see you here lying and bleeding this way.'  
'No matter, no matter whatever about me:  
My time it is come, I'm almost at the worst;  
But here's my gallant seamen a-fighting so boldly:  
Discharge off your duty to all of them first.'

Then with a loud voice he calls out to his Captain,  
'Pray let me, sir, hear how the battle does go,  
For I think our great guns do continue to rattle,  
Though death is approaching I firmly do know.'  
'The antagonists' ship has gone down to the bottom,  
Eighteen we have captive and brought them on board,  
Four more we have blown quite out of the ocean,  
And that is the news I have brought you, my Lord.'

Come, all you gallant seamen as unites a meeting;  
Always let Lord Nelson's memory go round,  
For it is your duty, when you unites a meeting,  
Because he was loyal and true to the crown'd.  
And now to conclude and finish these verses,  
'My time it is come; kiss me, Hardy,' he cried.  
Now thousands go with you, and ten thousand blessings  
For gallant Lord Nelson in battle who died.

Mourn, England, mourn, mourn and complain,  
For the loss of Lord Nelson, who died on the main.

ANON.

## Ballads of Sailor Men

### Skipper Ireson's Ride

OF all the rides since the birth of time,  
Told in story or sung in rhyme, —  
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,  
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,  
Witch astride of a human back,  
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák, —  
The strangest ride that ever was sped  
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!  
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tared and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,  
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,  
Feathered and ruffled in every part,  
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.  
Scores of women, old and young,  
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,  
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,  
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:  
'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble'ead!'

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,  
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,  
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase  
Bacchus round some antique vase,  
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,  
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,  
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,  
Over and over the Mænads sang:

## Skipper Ireson's Ride

'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
By the women o' Morble'ead!'

Small pity for him! — He sailed away  
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay, —  
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,  
With his own town's-people on her deck!  
'Lay by! lay by!' they called to him.  
Back he answered, 'Sink or swim!  
Brag of your catch of fish again!'  
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!  
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur  
That wreck shall lie forevermore.  
Mother and sister, wife and maid,  
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead  
Over the moaning and rainy sea, —  
Looked for the coming that might not be!  
What did the winds and the sea-birds say  
Of the cruel captain who sailed away? —  
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,  
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;  
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives grey,  
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.  
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,  
Hulks of old sailors run aground,

## Ballads of Sailor Men

Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,  
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:  
‘Here’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
Torr’d an’ futherr’d an’ corr’d in a corrt  
By the women o’ Morble’ead!’

Sweetly along the Salem road  
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.  
Little the wicked skipper knew  
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.  
Riding there in his sorry trim,  
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,  
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear  
Of voices shouting, far and near:  
‘Here’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
Torr’d an’ futherr’d an’ corr’d in a corrt  
By the women o’ Morble’ead!’

‘Hear me, neighbours!’ at last he cried, —  
‘What to me is this noisy ride?  
What is the shame that clothes the skin  
To the nameless horror that lives within?  
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,  
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!  
Hate me and curse me, — I only dread  
The hand of God and the face of the dead!’  
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea  
Said, ‘God has touched him! why should we?’  
Said an old wife mourning her only son,  
‘Cut the rogue’s tether and let him run!’  
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,  
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose

## The Discoverer of the North Cape

And gave him a cloak to hide him in,  
And left him alone with his shame and sin.  
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead!

J. G. WHITTIER.

## The Discoverer of the North Cape

A LEAF FROM KING ALFRED'S 'OROSIUS.'

**O**THERE, the old sea captain,  
Who dwelt in Helgoland,  
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,  
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,  
Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,  
Like a boy's his eye appeared;  
His hair was yellow as hay,  
But threads of a silvery grey  
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,  
His cheek had the colour of oak;  
With a kind of laugh in his speech,  
Like the sea-tide on a beach,  
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
Had a book upon his knees,  
And wrote down the wondrous tale  
Of him who was first to sail  
Into the Arctic seas.

## Ballads of Sailor Men

'So far I live to the northward,  
No man lives north of me;  
To the east are wild mountain-chains,  
And beyond them meres and plains;  
To the westward all is sea.

'So far I live to the northward,  
From the harbour of Skeringes-hale,  
If you only sailed by day,  
With a fair wind all the way,  
More than a month would you sail.

'I own six hundred reindeer,  
With sheep and swine beside;  
I have tribute from the Finns,  
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,  
And ropes of walrus-hide.

'I ploughed the land with horses,  
But my heart was ill at ease,  
For the old seafaring men  
Came to me now and then,  
With their sagas of the seas; —

'Of Iceland and of Greenland,  
And the stormy Hebrides,  
And the undiscovered deep; —  
I could not eat nor sleep  
For thinking of those seas.

'To the northward stretched the desert,  
How far I fain would know;  
So at last I sallied forth,  
And three days sailed due north,  
As far as the whale-ships go.

## The Discoverer of the North Cape

'To the west of me was the ocean,  
To the right the desolate shore,  
But I did not slacken sail  
For the walrus or the whale,  
Till after three days more.

'The days grew longer and longer,  
Till they became as one,  
And southward through the haze  
I saw the sullen blaze  
Of the red midnight sun.

'And then uprose before me,  
Upon the water's edge,  
The huge and haggard shape  
Of that unknown North Cape,  
Whose form is like a wedge.

'The sea was rough and stormy,  
The tempest howled and wailed,  
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,  
Haunted that dreary coast,  
But onward still I sailed.

'Four days I steered to eastward,  
Four days without a night:  
Round in a fiery ring  
Went the great sun, O King,  
With red and lurid light.'

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,  
Ceased writing for a while;  
And raised his eyes from his book  
With a strange and puzzled look,  
And an incredulous smile.

## Ballads of Sailor Men

But Othere, the old sea-captain,  
He neither paused nor stirred,  
Till the King listened, and then  
Once more took up his pen,  
And wrote down every word.

‘And now the land,’ said Othere,  
‘Bent southward suddenly,  
And I followed the curving shore,  
And ever southward bore  
Into a nameless sea.

‘And there we hunted the walrus,  
The narwhale, and the seal;  
Ha! ’twas a noble game!  
And like the lightning’s flame  
Flew our harpoons of steel.

‘There were six of us all together,  
Norsemen of Helgoland;  
In two days and no more  
We killed of them threescore,  
And dragged them to the strand!’

Here Alfred, the Truth-Teller,  
Suddenly closed his book,  
And lifted his blue eyes,  
With doubt and strange surmise  
Depicted in their look.

And Othere the old sea-captain  
Stared at him wild and weird,  
Then smiled, till his shining teeth  
Gleamed white from underneath  
His tawny, quivering beard.



## The Captain's Last Hail

And to the King of the Saxons,  
In witness of the truth,  
Raising his noble head,  
He stretched his brown hand, and said,  
'Behold this walrus-tooth!'

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

## The Captain's Last Hail

A MAN unknown to worldly fame  
Was rough-and-ready Captain Fraim;  
For fifty years he ploughed the deep  
And lived a harvest there to reap.  
His form was straight as any spar,  
His deep-set eyes could see afar,  
His voice would rise above the roar  
Of breakers dashing on the shore.

He ruled his ship with iron hand,  
His home as well when on the land;  
His boys he early cut adrift,  
Refusing to give them a lift.  
Said he: 'They'll thrive 'mid storm and shock,  
If they are chips of the old block;  
And, rather than keep them in tow,  
I'll let them to the bottom go.'

But little children loved the name  
And face of bluff old 'Cap'n Fraim,'  
And when he walked his native town,  
A troop of urchins fat and brown  
Would follow him where'er he went,  
With eyes upon his pockets bent,  
Which never failed to hold a feast  
For each, from oldest to the least.

## Ballads of Sailor Men

Surrounded thus by youthful love  
He roared as gently as a dove,  
Looking like a majestic ship  
Beset by pigmy fleets of chip.  
His stubby beard bristled with glee,  
His mouth was quite a sight to see,  
His deep-set eyes twinkled with fun,  
His face was like the rising sun.

Both priests and doctors Captain Fraim  
Held in contempt about the same.  
'They're pirates, one and all!' quoth he;  
'The only diff'rence I can see,  
One scuttles you with deadly pills,  
The other kind with brimstone kills,  
And neither will leave you alone  
Until they've picked you like a bone.'

Stout Captain Fraim was taken ill;  
He rapidly grew worse, until  
The people said he'd die, no doubt.  
But still he walked the streets about,  
As gruff as ever to the men;  
But when he met the children, then  
'Twas pitiful to see him try  
To smile, while beating back a sigh.

Unto his wife he said: 'I know  
Soon to the bottom I must go  
And leave you to sail on alone;  
The craft is yours when I am gone.  
You've been a true and honest mate,  
But we must part, for such is fate.  
This is my last command to you —  
Keep discipline among the crew.'

## The Captain's Last Hail

He struggled in pneumonia's grip,  
But not a groan escaped his lip:  
Unto his bed he would not go,  
In his big chair he fought his foe.  
Unflinching, with his shortening breath,  
He met and fought it out with Death.  
Said he: 'I've wronged no man, and I  
Am not at all afraid to die.'

'Avast, there! shed no tears,' he said,  
'Above my grave when I am dead!  
Come, dance me here a sailor's reel  
Upon the deck! The swell I feel  
Beneath my feet of land near by;  
Look sharp aloft!' And, with a cry,  
Above his eyes he placed his hand,  
And bending forward searched for land.

Still steadfast gazing as before,  
'I hear the breakers on the shore —  
Starboard the helm!' he thundered. 'Men,  
Work for your lives! Ah, safe again!  
His dying voice grew faint and low:  
'All safe! the harbour's near, I know.  
Signal for pilot;' then with joy  
He cried, 'Pilot ahoy! a-h-o-y!'

The weeping group around his chair  
Saw not that harbour calm and fair,  
Heard not the pilot's answering hail  
That lit with joy his features pale.  
They only saw within his eyes  
A wondering awe, a glad surprise,  
And knew that he had furled his sail,  
And cast his anchor 'in the vail.'

W. E. PENNEY.

## Ballads of Sailor Men

### The Last Buccaneer

OH, England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high,  
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I;  
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again  
As the pleasant Isle of Avés, beside the Spanish Main.

There were forty craft in Avés that were both swift and stout,  
All furnished well with small arms and cannons round about;  
And a thousand men in Avés made laws so fair and free  
To choose their valiant captains and obey them loyally.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards of plate and gold,  
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folk of old;  
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,  
Who flog men and keel-haul them, and starve them to the bone.

Oh, the palms grew high in Avés and fruits that shone like gold,  
And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold;  
And the negro maids to Avés from bondage fast did flee,  
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea.

Oh, sweet it was in Avés to hear the landward breeze,  
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,  
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listen to the roar  
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched the shore.

## The Last Buccaneer

But Scripture saith an ending to all fine things must be;  
So the King's ships sailed on Avés and quite put down were  
we.

All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the booms  
at night;  
And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded from the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,  
Till, for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing she  
died;

But as I lay a-gasping a Bristol sail came by,  
And brought me home to England here, to beg until I die!

And now I'm old and going — I'm sure I can't tell where;  
One comfort is, this world's so hard I can't be worse off  
there:

If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the main,  
To the pleasant Isle of Avés, to look at it once again.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## Ballads of Sailor Men

### Captain Lean

OUT of the East a hurricane  
Swept down on Captain Lean —  
That mariner and gentleman  
Will ne'er again be seen.

He sailed his ship against the foes  
Of his own country dear,  
But now in the trough of the billows  
An aimless course doth steer.

Powder was violets to his nostril,  
Sweet the din of the fighting-line;  
Now he is flotsam on the seas,  
And his bones are bleached with brine.

The stars move up along the sky,  
The moon she shines so bright,  
And in that solitude the foam  
Sparkles unearthly white.

This is the tomb of Captain Lean:  
Would a straiter please his soul?  
I trow he sleeps in peace,  
Howsoever the billows roll!

WALTER RAMAL.



WHEN GREAT GREAT  
GRAND-MAMA WAS YOUNG

F.D.S.

There once was a nice little girl  
With a nice little rosy face ;  
She always said 'Our Father,'  
And she always said her grace.

They brought the browned potatoes,  
And minced veal, nice and hot,  
And such a good bread-pudding,  
All smoking from the pot.

LORD MACAULAY.





# When Great-Great-Grand- mamma was Young

## The Fault and the Correction

### I. — The Mimic

‘**M**AMMA, I lisp like Lucy Price;  
Oh! I can take her off so nice:  
And nurse, that lost her teeth, you know,  
You’d be surpris’d I mock her so:  
And then I say, *what*, *when*, and *why*,  
Like Mrs. Scott, so vulgarly.  
For all the while she cannot tell  
But that I’m really speaking well;  
But Charles and Rose, they laughed outright,  
When she was here the other night!’

‘Indeed, my love! I’m hurt to see  
Your cruel trick of mimicry;  
I fear you quite forget to do  
The same as you’d be done unto;

## In Great-Great-Grandmamma's Youth

And when infirmities are mock'd,  
I must confess I'm really shock'd;  
'Tis so unkind, it makes me fear  
There's something bad at heart, my dear.  
'Twould give me pain I can't express  
To think it more than thoughtlessness.

'Poor nurse! you ought to recollect  
Her age and kindness with respect;  
And Mrs. Scott, when she was young,  
Was never taught her mother-tongue,  
As you have been, and yet I know  
She'd be too good to treat you so.  
'Tis not too late, my dear, to mend,  
Or else you'll never have a friend;  
And 'twould be paying dear for fun  
To be dislik'd by anyone.

'Perhaps, Sophia, you never heard  
The fable of the mocking-bird ——

### II. — The Mocking-Bird

'THEY tell us that the mocking-bird  
Sings like the nightingale;  
And in the summer nights is heard  
In many a pleasant vale.

'Yet, not contented with her song,  
All other sounds she mocks —  
Now growls, to drive the sheep along;  
Now screams, to cheat the fox.

'There's not a note in all the wood  
But she is sure to hit:  
A raven's croak, in murky mood;  
A cuckoo or tomtit.

## The Mocking-Bird

‘ But (every mimic finds the same)  
For all she was so witty,  
A single friend she could not name;  
She’d neither love nor pity!

‘ At first she felt too light and vain  
To think or care about it;  
But when in trouble and in pain,  
’Twas sad to do without it.

‘ For once a raven heard her try  
To imitate his croaking,  
And snapp’d her wing in passing by  
To cure her of her joking.

‘ Then many a bitter wail she made,  
And call’d her friends to see;  
But no one even turn’d his head,  
For not a friend had she.

‘ At length she scrambled to her nest,  
Half fainting with exertion;  
And many a thing she sat and guess’d,  
T’ account for such desertion.

‘ “Poor wretched me! — what have I done,  
So innocent and merry?  
I never rail’d at anyone,  
Nor wrong’d him of a berry!

‘ “ Ah me! my silly, silly wit  
Is why I’m thus forsaken;  
I thought I was admired for it,  
But how I was mistaken!”

ANON.

# In Great-Great-Grandmamma's Youth

## Mrs. Turner's Object-Lessons

### I. — New Shoes

'MAMMA, I quite dislike these shoes:  
I hope you'll send them back.  
They are so ugly! I should choose  
Much prettier than black!

'I thought you mentioned blue or buff  
When ordering a pair,  
Or green I should like well enough,  
But black I cannot bear!'

Young Isabella's prattle o'er,  
Her mother soon express'd  
A wish that she would say no more,  
Since *black* ones suited best.

Which, when the little lady heard,  
She did not say another word.

### II. — A Very Good Boy

'MAMMA, my head,'  
Poor Willie said,  
'So very badly aches;  
Tell brother there  
I cannot bear  
The tiresome noise he makes.'

'I'm sure,' said John,  
'If I had known,  
Dear brother, you were ill,  
I would have read  
Or drawn instead,  
And have remained quite still.'

## Grateful Lucy—Disobedience

‘Good boys!’ said she;  
‘Oh! ever be  
Thus kind to one another.  
I am, my dear,  
Much pleased to hear  
Your answer to your brother!’

### III. — Grateful Lucy

AS Lucy with her mother walk’d,  
She play’d and gamboll’d, laugh’d and talk’d,  
Till, coming to the river side,  
She slipp’d, and floated down the tide.

Her faithful Carlo being near,  
Jumped in to save his mistress dear;  
He drew her carefully to shore,  
And Lucy lives and laughs once more.

‘Dear, gen’rous Carlo,’ Lucy said,  
‘You ne’er shall want for meat and bread;  
For every day before I dine  
Good Carlo shall have some of mine.’

### IV. — Disobedience

’TIS winter, cold winter, and William has been  
To look at the place in the pool  
Where Henry was drown’d by the ice breaking in,  
About half a mile from the school.

And Henry was told on that very same day  
He must not go into that field;  
But then, as he thought, if he did disobey,  
The fault might for once be concealed.

## In Great-Great-Grandmamma's Youth

A lesson for William, who hangs down his head,  
Without any spirits for play:  
His favourite friend and companion is dead,  
Because *he would have his own way.*

### V. — Charity

**D**O you see that old beggar who stands at the door?  
Do not send him away — we must pity the poor.  
Oh! see how he shivers! he's hungry and cold!  
For people can't work when they grow very old.

Go, set near the fire a table and seat,  
And Betty shall bring him some bread and some meat.  
I hope my dear children will always be kind  
Whenever they meet with the aged and blind.

### VI. — Dangerous Sport

**P**OOOR Peter was burnt by the poker one day,  
When he made it look pretty and red;  
For the beautiful sparks made him think it fine play,  
To lift it as high as his head.

But somehow it happen'd, his finger and thumb  
Were terribly scorched by the heat;  
And he scream'd out aloud for his mother to come,  
And stamp'd on the floor with his feet.

Now, if Peter had minded his mother's command,  
His finger would not have been sore;  
And he promised again, as she bound up his hand,  
To play with hot pokers no more.

## The Fan—The Good Girl

### VII.—The Fan

**M**ARIA'S aunt, who lived in town,  
Once wrote a letter to her niece,  
And sent, wrapp'd up, a new half-crown,  
Besides a pretty pocket-piece.

Maria jumped with joy, and ran  
To tell her sister the good news;  
She said, 'I mean to buy a fan:  
Come, come along with me to choose.'

They quickly tied their hats, and talk'd  
Of yellow, lilac, pink, and green;  
But far the sisters had not walk'd  
Before the saddest sight was seen.

Upon the ground a poor lame man,  
Helpless and old, had tumbled down;  
She thought no more about the fan,  
But gave to him her new half-crown.

### VIII.—The Good Girl

**M**ISS LYDIA BANKS, though very young,  
Will never do what's rude or wrong.  
When spoken to, she always tries  
To give the most polite replies.

Observing what at school she's taught,  
She's turns her toes as children ought;  
And when return'd at night from school,  
She never lolls on chair or stool.

Some children, when they write, we know,  
Their ink about them heedless throw;  
But she, though young, has learnt to think  
That clothes look spoil'd with spots of ink.

## In Great-Great-Grandmamma's Youth

Perhaps some little girl may ask  
If Lydia always learns her task;  
With pleasure I can answer this,  
Because with truth I answer 'Yes.'

### IX. — The Letter

WHEN Sarah's papa was from home a great way,  
She attempted to write him a letter one day;  
First ruling the paper, an excellent plan,  
In all proper order Miss Sarah began.

She said she lamented sincerely to tell  
That her dearest mamma had been very unwell;  
That the story was long, but that when he came back,  
He would hear of the shocking behaviour of Jack.

Though an error or two we by chance may detect,  
It was better than treating papa with neglect;  
For Sarah, when older, we know, will learn better,  
And write single 'I' with a capital letter.

### X. — Excellent Jane

I DO not know a little child  
More excellent than Jane;  
She's modest, dutiful, and mild,  
And lives in *Something*<sup>1</sup> Lane.

She loves to please the baby boy  
That scarcely yet can stand,

<sup>1</sup> The name on purpose I retain;  
I wish it to be seen  
That *every* Jane in *every* lane  
May be the child I mean.



## Jane and Eliza

And gives it every little toy  
For which it holds its hand.

And when her morning tasks are o'er,  
She holds the babe awhile,  
And plays with it upon the floor,  
And loves to see it smile.

ELIZABETH TURNER.

## Jane and Eliza<sup>1</sup>

'COME, children, come,' the mother said,  
'Let's wash your face and comb your head,  
For as it is the first of May  
You both must go to school to-day.'

Jane and Eliza, though yet small,  
Obedient to their mother's call,  
Were washed and dressed all in a trice  
From head to feet in clothes so nice —  
New frocks, new gloves, and aprons too,  
New shoes, new caps, and bonnets blue,  
And as the school would last till night,  
That they might stay their appetite,  
Two little baskets were well stored  
With what the pantry could afford.  
Fresh bread and butter and smoked beef,  
But apple-pie it was the chief.

<sup>1</sup> The story of Jane and Eliza comes from a little book published in Newark, New Jersey, many years ago. There is a picture on every page, drawn by not the best kind of artist. In the scene where Eliza is rebuked by the gentleman Eliza is twice as tall as his horse, yet in a later view Eliza has to stand on a chair to receive her mother's sweet kisses, although her mother is seated.

## In Great-Great-Grandmamma's Youth

They on their arms their baskets hung,  
Then round their mother's neck they clung;  
Each kissed good-bye, nor sullen pout  
Marked either face as they set out.  
Now hand in hand together walk,  
Of school and Madam sprightly talk:  
And scarce two prettier girls are seen,  
Among the whole who trip the green.

But as they wend their way along  
Some Butterflies a puddle throng.  
These caught Eliza's wand'ring eyes.  
'Oh, Sister, see those Butterflies;  
Let's catch them,' eagerly she cried.  
'No! Sister, no!' Jane stern replied,  
'Let's go to school as good girls should,  
Nor stop to play along the road.'  
'Oh yes, I will! Sweet Butterflies!'  
'I'll go and leave you,' Jane replies.  
'Go!' said Eliza in a fret,  
And on the grass her basket set,  
Then slyly crept to seize her prize;  
But as she crept she saw them rise  
And fly a little further on,  
And there again they settle down.  
To catch them she seem'd fully bent,  
And in pursuit again she went,  
And that she might the more command,  
She took her bonnet in her hand,  
And when within her reach she thought,  
Her bonnet quickly o'er them brought;  
But soon, to her surprise, she found  
Her bonnet only *caught the ground!*  
The Butterflies again took flight,  
And very soon were out of sight.

## Jane and Eliza

Nor was it all she thus was foiled:  
Her bonnet with the mud was soiled.  
For Jane she called in sad affright,  
But Jane, alas! was out of sight.  
With saddened heart her steps she traced  
To where her basket she had placed:  
When lo! a hog with muddy snout  
Had turned her basket inside out;  
Her bread and butter, beef and pie,  
All scattered on the ground did lie.  
'Jane! oh, Sister Jane!' she cried.  
Jane had beyond her hearing hied.  
In spite of all could do or say,  
The hog her dinner bore away.  
Sobbing and crying now she stood,  
When travelling along the road,  
A gentleman saw her distress,  
And asked her what the matter was.  
She told as plain as she could tell  
The mishaps on her way befell.  
'Ah! naughty girl!' the good man said,  
'This had not happ'd had you not played  
The truant, like a little fool,  
Instead of going straight to school.  
But as it is your first offence,  
I hope you'll learn a lesson hence.'  
Eliza owned she had done wrong  
In staying from her school so long,  
And freely promised o'er and o'er  
That she would never do so more.  
'Here,' then said he, 'this sixpence take,  
And buy yourself some ginger-cake  
At old Dame Goodie's on the green,  
Which from your school-house door is seen.'  
Eliza, thankful, curtsied low,

## In Great-Great-Grandmamma's Youth

Whilst he returned it with a bow,  
She onward skipped with new delight,  
And he soon galloped out of sight.

But as the school-house now she viewed,  
The anguish of her heart renewed —  
An angry Madam fancied there,  
And little school-mates' scornful sneer.  
At length she gained the school-house door,  
Where many a truant stood before;  
Trembling she stood, nor ventured in,  
So great she thought her crime had been.  
Her little heart went pitty-pat,  
Thinking of this and now of that,  
Till Madam came to chide her stay,  
And heard what happened on the way.  
'You see, my child,' the good dame said,  
Eliza trembling with dread,  
'How naughty children are repaid,  
Who have their mother disobey'd;  
But as you seem repentant now,  
I will your punishment forego.'  
So saying, she with tender look  
Seated Eliza at her book.  
Nor long she sat, for very soon  
The school was out, for it was noon;  
And all in playful sports are seen  
Among the trees upon the green.  
Eliza now old Goodie's sought,  
And with her sixpence cookies bought,  
Jumbles, long cakes, and cookaroos,  
And many others which she chose.  
When seated at her sister's side,  
She freely did her cakes divide.  
Some she exchange'd with a little miss

## Jane and Eliza

For apple-pie, brown bread and cheese.  
Thus did the cakes her sixpence cost  
Supply the dinner which she'd lost.  
Amidst the ramblers on the green  
Eliza now is foremost seen.  
Till old good dame does loudly call  
'To school! to school!' when one and all  
With one accord are quickly seen  
To leave their sports and quit the green.  
Now all are seated at their book;  
Nor does the one at t'other look,  
Nor can you hear a whisp'ring sound,  
Such perfect stillness reigns around.  
They conn'd their lessons o'er and o'er,  
Until the village clock struck four,  
When all again from school are free,  
And hie them home right merrily.  
Jane, as she entered, 'gan to tell  
Her mother what mishaps befell  
Eliza on her way to school.  
Eliza looked like little fool,  
Nor could she now from tears refrain  
To hear her faults rehearsed by Jane;  
She sobbed as if her heart would break.  
Her mother now did pity take,  
And kindly said, 'Come, my dear child,  
Though you have thus your bonnet spoiled  
And truant 'long the road have played,  
Dry up your tears, be not afraid;  
Your first offence I'll overlook,  
If you'll hereafter learn your book,  
And always mind what I shall say,  
And ne'er again the truant play,  
Nor let your little wand'ring eyes  
Be gazing after butterflies.'

## In Great-Great-Grandmamma's Youth

'I will, dear mother, as I live,  
If you will only now forgive.'  
Her mother clasped her to her breast,  
And on her lips sweet kisses pressed;  
And ever since, as I have heard,  
Eliza faithful kept her word.

ANON.

### The First of April

'TELL me what is the reason you hang down your  
head?

From your blushes I plainly discern  
You have done something wrong. Ere you go up to bed  
I desire that the truth I may learn.'

'O mamma, I have longed to confess all the day  
What an ill-natured thing I have done;  
I persuaded myself it was only in play,  
But such play I in future will shun.

'The least of the ladies that live at the school,  
Her whose eyes are so pretty and blue —  
Ah! would you believe it? — an April fool  
I have made her, and called her so, too.

'Yet the words almost choked me and, as I spoke low,  
I have hopes that she might not them hear.  
I had wrapped up some rubbish in paper, and so,  
The instant the schoolgirls drew near,

'I presented it with a fine bow to the child,  
And much her acceptance I pressed;  
When she took it, and thanked me, and gratefully smiled,  
I never felt half so distressed.

'No doubt she concluded some sweetmeats were there,  
For the paper was white and quite clean,

## The Remedy

And folded up neatly, as if with great care.

Oh, what a rude boy I have been!

‘Ever since I’ve been thinking how vexed she will be,

Ever since I’ve done nothing but grieve.

If a thousand young ladies a-walking I see,

I will never another deceive.’

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

## The Remedy

LOUISA was a pretty child,  
Her temper flexible and mild;  
She learnt her lessons all with ease,  
And very seldom failed to please.

But still Louisa had a fault:  
So fond of tasting sugar, salt,  
Or anything, in short, to eat —  
Puddings, pies, or wine or meat;  
And as she was so often sick,  
Mamma soon guessed the foolish trick,  
And planning for her little daughter,  
By stratagem she fairly caught her.  
Unseen, Louisa would remain,  
And all the dirty glasses drain,  
Or carefully some closet shut,  
Until a slice of cake she cut.  
The dinner done, one winter’s day,  
And guests removed, their cards to play,  
Louisa stole where they’d deserted,  
And by her usual pranks diverted,  
Here see this foolish, greedy lass  
Draining the bottom of each glass,

## In Great-Great-Grandmamma's Youth

Eating the parings of the fruit,  
And scraping a pine-apple root;  
When, lo! a tumbler caught her sight,  
Which gave Louisa new delight,  
For it appeared half full of wine,  
So sparkling and so clear and fine.  
She drank it quick, and hardly tasted,  
Nor one drop of the liquor wasted.  
Had you at that moment seen her face,  
So much distorted by grimace,  
How she stamped, and cried, and spluttered,  
Complained, grew sick, and faintly muttered,  
Then sought the nursery and her bed,  
And glad thereon to lay her head,  
You soon, I think, had understood  
The wine Louisa thought so good  
Was mixed with physic by her mother,  
And slyly placed there by her brother.

And from the sickness she endured  
Her love of tasting soon was cured.

ANON.

## Two Examples

### I.—The Young English Gentleman

WE have the King in royal state,  
The Bishop in his stall,  
The Peer within his castle gate,  
The Duke in princely hall.

We have the Squire of high degree,  
The Poet of renown;  
The Admiral who rules the sea,  
The Judge in flowing gown.



## The Young English Gentleman

But I have seen another man,  
A man who pleased me more —  
A little English Gentleman  
Within a cottage door.

His step was light, his eyes were bright,  
He was but twelve years old;  
But he had strength that put to flight  
The braggart and the bold.

His soul was full of honour true,  
His heart with kindness warm;  
His form was strong and active too,  
And ready was his arm.

He made his mother's heart to sing:  
It was his great delight  
To please her well in everything,  
And help her morn and night.

If she were ill he loved her more,  
He watched her weary look;  
He lit the fire, he swept the floor,  
He did his best to cook.

So gentle were his words and ways,  
His habits were so clean;  
He was an English Gentleman  
As true as e'er was seen.

He scorn'd to tease a little boy,  
He scorn'd to cheat at play;  
He scorn'd his knowledge to employ  
To lead the weak astray.

## In Great-Great-Grandmamma's Youth

If he was going anywhere  
And saw a child oppress'd,  
He took its part with all his heart,  
And got its wrongs redress'd.

He did not stand to gape and stare  
At ladies in the street  
But rais'd his cap respectfully  
And gave them honour meet.

He listened when an aged man  
His words of wisdom spoke;  
He never laugh'd behind his back,  
Nor turned him into joke.

He would not stoop to tell a lie;  
He would not swear at all;  
Nor jostle past you in the street,  
Nor push you 'gainst a wall.

He would not roughly shut a door  
Or gate before your face;  
To be uncouth to rich or poor  
He reckon'd a disgrace.

If he were standing in the street  
Or stopp'd with boys at play,  
And heard them wicked words repeat,  
He left and went away.

He would not learn their vulgar ways,  
Nor imitate their plan;  
He heeded not their blame or praise —  
He was a gentleman.

## The Young English Gentleman

He ne'er was seen to tease a cat,  
Nor set a dog to fight,  
Nor beat down insects with his hat —  
That was not his delight.

But he would sometimes share his meal  
With poorer boys than he;  
He had a noble heart to feel  
And do a charity.

If we had gentlemen like these  
Amongst the rich and poor,  
We need not fear what enemies  
Would land upon our shore.

If Britons all were resolute  
To be both good and true,  
Our country would be prosperous,  
With work for all to do.

There would not be the poor man then,  
Without his food and fire;  
There would not be the wealthy man,  
Without his heart's desire.

For God would bless our country,  
And guide it with His hand,  
And give us great prosperity  
And plenty in our land.

Let every youthful Briton, then,  
Exert both heart and hand  
To be a Christian Gentleman,  
The glory of our land.

MRS. SEWELL.

## In Great-Great-Grandmamma's Youth

### II. — The Elegant Girl

DEVOTION'S lovely form we see  
As lowly bending on her knee,  
Her bed just left, the little maid  
Implores her great Creator's aid  
T' obey *His* own almighty will,  
And all *her* duties to fulfil.

Her prayers said, she soon is drest,  
Not caring 'what becomes her best';  
Her aim is of a nobler kind —  
By study to improve her mind,  
To turn the leaf of history o'er,  
And arts and sciences explore.

But what a picture here is given!  
O Charity, meek child of heaven!  
May all the rich thy virtues feel,  
And learn this lesson at each meal:  
To clothe the naked, feed the poor,  
Nor drive the beggar from the door.

Her master, pointing to the book,  
Attention marks her steady look;  
His lesson is not thrown away:  
By science taught with taste to play,  
She'll charm erewhile the list'ning throng,  
And sing with modest grace her song.

Though first the humble copyist stands,  
And lessons learn from other hands,  
Improvement soon will nurture hope,  
And time will give her talents scope,  
The glowing landscape to design,  
Or paint the human face divine.

## The Elegant Girl

Look at the group beneath the tree;  
What can so interesting be?  
The little schoolmistress we find  
Instructing here the infant mind;  
Her conduct they can best approve  
Who virtue and religion love.

The lady here holds out her hand,  
And says, 'Temptation you'll withstand;  
This fruit with you, my child, I'm sure,  
Will on the table rest secure.  
You'll touch it not without my leave;  
Laura her mother won't deceive.'

To visit a poor cottage dame  
One summer's evening Laura came,  
Of viands brought a little treat,  
And placed her bottle at her feet;  
Whilst Dash, her faithful dog, appears,  
With anxious looks and listening ears.

Languid and pale her mother lies;  
She speaks not, but her speaking eyes  
In language plain express the pleasure  
She feels in having such a treasure —  
A daughter who in early days  
Maternal tenderness repays.

To innocence what charms belong!  
The dance delightful as the song,  
Whilst bounding light on agile feet,  
Her steps the measured cadence meet;  
With pleasure beams the mother's eye  
As o'er the strings her fingers fly.

## In Great-Great-Grandmamma's Youth

In sickness when the poor you see,  
Will you their ministering angel be?  
Will you their thirst and pain assuage,  
And read to them the sacred page?  
Dry up the widow's scalding tears,  
Exalt her hopes, and calm her fears?

Here Laura, by her mother led,  
With pleasure sees before her spread,  
Proofs of a parent's kind regard,  
Gifts for the poor, her own reward;  
For Laura felt and understood  
The luxury of doing good.

ANON.

## The Sluggard

'**T**IS the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain:  
'You have waked me too soon; I must slumber  
again.'


Like the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,  
Turns his sides and his shoulders and his heavy head.

A little more sleep and a little more slumber,  
So he wastes all his days and his hours without number,  
And when he gets up he sits folding his hands,  
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I passed by his garden, and saw the wild briar,  
The thorns and the thistles grow higher and higher;  
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags,  
And his money still wastes till he starves or he begs.

Then said I to myself, Here's a lesson for me;  
That man's but a picture of what I might be,  
But thanks to my friends for the care of my breeding,  
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading.

ANON.



The circumference of  
the earth contains 132  
millions of feet;  
Express the same in  
miles.



F.O.B.

EASY LESSONS IN GRAM-  
MAR AND GEOGRAPHY.

'I'll learn you!'  
*Nurse's Threat.*





# Easy Lessons in Grammar and Geography

## Grammar in a Nutshell

I

**T**HREE little words you often see  
Are articles — a, an, and the.

II

A noun's the name of anything,  
As school or garden, hoop or swing.

III

Adjectives, the kind of noun,  
As great, small, pretty, white, or brown.

IV

Instead of nouns the pronouns stand —  
Her head, his face, your arm, my hand.

## Easy Lessons in Grammar

### V

Verbs tell something to be done —  
To read, count, laugh, sing, jump, or run.

### VI

How things are done the adverbs tell,  
As slowly, quickly, ill, or well.

### VII

Conjunctions join the words together,  
As men and women, wind or weather.

### VIII

The preposition stands before  
A noun, as in or through the door.

### IX

The interjection shows surprise,  
As oh! how pretty! ah! how wise!

### X

The whole are called nine parts of speech,  
Which reading, writing, speaking teach.

ANON.

## The Vowels

**W**E are little airy creatures,  
All of different forms and features:  
One of us in *glass* is set,  
And another is in *jet*;  
One of us is set in *tin*,  
And the fourth a *box* within;  
If the fifth you will pursue  
It will never run from *you*.

MRS. BARBAULD.

## First Latin Lesson

### First Latin Lesson

**E**GO sum, I am,  
Parvus homo, a little man,  
Aptus ludere, ready to play,  
Totam diem, all the day,  
In gramine, on the grass,  
Cum puella, with a lass.

## French and English

'Good heaven! Why, even the little children in France speak French!' — ADDISON.

### I

**N**EVER go to France,  
Unless you know the lingo;  
If you do, like me,  
You will repent, by jingo.  
Staring like a fool,  
And silent as a mummy,  
There I stood alone,  
A nation with a dummy!

### II

Chaises stand for chairs,  
They christen letters Billies,  
They call their mothers mares,  
And all their daughters fillies;  
Strange it was to hear,  
I'll tell you what's a good 'un,  
They call their leather queer,  
And half their shoes are wooden.

## Easy Lessons in Grammar

### III

Signs I had to make  
For every little notion,  
Limbs all going like  
A telegraph in motion;  
For wine I reeled about,  
To show my meaning fully,  
And made a pair of horns,  
To ask for 'beef and bully.'

### IV

Moo! I cried for milk;  
I got my sweet things snugger,  
When I kissed Jeannette,  
'Twas understood for sugar.  
If I wanted bread,  
My jaws I set a-going,  
And asked for new-laid eggs  
By clapping hands and crowing.

### V

If I wished a ride,  
I'll tell you how I got it:  
On my stick astride  
I made believe to trot it;  
Then their cash was strange,  
It bored me every minute,  
Now here's a *hog* to change,  
How many *sows* are in it!

### VI

Never go to France,  
Unless you know the lingo;  
If you do, like me,  
You will repent, by jingo.

## The Young Letter-Writer

Staring like a fool,  
And silent as a mummy,  
There I stood alone,  
A nation with a dummy!

THOMAS HOOD.

## The Young Letter-Writer

*DEAR Sir, Dear Madam, or Dear Friend,*  
With ease are written at the top;  
When these two happy words are penn'd,  
A youthful writer oft will stop,  
And bite his pen, and lift his eyes,  
As if he thinks to find in air  
The wish'd-for following words, or tries  
To fix his thoughts by fixéd stare.  
But haply all in vain — the next  
Two words may be so long before  
They'll come, the writer, sore perplex'd,  
Gives in despair the matter o'er;  
And when maturer age he sees  
With ready pen so swift inditing,  
With envy he beholds the ease  
Of long-accustom'd letter-writing.  
Courage, young friend! the time may be,  
When you attain maturer age,  
Some young as you now are may see  
You with like ease glide down a page.  
Even then, when you, to years a debtor,  
In varied phrase your meanings wrap,  
The welcom'st words in all your letter  
May be those two kind words at top.

C. AND M. LAMB.

# Easy Lessons in Grammar

## Puns

### Cautionary Verses to Youth of Both Sexes

**M**Y little dears, who learn to read, pray early learn  
to shun  
That very silly thing indeed which people call a pun:  
Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found how simple an  
offence  
It is to make the self-same sound afford a double sense.

For instance, ale may make you ail, your aunt an ant may  
kill;  
You in a vale may buy a veil, and Bill may pay the bill.  
Or if to France your barque you steer, at Dover, it may be,  
A peer appears upon the pier, who, blind, still goes to sea.

Thus one might say, when to a treat good friends accept  
our greeting,  
'Tis meet that men who meet to eat should eat their meat  
when meeting.  
Brawn on the board's no bore indeed, although from boar  
prepared;  
Nor can the fowl, on which we feed, foul feeding be de-  
clared.

Thus one ripe fruit may be a pear, and yet be pared  
again,  
And still be one, which seemeth rare until we do explain.  
It therefore should be all your aim to speak with ample  
care:  
For who, however fond of game, would choose to swallow  
hair?

## Puns

A fat man's gait may make us smile, who has no gate to  
close;  
The farmer sitting on his stile no stylish person knows;  
Perfumers men of scents must be; some Scilly men are  
bright;  
A brown man oft deep read we see, a black a wicked wight.

Most wealthy men good manors have, however vulgar  
they,  
And actors still the harder slave, the oftener they play;  
So poets can't the baize obtain, unless their tailors choose;  
While grooms and coachmen, not in vain, each evening  
seek the mews.

The dyer who by dyeing lives a dire life maintains;  
The glazier, it is known, receives his profits from his  
panes;  
By gardeners thyme is tied, 'tis true, when spring is in its  
prime;  
But time or tide won't wait for you if you are tied for  
time.

Then now you see, my little dears, the way to make a pun,  
A trick which you, through coming years, should sedulously  
shun:  
The fault admits of no defence, for wheresoe'er 'tis found,  
You sacrifice the sound for sense: the sense is never sound.

So let your words and actions too one single meaning prove,  
And, just in all you say or do, you'll gain esteem and love;  
In mirth and play no harm you'll know, when duty's task  
is done,  
But parents ne'er should let you go unpunished for a pun.

THEODORE HOOK.

## Easy Lessons in Grammar

### The Best Alphabetical Poem

#### The Siege of Belgrade

**A**N Austrian army awfully arrayed,  
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade;  
Cossack commanders cannonading come,  
Dealing destruction's devastating doom;  
Every endeavour engineers essay  
For fame, for fortune, forming furious fray;  
Gaunt gunners grapple, giving gashes good;  
Heaves high his head he oic hardihood;  
Ibrahim, Islam, Ismail, imps in ill,  
Jostle John, Jarsolitz, Jem, Joe, Jack, Jill,  
Kick kindling Kutosaff, kings' kinsmen kill;  
Labour low levels loftiest, longest lives;  
Men marched 'mid moles, 'mid mounds, 'mid murd'rous  
mines.

Now nightfall's near, now needful nature nods,  
Opposed, opposing, overcoming odds.  
Poor peasants, partly purchased, partly pressed,  
Quite quaking, Quarter! quarter! quickly quest.  
Reason returns, recalls redundant rage,  
Saves sinking soldiers, softens seigniors sage.  
Truce, Turkey, truce! Truce, treach'rous Tartar train  
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukaine,  
Vanish, vile vengeance! Vanish, victory vain!  
Wisdom wails war — wails warring words. What were  
Xerxes, Xantippes, Ximenes, Xavier?  
Yet Yassey's youth, ye yield your youthful yest,  
Zealously, zanies, zealously, zeal's zest.

ANON.



## A Little Alphabetical Poem

## A Little Alphabetical Poem

(These four lines contain all the letters of the alphabet.)

**G**OD gives the grazing ox his meat,  
He quickly hears the sheep's low cry;  
But man, who takes His finest wheat,  
Should lift His joyful praises high.

ANON.

## Geography

### I. — Wales

**T**HE gallant Welsh, of all degrees,  
Have one delightful habit:  
They cover toast with melted cheese  
And call the thing a rabbit.  
And though no fur upon it grows,  
And though it has no twitching nose,  
Nor twinkling tail behind it,  
As reputable rabbits should, —  
Yet taste a piece, and very good  
I'm bound to say you'll find it.

### II. — Normandy

**T**HE Normandy markets  
Are gayer than ours,  
With Normandy sunshine  
And Normandy flowers.  
The Normandy pippins  
Like sovereigns glow;  
The old women's kerchiefs  
Are whiter than snow.

## Easy Lessons in Geography

Beneath their umbrellas  
The old women rest,  
And each is quite certain  
Her butter's the best.  
The old women's faces  
Are sunburned and lined,  
But pleasant, so pleasant,  
And simple and kind.

### III. — Brittany

**I**N Brittany the churches  
All day are open wide,  
That anyone who wishes to  
May pray or rest inside.  
The priests have rusty cassocks,  
The priests have shaven chins,  
And poor old bodies go to them  
With lists of little sins.  
In Brittany the churches  
Are cool and white and quaint,  
With here and there a crucifix  
And here and there a saint;  
And here and there a little shrine,  
With candles short or tall  
That Bretons light for love of Him,  
The Lord who loveth all.

### IV. — Spain

**T**HE children who,  
In old Madrid,  
Are keen to do  
As they are bid,  
Are no more nu-  
merous than you.

## Germany—Holland

### V. — Germany

WE English think we understand  
The way that Christmas should be planned,  
But Germans plan it with a will  
More keenly energetic still.

No home but has its Christmas tree,  
And, weeks before the time, you see  
Small forests waiting everywhere  
The city has a space to spare.

Such marzipan the shops display,  
Such gingerbread for Christmas Day,  
Such ornaments to deck the boughs,  
And, buying them, such buxom *Fraus!*

And even in the public street  
Broad-shouldered officers you meet  
With presents in their arms piled high,  
Yet still intent to buy and buy.

And Christmas cards and loving words  
And gifts fly to and fro like birds;  
The Christ Child reigns that day on earth,  
And all is kindliness and mirth.

And hence when Father Christmas talks  
With Santa Claus upon their walks,  
He says, 'Old fellow, best of all  
I like the German festival.'

### VI. — Holland

THE cottages of Holland,  
They are so sweet and clean  
Not even with a microscope  
Can trace of dirt be seen.

## Easy Lessons in Geography

The kitchens of those cottages,  
They are so neat and bright  
With pots and pans of polished brass,  
And plates of blue and white.

The housewives get up early,  
The housewives sit up late,  
For fear a little speck of dust  
Should wander through the gate.

So, all you little children  
Who never wipe your shoes,  
If you would go to Holland, why,  
That habit you must lose.

### VII. — India

**T**HOUGH you decline to think it nice,  
The mild Hindoo adores his rice,  
And always hands his plate up twice.

So when you next the pudding view,  
Suppress the customary 'Pooh!'  
And imitate the mild Hindoo.

L.



THE GENIUS OF  
THE HEARTH

I love little pussy,  
Her coat is so warm,  
And if I don't hurt her,  
She'll do me no harm.

So I'll not pull her tail,  
Or drive her away,  
But pussy and I  
Very gently will play.

She will sit by my side,  
And I'll give her her food,  
And she'll like me because  
I am gentle and good.

ANON.



# The Genius of the Hearthrug

## To One Choosing a Kitten

A BLACK-NOSED kitten will slumber all the day;  
A white-nosed kitten is ever glad to play;  
A yellow-nosed kitten will answer to your call;  
And a grey-nosed kitten I wouldn't have at all.

ANON.

## Kitten Gossip

'KITTEN, kitten, two months old,  
Woolly snowball lying snug,  
Curl'd up in the warmest fold  
Of the warm hearthrug,  
Turn your drowsy head this way.  
What is life? O kitten, say!'

## The Genius of the Hearthrug

'Life!' said the kitten, winking her eyes  
And twitching her tail, in a droll surprise —  
'Life? — O! it's racing over the floor,  
Out at the window and in at the door;  
Now on the chair-back, now on the table,  
'Mid balls of cotton and skeins of silk,  
And crumbs of sugar and jugs of milk,  
All so cosy and comfortable.

It's patting the little dog's ears, and leaping  
Round him and over him while he's sleeping,  
Waking him up in a sore affright,  
Then off and away, like a flash of light,  
Scouring and scampering out of sight.  
Life? O! it's rolling over and over  
On the summer-green turf and budding clover,  
Chasing the shadows, as fast as they run,  
Down the garden paths, in the mid-day sun,  
Prancing and gambolling, brave and bold,  
Climbing the tree-stems, scratching the mould —  
*That's* life!' said the kitten two months old.

'Kitten, kitten, come sit on my knee,  
And lithe and listen, kitten, to me!  
One by one, one by one,  
The sly, swift shadows sweep over the sun —  
Daylight dieth, and — kittenhood's done.  
And, kitten, O! the rain and the wind!  
For cathood cometh, with careful mind,  
And grave cat-duties follow behind.  
Hush! there's a sound you cannot bear;  
I'll whisper it's meaning in your ear:

*Mice!*

[The kitten stared with great green eyes,  
And twitch'd her tail in a queer surprise, —]

*'Mice!*



## Kitten Gossip

'No more tit-bits, dainty and nice;  
No more mischief and no more play;  
But watching by night, and sleeping by day,  
Prowling wherever the foe doth lurk —  
Very short commons and very sharp work.  
And, kitten, O! the hail and the thunder!  
That's a blackish cloud, but a blacker's under.  
Hush! but you'll fall from my knee, I fear,  
When I whisper that awful word in your ear —  
*R-r-r-rats!*'

[The kitten's heart beat with great pit-pats,  
But her whiskers quiver'd, and from their sheath  
Flashed out the sharp white pearly teeth.]  
*'R-r-r-rats!*

'The scorn of dogs, but the terror of cats;  
The cruellest foes and the fiercest fighters;  
The sauciest thieves and the sharpest biters.  
But, kitten, I see you've a stoutish heart,  
So courage! and play an honest part;  
Use well your paws  
And strengthen your claws,  
And sharpen your teeth and stretch your jaws —  
Then woe to the tribe of pickers and stealers,  
Nibblers and gnawers and evil dealers!  
But now that you know life's not precisely  
The thing your fancy pictured so nicely,  
Off and away! race over the floor,  
Out at the window and in at the door;  
Roll on the turf and bask in the sun,  
Ere night time cometh, and kittenhood's done.'  
THOMAS WESTWOOD.

## The Genius of the Hearthrug

### The Kitten and Falling Leaves

SEE the kitten on the wall,  
Sporting with the leaves that fall,  
Withered leaves — one — two — and three —  
From the lofty elder-tree!  
Through the calm and frosty air  
Of this morning bright and fair,  
Eddying round and round they sink  
Softly, slowly: one might think  
From the motions that are made,  
Every little leaf conveyed  
Sylph or fairy hither tending,  
To this lower world descending,  
Each invisible and mute,  
In his wavering parachute.  
— But the kitten, how she starts,  
Crouches, stretches, paws and darts  
First at one, and then its fellow,  
Just as light and just as yellow!  
Where are many now — now one —  
Now they stop and there are none:  
What intenseness of desire  
In her upward eye of fire!  
With a tiger-leap half-way  
Now she meets the coming prey,  
Lets it go as fast, and then  
Has it in her power again:  
Now she works with three or four,  
Like an Indian conjurer;  
Quick as he in feats of art,  
Far beyond in joy of heart.  
Were her antics played in the eye  
Of a thousand standers-by,

## Symmetry—Question and Answer

Clapping hands with shouts and stare,  
What would little Tabby care  
For the plaudits of the crowd?  
Over-happy to be proud,  
Over-wealthy in the treasure  
Of her own exceeding pleasure.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## Symmetry

‘THERE’S a cat in the garden a-laying for a rat,  
There’s a boy with a catapult a-laying for the cat;  
The cat’s name is Susan, the boy’s name is Jim,  
And his father round the corner is a-laying for him.’

ANON.

## Question and Answer

Q. CAN you tell me why  
A hypocrite’s eye  
Can best descry  
On how many toes  
A pussy-cat goes?

A. A man of deceit  
Can best counterfeit,  
And so, I suppose,  
He can best count her toes.

ANON.

# The Genius of the Hearthrug

## Dame Wiggins of Lee

**D**AME WIGGINS of Lee  
Was a worthy old soul  
As e'er threaded a needle  
Or wash'd in a bowl:  
She held mice and rats  
In such antipathees,  
That seven fine cats  
Kept Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The rats and mice scared  
By this fierce-whiskered crew,  
The poor seven cats  
Soon had nothing to do;  
So, as anyone idle  
She ne'er loved to see,  
She sent them to school,  
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

But soon she grew tired  
Of living alone;  
So she sent for her cats  
From school to come home,  
Each rowing a wherry,  
Returning you see:  
The frolic made merry  
Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame was quite pleas'd,  
And ran out to market;  
When she came back  
They were mending the carpet.

## Dame Wiggins of Lee

The needle each handled  
As brisk as a bee.  
'Well done, my good cats!'  
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

To give them a treat,  
She ran out for some rice;  
When she came back,  
They were skating on ice.  
'I shall soon see one down,  
Aye, perhaps, two or three,  
I'll bet half a crown,'  
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

They called the next day  
On the tomtit and sparrow,  
And wheeled a poor sick lamb  
Home in a barrow.  
'You shall all have some sprats  
For your humanitee,  
My seven good cats,'  
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

While she ran to the field  
To look for its dam  
They were warming the bed  
For the poor sick lamb:  
They turned up the clothes  
All as neat as could be.  
'I shall ne'er want a nurse,'  
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

She wished them good-night,  
And went up to bed:  
When, lo! in the morning,  
The cats were all fled.

## The Genius of the Hearthrug

But soon — what a fuss!  
‘Where can they all be?  
Here, pussy, puss, puss!’  
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame’s heart was nigh broke,  
So she sat down to weep,  
When she saw them come back  
Each riding a sheep:  
She fondled and patted  
Each purring Tommee:  
‘Ah! welcome, my dears,’  
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame was unable  
Her pleasure to smother  
To see the sick lamb  
Jump up to its mother.  
In spite of the gout,  
And a pain in her knee,  
She went dancing about,  
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The farmer soon heard  
Where his sheep went astray,  
And arrived at Dame’s door  
With his faithful dog Tray.  
He knocked with his crook,  
And the stranger to see,  
Out of window did look  
Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For their kindness he had them  
All drawn by the team  
And gave them some field-mice  
And raspberry cream.

## Dame Wiggins of Lee

Said he, 'All my stock  
You shall presently see,  
For I *know* the cats  
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee.'

He sent his maid out  
For some muffins and crumpets;  
And when he turned round  
They were blowing of trumpets.  
Said he, 'I suppose  
She's as deaf as can be,  
Or this ne'er could be borne  
By Dame Wiggins of Lee.'

To show them his poultry,  
He turn'd them all loose,  
When each nimbly leap'd  
On the back of a goose,  
Which frighten'd them so  
That they ran to the sea,  
And half-drown'd the poor cats  
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For the care of his lamb  
And their comical pranks  
He gave them a ham  
And abundance of thanks.  
'I wish you good-day,  
My fine fellows,' said he.  
'My compliments, pray,  
To Dame Wiggins of Lee.'

You see them arrived  
At their Dame's welcome door;  
They show her their presents,  
And all their good store.

## The Genius of the Hearthrug

'Now come in to supper,  
And sit down with me;  
All welcome once more,'  
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

ANON.

## The Nature of the Cat

### I. — The Cat's Greediness

**T**O get at milk a cat will do  
A hundred things she oughtn't to;  
But if it's cream she wants, why, then  
She'll multiply those sins by ten.

### II. — The Cat's Friends

**A**MONG the friends that cats possess,  
Come girls and women first of all;  
Unceasingly will they caress  
This comfortable animal.

The man to Puss is also kind,  
But quite the contrary the boy,  
Who can, I grieve to mention, find  
In teasing her acutest joy.

### III. — The Cat's Cruelty

**O**F all the cruel things there are,  
A cat is cruellest by far.  
While other creatures kill outright,  
To persecute is her delight.



## The Cat's Conscience

So when you hear that Pussy's prey  
Successfully has got away,  
You should enthusiastic be,  
And ask for strawb'ry jam for tea.

### IV. — The Cat's Conscience

A DOG will often steal a bone,  
But conscience lets him not alone,  
And by his tail his guilt is known.

But cats consider theft a game,  
And, howsoever you may blame,  
Omit the slightest sign of shame.

When food mysteriously goes,  
The chances are that Pussy knows  
More than she leads you to suppose.

And hence no need there is for you,  
If Puss should lose a meal or two,  
To feel her pulse and make ado.

### V. — The Cat's Cleanliness

THERE'S nothing by a cat desired  
So little as a tubbing;  
Its tongue does everything required  
In scrubbing and in rubbing.

### VI. — The Cat's Sleeplessness

BY Nature's laws  
The dog bow-wows,  
The ass hee-haws,  
The cat miaous.

## The Genius of the Hearthrug

The worst miaous  
Occur at night,  
When cats carouse  
With all their might.

A cat miaous  
Upon the tiles,  
In twenty thous-  
and different styles.

L.

## Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat drowned in a Tub of Goldfishes

'TWAS on a lofty vase's side  
Where China's gayest art had dyed  
The azure flowers that blow,  
Demurest of the tabby kind,  
The pensive Selima, reclin'd,  
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;  
The fair round face, the snowy beard,  
The velvet of her paws,  
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,  
Her ears of jet and emerald eyes,  
She saw: and purred applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but midst the tide  
Two angel forms were seen to glide,  
The genii of the stream:  
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,  
Through richest purple to the view,  
Betray'd a golden gleam.

## Death of a Favourite Cat

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw;  
A whisker first, and then a claw,  
    With many an ardent wish,  
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize:  
What female heart can gold despise?  
    What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent,  
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,  
    Nor knew the gulf between;  
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd),  
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguiled,  
    She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood  
She mew'd to every wat'ry god  
    Some speedy aid to send.  
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd;  
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.  
    A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,  
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,  
    And be with caution bold.  
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes  
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,  
    Nor all that glitters gold.

THOMAS GRAY.

## Kit's Cradle

THEY'VE taken the cosy bed away  
That I made myself with the Shetland shawl,  
And set me a hamper of scratchy hay,  
By that great black stove in the entrance-hall.

## The Genius of the Hearthrug

I won't sleep there; I'm resolved on that!  
They may think I will, but they little know  
There's a soft persistence about a cat  
That even a little kitten can show.

I wish I knew what to do but pout,  
And spit at the dogs and refuse my tea;  
My fur's feeling rough, and I rather doubt  
Whether stolen sausages agree with me.

On the drawing-room sofa they've closed the door,  
They've turned me out of the easy-chairs;  
I wonder it never struck me before  
That they make their beds for themselves upstairs.

\* \* \* \* \*

I've found a crib where they won't find me,  
Though they're crying 'Kitty!' all over the house.  
Hunt for the slipper! and riddle-my-ree!  
A cat can keep as still as a mouse.

It's rather unwise, perhaps, to purr,  
But they'll never think of the wardrobe-shelves.  
I am happy in every hair of my fur;  
They may keep the hamper and hay themselves.

MRS. EWING.



F.O.B.

THE RHYMES OF THE  
LIGHT-HEARTED

‘Mother, may I go and bathe?’  
‘Yes, my darling daughter:  
Hang your clothes on yonder tree,  
But don’t go near the water.’

*Old Rhyme.*



# The Rhymes of the Light- hearted

## Old-Fashioned Nonsense

### I. — The Little Guinea-pig

**T**HERE was a little Guinea-pig,  
Who being little was not big;  
He always walked upon his feet,  
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,  
He never at that place did stay;  
And while he ran, as I am told,  
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeaked and sometimes vi'lent,  
And when he squeak'd he ne'er was silent;  
Though ne'er instructed by a cat,  
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

## The Rhymes of the Light-hearted

One day, as I am certified,  
He took a whim and fairly died;  
And, as I'm told by men of sense,  
He never has been living since.

ANON.

### II. — The Comical Girl

THERE was a child, as I have been told,  
Who when she was young didn't look very old;  
Another thing, too, some people have said,  
At the top of her body there grew out a head;  
And what perhaps might make some people stare,  
Her little bald pate was all covered with hair;  
Another strange thing which made gossipers talk,  
Was that she often attempted to walk,  
And then, do you know, she occasioned much fun  
By moving so fast as sometimes to run;  
Nay, indeed, I have heard that some people say  
She often would smile and often would play;  
And what is a fact, though it seems very odd,  
She had a monstrous dislike to the feel of a rod.  
This strange little child sometimes hungry would be,  
And then she delighted her victuals to see;  
Even drink she would swallow, and though strange it appears,  
Whenever she listened, it was with her ears,  
With her eyes she could see, and strange to relate,  
Her peepers were placed in the front of her pate;  
There, too, was her mouth and also her nose,  
And on her two feet were placed her ten toes.  
Her teeth I've been told were fixed in her gums,  
And besides having fingers she also had thumbs.  
A droll child she therefore most surely must be,  
For not being blind she was able to see.  
One circumstance more had almost slipped my mind,  
Which is when not cross she always was kind,



## The Elderly Gentleman

And, strangest of any that yet I have said,  
She every night went to sleep on her bed,  
And, what may occasion you no small surprise,  
When napping she always shut close up her eyes.

M. PELHAM.

### III. — The Elderly Gentleman

THE elderly Gentleman's here,  
With his Cane, his Wig and his Hat;  
A good-humoured Man all declare,  
But then he's o'erladen with fat.

By the side of a murmuring stream  
This elderly Gentleman sat;  
On the top of his head was his Wig  
And on top of his Wig was his Hat.

The Wind it blew high and blew strong  
As this elderly Gentleman sat,  
And bore from his head in a trice  
And plunged in the river his Hat.

The Gentleman then took his Cane  
Which lay on his lap as he sat,  
And dropped in the river his Wig  
In attempting to get out his Hat.

Cool reflection at length came across  
While this elderly Gentleman sat,  
So thought he would follow the stream  
And look for his fine Wig and Hat.

His breast grew cold with despair  
And full in his eye madness sat,  
So he flung in the river his Cane  
To swim with his Wig and his Hat.

## The Rhymes of the Light-hearted

His head being thicker than common,  
O'erbalanced the rest of his fat,  
And in plumped this Son of a Woman  
To follow his Wig, Cane and Hat.

A Newfoundland Dog was at hand —  
No circumstance could be more pat;  
The old man he brought safe to land,  
Then fetched out his Wig, Cane and Hat.

The Gentleman, dripping and cold,  
Seemed much like a half-drownéd rat,  
But praised his deliverer so bold,  
Then adjusted his Cane, Wig and Hat.

Now homeward the Gentleman hied,  
But neither could wear Wig nor Hat;  
The Dog followed close at his Side,  
Fawned, wagged his tail and all that.

The Gentleman, filled with delight,  
The Dog's master hastily sought:  
Two guineas set all things to right —  
For for that sum his true friend he bought.

From him the Dog never would part,  
But lived much caressed for some years,  
Till levelled by Death's fatal dart,  
When the Gentleman shed many tears —

Then buried poor Tray in the Green,  
And placed o'er his grave a small stone,  
Whereon a few lines may be seen  
Expressive of what he had done.

ANON.

## Clean Clara

## Clean Clara

WHAT! not know our Clean Clara?  
Why, the hot folks in Sahara,

And the cold Esquimaux,  
Our little Clara know!  
Clean Clara, the Poet sings,  
Cleaned a hundred thousand things!

She cleaned the keys of the harpsichord,  
She cleaned the hilt of the family sword,  
She cleaned my lady, she cleaned my lord.  
All the pictures in their frames,  
Knights with daggers and stomachered dames —  
Cecils, Godfreys, Montforts, Græmes,  
Winifreds — all those nice old names!

She cleaned the works of the eight-day clock,  
She cleaned the spring of a secret lock,  
She cleaned the mirror, she cleaned the cupboard;  
All the books she India-rubbered!  
She cleaned the Dutch tiles in the place,  
She cleaned some very old-fashioned lace;  
The Countess of Miniver came to her,  
'Pray, my dear, will you clean my fur?'  
All her cleanings are admirable;  
To count your teeth you will be able,  
If you look in the walnut table!

She cleaned the tent-stitch and the sampler,  
She cleaned the tapestry, which was ampler:  
Joseph going down into the pit,  
And the Shunammite women with the boy in a fit;

You saw the reapers, *not* in the distance,  
And Elisha coming to the child's assistance,

## The Rhymes of the Light-hearted

With the house on the wall that was built for the prophet,  
The chair, the bed, and the bolster of it;  
The eyebrows all had a twirl reflective,  
Just like an eel: to spare invective  
There was plenty of colour, but no perspective.

However, Clara cleaned it all,  
With a curious lamp, that hangs in the hall;  
She cleaned the drops of the chandeliers,  
Madam in mittens was moved to tears.

She cleaned the cage of the cockatoo,  
The oldest bird that ever grew;  
I should say a thousand years old would do —  
I'm sure he look'd it, but nobody knew;  
She cleaned the china, she cleaned the delf,  
She cleaned the baby, she cleaned herself!

To-morrow morning she means to try  
To clean the cobwebs from the sky;  
Some people say the girl will rue it,  
But my belief is she will do it.

So I've made up my mind to be there to see,  
There's a beautiful place in the walnut-tree;  
The bough is as firm as a solid rock;  
She brings out her broom at six o'clock.

W. B. RANDS.

## The Best Nonsense Rhyme

THERE was once a young lady of Riga  
Who went out for a ride on a tiger:  
They returned from the ride  
With the lady inside  
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

## Recent Nonsense Rhymes

### Mr. Monkhouse's Recent Nonsense Rhymes

#### I

THERE once was a baby of yore,  
But no one knew what it was for;  
And being afraid  
It might be mislaid,  
They put it away in a drawer.

#### II

There are men in the village of Erith  
Whom nobody seeth or hearth,  
And there looms on the marge,  
Of the river a barge,  
Which nobody roweth or steereth.

#### III

There once was a girl of Lahore,  
The same shape behind as before;  
As no one knew where  
To offer a chair,  
She had to sit down on the floor.

#### IV

There once was a barber of Kew,  
Who went very mad at the Zoo;  
He tried to enamel  
The face of the camel,  
And gave the brown bear a shampoo.

# The Rhymes of the Light-hearted

v

There once was an old man of Brest,  
Who always was funnily drest:  
He wore gloves on his nose,  
And a hat on his toes,  
And a boot in the midst of his chest.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

## Two Others

Infinitesimal James  
Had five unpronouncable names.  
He wrote them all down,  
With a petrified frown,  
And threw the whole lot in the flames

There was an old man of Bengal  
Who purchased a bat and a ball,  
Some gloves and some pads —  
It was one of his fads,  
For he never played cricket at all.

ANON.

## Mr. Belloc M.P.'s Excellent Non- sense

### I. — The Yak

**A**S a friend to the children, commend me the yak;  
You will find it exactly the thing:  
It will carry and fetch, you can ride on its back,  
Or lead it about with a string.

## The Big Baboon—The Python

The Tartar who dwells in the plains of Tibet

(A desolate region of snow),

Has for centuries made it a nursery pet,

And surely the Tartar should know!

Then tell your papa where the yak can be got,

And if he is awfully rich,

He will buy you the creature — or else he will not:

I cannot be positive which.

### II. — The Big Baboon

**T**HE big baboon is found upon the plains of Cariboo;  
He goes about with nothing on (a shocking thing to do),  
But if he dressed respectably and let his whiskers grow,  
How like this big baboon would be to Mister So-and-so!

### III. — The Python

**A** PYTHON I should not advise;  
It needs a doctor for its eyes,  
And has the measles yearly.

However, if you feel inclined  
To get one (to improve your mind,  
And not from fashion merely),  
Allow no music near its cage;  
And when it flies into a rage,  
Chastise it most severely.

I had an aunt in Yucatan  
Who bought a python from a man,  
And kept it for a pet.  
She died, because she never knew  
These simple little rules and few;  
The snake is living yet.

# The Rhymes of the Light-hearted

## IV. — The Vulture

THE vulture eats between his meals,  
And that's the reason why  
He very, very rarely feels  
As well as you or I.  
His eye is dull, his head is bald,  
His neck is growing thinner.  
Oh, what a lesson for us all,  
To only eat at dinner!

## V. — The Crocodile

WHATEVER our faults we can always engage,  
That no fancy or fable shall sully our page,  
So take note of what follows, I beg.  
This creature, so grand and great in its life,  
In its youth is hatched out of an egg.

And oft in some far Coptic town  
The missionary sits him down  
To breakfast by the Nile:  
The heart beneath his priestly gown  
Is innocent of guile.  
When suddenly the rigid frown  
Of pain is observed to drown  
His customary smile.

Why does he start and leap amain,  
And scorn the sandy Libyan plain,  
Like one that wants to catch a train,  
And wrestles with internal pain?  
Because he finds his egg contain —  
Green, hungry, humble, and plain —  
An infant crocodile.



## A Moral Alphabet

### VI. — G

**G** STANDS for gnu, whose weapons of defence  
Are long, sharp, curling horns, and common-sense.  
To these he adds a name so short and strong,  
That even hardy Boers pronounce it wrong.  
How often on a bright autumnal day  
The pious people of Pretoria say,  
'Come, let us hunt the ——' Then no more is heard  
But sounds of strong men struggling with a word;  
Meanwhile the distant gnu with grateful eyes  
Observes his opportunity, and flies.

#### Moral

Child, if you have a rummy kind of name,  
Remember to be thankful for the same.

### VII. — W

**M**Y little victim, let me trouble you  
To fix your active mind on W.

The water beetle here shall teach  
A sermon far beyond your reach:  
He flabbergasts the human race,  
By gliding on the water's face  
With ease, celerity, and grace;  
*But if he ever stopped to think  
Of how he did it he would sink.*

#### Moral

Don't ask questions!

H. BELLOC, M.P.

# The Rhymes of the Light-hearted

## Homœopathic Soup

TAKE a robin's leg  
    (Mind, the drumstick merely!)  
Put it in a tub  
Fill'd with water nearly;  
Set it out of doors,  
In a place that's shady,  
Let it stand a week  
(Three days if for a lady).

Drop a spoonful of it  
    In a five-pail kettle,  
Which may be made of tin  
    Or any baser metal;  
Fill the kettle up,  
Set it on a boiling,  
Strain the liquor well,  
    To prevent its oiling;

One atom add of salt,  
    For the thickening one rice kernel,  
And use to light the fire  
    *The Homœopathic Journal.*  
Let the liquor boil  
    Half an hour, no longer  
(If 'tis for a man  
    Of course you'll make it stronger).

Should you now desire  
    That the soup be flavoury,  
Stir it once around  
    With a stalk of savoury.

## Greedy Jane

When the broth is made,  
Nothing can excel it:  
Then three times a day  
Let the patient *smell* it.  
If he chance to die,  
Say 'twas Nature did it;  
If he chance to live,  
Give the soup the credit.

ANON.

## Greedy Jane

'PUDDING *and* pie,'  
Said Jane; 'O my!'  
'Which would you rather?'  
Said her father.  
'Both,' cried Jane,  
Quite bold and plain.

ANON.

## Lines on the Birthday of Sir Thomas White

(Founder of Merchant Taylors' School)

SIR THOMAS WHITE  
Was a noble knight,  
Extremely desirous of doing what's right,  
So he sat himself down one beautiful night,  
When the moon shone so bright  
That he asked for no light  
Beyond that of her beams, and began to indite  
His last will, so remarkably good was his sight.

## The Rhymes of the Light-hearted

And he charged and bound down his executors tight,  
As soon as his soul should have taken its flight,  
To erect a good school of proportionate height,  
Length, breadth; Suffolk Lane he proposed for its site,  
And its order what architects term composite,  
In which all such nice little good boys who might,  
At the date of their entrance have not attained quite  
Their tenth year should be brought up to read and to write,  
Nor to give way to spite,  
Nor to quarrel nor fight,  
But to show themselves always well bred and polite,  
Keep hands and face clean, and be decently dight  
In clothes of a grave colour rather than bright —  
At least, not so light as remark to excite —  
And to make Greek and Latin their chiefest delight;  
To be mild in demeanour, in morals upright;  
Not to kick, nor to bite,  
Nor to pinch, nor affright  
Each other by practical jokes, or at night  
By aping a goblin, humgruffin, or sprite;  
And never to wrong of so much as a mite,  
Or a bat, or a ball, or a hoop, or a kite,  
Any poor little schoolfellow — oh, what a plight  
I am in after all, poor, unfortunate wight!  
I can't make my number of verses up quite;  
For my paper's expended,  
My rhymes, too, are ended,  
And I *can* write no more, for I've no more to write.

R. H. BARHAM.

## Aldermen at Fishmongers' Hall

### The Court of Aldermen at Fish- mongers' Hall

IS that dace or perch?  
Said Alderman Birch;  
I take it for herring,  
Said Alderman Perring;  
This jack's very good,  
Said Alderman Wood;  
But its bones might a man slay,  
Said Alderman Ansley.  
I'll butter what I get,  
Said Alderman Heygate.  
Give me some stew'd carp,  
Said Alderman Tharp.  
The roe's dry as pith,  
Said Alderman Smith.  
Don't cut so far down,  
Said Alderman Brown;  
But nearer the fin,  
Said Alderman Glyn.  
I've finished, i' faith, man,  
Said Alderman Waithman.  
And I too, i' fatkins,  
Said Alderman Akins.  
They've crimp'd this cod drolly,  
Said Alderman Scholey;  
'Tis bruised at the ridges,  
Said Alderman Brydges.  
Was it caught in a drag? Nay,  
Said Alderman Magnay;  
'Twas brought by two men,  
Said Alderman Ven-

## The Rhymes of the Light-hearted

ables. Yes, in a box,  
Said Alderman Cox.  
They care not how *fur 'tis*,  
Said Alderman Curtis,  
From air kept, and from sun,  
Said Alderman Thompson;  
Pack'd neatly in straw,  
Said Alderman Shaw;  
In ice got from Gunter,  
Said Alderman Hunter.  
This ketchup is sour,  
Said Alderman Flower;  
Then steep it in claret,  
Said Alderman Garret.

ANON.

### Little Billee

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city  
Who took a boat and went to sea,

But first with beef and captain's biscuits  
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,  
And the youngest he was little Billee.

Now when they got as far as the Equator  
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
'I am extremely hungaree.'

To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,  
'We've nothing left; us must eat we.'

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
'With one another we shouldn't agree!

## Little Billee

'There's little Bill, he's young and tender,  
We're old and tough, so let's eat he.'

'Oh, Bill, we're going to kill and eat you,  
So undo the button of your chemie.'

When Bill received this information  
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

'First let me say my catechism,  
Which my poor mammy taught to me.'

'Make haste, make haste!' says guzzling Jimmy,  
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top gallant mast,  
And down he fell on his bended knee.

He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment  
When up he jumps. 'There's land I see:

'There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,  
And North and South Amerikee:

'There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,  
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B.'

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,  
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee:

But as for little Bill, he made him  
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

W. M. THACKERAY.

# The Rhymes of the Light-hearted

## Bunches of Grapes

'Bunches of grapes,' says Timothy;  
  'Pomegranates pink,' says Elaine;  
'A junket of cream and a cranberry tart  
  For me,' says Jane.

'Love-in-a-mist,' says Timothy;  
  'Primroses pale,' says Elaine;  
'A nosegay of pinks and mignonette  
  For me,' says Jane.

'Chariots of gold,' says Timothy;  
  'Silvery wings,' says Elaine;  
'A bumpety ride in a waggon of hay  
  For me,' says Jane.

WALTER RAMAL.





*A BUDGET OF  
STORIES*

F. D. B.

Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations  
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

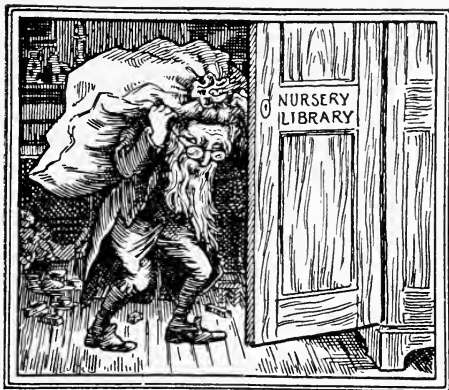
From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence;  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall;  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape they surround me;  
They seem to be everywhere.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



## A Budget of Stories

### The Carpenter's Shop

I

ONE morning, a spruce little Gimlet  
Looked into a carpenter's shop;  
And, standing upright on its screw,  
It surveyed it from bottom to top.

II

'Much company — no conversation,'  
It said as it looked at the tools;  
'All standing stock-still in their places!  
They must be a parcel of fools.'

III

'Are you well?' said the spruce little Gimlet,  
Addressing itself to the Plane.  
'Pretty well, when I'm well fed on shavings  
That are not too coarse in the grain.'

## A Budget of Stories

### IV

'And you, do you like your vocation?'  
'Tis wearisome work,' said the Saw,  
'To gnaw all day long at hard timber;  
It gives one a pain in the jaw.'

### V

'Do you sleep well up there in your hammock?'  
It said to the Tenpenny Nails,  
Which, in the two ends of a wallet,  
Hung down like a couple of scales.

### VI

The Gimlet awaited their answer,  
And seemed not a little amused  
When the Tenpennies frankly confessed  
That as yet they had never been used.

### VII

So then it enquired of the Hatchet,  
That hung with its sharp-looking nose  
Hooked over a peg in the wall,  
If it 'liked dealing out heavy blows.'

### VIII

The Hatchet vouchsafing no answer,  
The Gimlet turned round on its screw,  
And said to a great heavy Mallet,  
'That question's intended for you.'

### IX

'I always was told,' said the Mallet,  
'To look at my friends when I spoke.  
My head aches a good deal this morning;  
It suffers from every stroke.'

# The Carpenter's Shop

X

'There should be one wise head among you;  
Pray, what has become of the Square?'  
A bit of Chalk Pencil informed it,  
That Ruler was not often there.

XI

It was sent for to make calculations,  
And goes with the carpenter's man,  
Who consults it on every occasion  
About the details of the plan.

XII

'Will you dance?' it enquired of the Pincers.  
'I see you're provided with legs,  
Though I can't compliment you upon them —  
A couple of queer-looking pegs.'

XIII

Notwithstanding, the Pincers were flattered,  
And, straddling across a deal board,  
They slid from the top to the bottom  
Without ever speaking a word.

XIV

The Gimlet turned merrily round  
On its sharp little screw of a leg,  
While the Pincers made many a bound  
And a pirouette, poised on one peg.

XV

The Plane and the Saw and the Mallet  
Made music — each such as it could;  
And the whole joiner's shop rang with laughter,  
That pealed from the unseasoned wood.

MRS. HAWKSHAW.

## A Budget of Stories

### Report of an Adjudged Case not to be Found in Any of the Books

#### I

**B**ETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,  
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;  
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,  
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

#### II

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause  
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;  
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,  
So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

#### III

In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,  
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,  
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,  
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

#### IV

Then holding the spectacles up to the court —  
Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,  
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,  
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

#### V

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose  
( 'Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again )  
That the visage or countenance had not a nose,  
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

## Cobbler! Stick to your Last

### VI

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,  
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,  
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,  
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

### VII

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),  
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes:  
But what were his arguments few people know,  
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

### VIII

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,  
Decisive and clear, without one *ij* or *but* —  
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,  
By daylight or candlelight — Eyes should be shut!  
W. COWPER.

## Cobbler! Stick to your Last; or, The Adventures of Joe Dobson

**J**OE DOBSON was an Englishman  
In days of Robin Hood,  
A country farmer eke was he,  
In forest of Sherwood.

Joe Dobson said unto his dame,  
'I vow that I could do  
More household work in any day  
Than you can do in two.'

She soon replied, 'I do declare  
Your words you shall fulfil:  
To-morrow you my place shall take,  
I'll to the plough and mill.'

## A Budget of Stories

Next morning came; they sallied forth,  
Each sure of doing well,  
She with her stick, he with a pail:  
The rest I soon will tell.

Away went Joe to milk the cow,  
His business to begin;  
She tossed the pail and kicked his leg —  
The blood ran down his shin.

But see him now sit down to reel  
The yard his rib had spun,  
But puzzled and perplexed was he —  
He swore it was no fun.

Next job to bo'! the pot he went —  
The fire he had forgot;  
He ran with chips and burnt his head:  
Oh! grievous was his lot.

Away went Joe to wash the clothes,  
But sore against his will;  
The water scalded both his hands:  
Bad luck pursued him still.

He went to hang the clothes to dry —  
It was a lovely day,  
But oh, alas! a magpie came  
And stole his wig away.

Away went Dobson in despair  
At losing thus his wig;  
The magpie flew with rapid flight  
And left it on a twig.



## Cobbler! Stick to your Last

‘Good lack!’ quoth he, ‘I must despatch  
And haste the bread to make;’  
But stooping down to knead it well  
His back did sorely ache.

Loud crowed the cocks, the turkeys screamed,  
The geese and ducks now quacked,  
Enraged for food, which Joe forgot,  
He was by all attacked.

An effort then poor Dobson made  
The little pigs to feed;  
The old sow tripped him in the mud  
In spite of all his heed.

The old dame now with speed returned —  
Quite stout and blithe was she —  
And found poor Joe all bruised and ill,  
Fatigued as he could be.

Now Mrs. Dobson, tidy soul,  
Soon set all neat and right,  
Prepared the meat and drew the ale —  
They bravely fared that night.

Whilst they partook this dainty meal  
Joe sullenly confessed  
He was convinced that wives could do  
The household business best.

B. A. T.

## A Budget of Stories

### Whittington and his Cat

‘ I AM a poor unhappy boy,  
And very often cry;  
This little cat is all my joy,  
Or I with grief should die.

‘And what I have of milk or bread  
With her I gladly part;  
She is my only friend on earth:  
I love her from my heart.’

Thus spoke a little serving-boy  
Who lived in a great man’s hall,  
Where many maids and men there were,  
And he was to wait on all.

One on him beat, another drove,  
And cook would always scold,  
Though he was running everywhere  
To do what he was told.

So, when he was quite tired at night,  
And upstairs he did creep,  
Pussy would nestle at his side,  
And purr them both to sleep.

It chanced that to the house there came  
A captain brave and free,  
Who had found out some other land,  
A long way o’er the sea.

And there he said was a King and Queen  
Richer than could be told,  
And for all the store from England’s shore  
They’d give exchange in gold.

## Whittington and his Cat

'Now send by me,' the captain said,  
    'Some goods my ship to freight,  
And for each one of you instead  
    In gold I'll bring its weight.'

The gentleman he sent a store  
    Of things both old and new,  
And then he called his servants in  
    To try their fortune too.

The coachman sent a pair of spurs,  
    Like had that King never seen;  
And the cook said, 'Mine are these ribbons fine  
    And mayhap they'll please the Queen.'

'What shall I take for you, my boy?'  
    Said the captain, when they had done.  
'O sir, I've nothing but this cat,'  
    Quoth little Whittington.

'Yet you shall take her, sir, with you'  
    (And a sigh came from his heart),  
And when pussy gave her farewell mew,  
    They saw it was sad to part.

Over the seas went the captain afar,  
    And puss was a sailor too:  
A friend she gained in each merry tar;  
    She was petted by all the crew.

Yet if ever a mouse was seen aboard,  
    Quickly she'd after it be;  
Or if a stray bird flew overhead,  
    To the top of the mast ran she.

## A Budget of Stories

And when they came unto the isle  
Where they before had been,  
The captain left the ship awhile  
To visit the King and Queen.

For now they make a feast so grand  
To welcome him again,  
And he has brought his goods to land,  
And many of his men.

Rich fruits and dainty things were set  
On platters all of gold,  
Such good cheer as would cost us here  
More than can well be told.

But lo! the feast had scarce began  
When, entering in a trice,  
A troop the table overran,  
A troop of rats and mice!

They seized the fruit, they seized the fish,  
And greedily they ate;  
They skipped into the King's own dish,  
And nibbled at his meat.

For help the Queen in vain screamed out,  
Though the slaves obeyed her call;  
For while they drove some few about,  
More ran into the hall.

Then said the captain, 'With me came  
A meek and charming creature,  
But quiet though with us and tame,  
She hates these mice by nature.'

## Whittington and his Cat

Quick to the ship a sailor ran,  
Before the Queen could ask it,  
And gently coaxing puss away,  
He stowed her in a basket.

But though so tight its lid was screwed  
She could not rest a minute,  
But scratched, and spit, and whined, and mewed,  
As long as she stayed in it.

They set her free, and like a sprite  
She sprung upon the table,  
And mice and rats they all took flight,  
As fast as they were able.

To make them scamper up and down  
Puss thought fine fun, no doubt,  
For she did not let the work alone  
Till she'd put them all to rout.

'O, could she stay with me,' said the Queen,  
'I should dine so peacefully;  
If I were not afraid of her scratching claws,  
But most of her fiery eye.'

But when she stroked her silken coat  
And heard her quiet song,  
The Queen took pussy on her knee  
And found her fears were wrong.

The ribbons, spurs, and other stuff  
The captain had were bought,  
But how to value puss enough  
Seemed to be all their thought.

## A Budget of Stories

With wedges of gold they loaded the hold  
For the boy that owned the prize,  
While puss in state in the palace sate,  
And served their majesties.

And now the captain bent his course  
Again to England's shore,  
Where all the folks began to think  
They should not see him more.

Poor Whittington! he had been sad  
Without his little friend,  
And scoldings from the cook he had  
Which never seemed to end.

And at last he thought that it was best  
From all his toil to fly,  
And if he found no place of rest,  
To lay him down and die.

So away he went, one summer's morn,  
And left his master's hall;  
He knew not where his steps to take,  
Or what should him befall.

When suddenly a merry peal  
Of bells began to ring,  
And pleasure to his wondering ear  
These sounds they seemed to bring.

'Turn again, Whittington,  
Turn again home,  
And thou to be Lord Mayor  
Three times shalt come.'

## Whittington and his Cat

‘Indeed!’ said he; ‘O, then, I’ll turn,  
And the cook I’ll try to bear;  
But for poor boys I will provide  
If ever I’m Lord Mayor.’

The captain comes — they crowd around  
To learn what he has done.  
‘Here’s this for you, and that for him;  
For each I’ve something won.

‘And, Whittington, your cat is sold,  
And I must give you joy:  
I’ve brought you gold in my ship’s hold,  
That your fortune makes, my boy!’

But he, poor lad, could scarce believe  
That what he heard was so,  
Till cook quite gently twitched his sleeve  
And made him a curtsy low.

Then he *felt* the change, but he wondered how  
The money had gained him favour,  
Or that any were valued less or more,  
Except for their good behaviour.

Now let me end my tedious tale  
With the fact that each one knows —  
That Whittington, the servant boy,  
To be a great man rose.

And though to such as knew him first  
It seemed a strange affair,  
Yet so it was, that Whittington  
Did thrice become Lord Mayor.

ANON.

## A Budget of Stories

### The Beautiful Damsel; or, The Undaunted Female

'TIS of a fair damsel in London did dwell,  
A-waiting in her beauty, which none there could excel;  
Her master and her mistress she servéd seven year,  
And what follows after you soon shall quickly hear.

She packed up her box, with her red cloak and gown,  
She packed up her box, all to leave London town —  
Her red cloak and gown, and the rest of her clothes,  
And, with her box upon her head, from service she goes.

She put her box upon her head, and carried it along.  
The first that she met was an able man and strong;  
He said, 'My pretty fair maid, pray will you come with me,  
And I'll put you in a nearer way across this country?'

He took her by the hand, and he led her to a lane;  
He said, 'My pretty fair maid, I'll tell you plump and plain:  
Deliver up your money without fear or strife,  
Or else this very moment I'll take away your life.'

The tears from her eyes like two fountains did flow,  
Saying, 'Where shall I wander, or where shall I go?'  
And while this young fellow was feeling for his knife,  
This beautiful damsel she took away his life.

She put her box upon her head, and with it trudged along.  
The next that she met was a noble gentleman;  
He said, 'My pretty fair maid, where are you going so late,  
Or what was that noise that I heard at yonder gate?'



## The Beautiful Damsel

‘That box upon your head to yourself does not belong;  
To your master or your mistress you have done something  
wrong,  
To your master or your mistress you have done something  
ill,  
For one moment from trembling you cannot keep still.’

‘This box upon my head, to myself it does belong;  
To my master and my mistress I have done nothing wrong,  
To my master and my mistress I have done nothing ill,  
But I fear in my heart a young man I did kill.’

‘He demanded my money, and I soon let him know,  
For while he was fumbling I proved his overthrow.’  
She took him by the hand and led him to the place  
Where this able young fellow lay bleeding on his face.

This gentleman got off his horse to see what he had got:  
He had three loaded pistols, some powder, and some shot,  
Besides three loaded pistols, some powder and some ball,  
A knife, and a whistle some robbers for to call.

He put the whistle to his mouth, and he blew it loud and  
shrill;  
Then four stout and able fellows came tripping o’er the hill.  
This gentleman shot one of them, and that most speedily,  
And this beautiful young damsel she shot the other three.

When this noble gentleman saw all the robbers dead,  
He took the damsel by the hand, and thus to her he said:  
‘I’ll take you for my own bride, for the deed that you have  
done,  
In taking of your own part and firing off your gun.

OLD SONG.

## A Budget of Stories

### The Milkmaid

A MILKMAID, who poised a full pail on her head, Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:  
‘Let me see — I should think that this milk will procure  
One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.

‘Well, then — stop a bit — it must not be forgotten,  
Some of these may be broken and some may be rotten;  
But if twenty for accident should be detached,  
It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

‘Well, sixty sound eggs — no, sound chickens, I mean:  
Of these some may die — we’ll suppose seventeen.  
Seventeen! not so many — say ten at the most,  
Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

‘But then, there’s their barley: how much will they need?  
Why, they take but one grain at a time when they feed,  
So that’s a mere trifle; now then, let us see,  
At a fair market price, how much money there’ll be.

‘Six shillings a pair — five — four — three and six.  
To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix:  
Now what will that make? fifty chickens, I said —  
Fifty times three and sixpence — *I’ll ask Brother Ned.*

‘O! but stop — three and sixpence a *pair* I must sell ’em.  
Well, a pair is a couple — now then let us tell ’em:  
A couple in fifty will go — (my poor brain!)  
Why just a score times, and five pair will remain.

‘Twenty-five pair of fowls — now, how tiresome it is  
That I can’t reckon up such money as this!  
Well, there’s no use in trying, so let’s give a guess —  
I’ll say twenty pounds, *and it can’t be no less.*

## Prince Dorus

'Twenty pounds I am certain will buy me a cow,  
Thirty geese and two turkeys, eight pigs and a sow.  
Now, if these turn out well, at the end of the year  
I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 'tis clear.'

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said  
The maid superciliously tossed up her head;  
When, alas! for her prospects — her milk-pail descended,  
And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached:  
'Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched.'

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

## Prince Dorus

**I**N days of yore, as ancient stories tell,  
A King in love with a great Princess fell.  
Long at her feet submit the Monarch sigh'd,  
While she with stern repulse his suit denied.  
Yet was he form'd by birth to please the fair,  
Dress'd, danc'd, and courted with a Monarch's air;  
But magic spells her frozen breast had steel'd  
With stubborn pride, that knew not how to yield.

This to the King a courteous Fairy told,  
And bade the Monarch in his suit be bold;  
For he that would the charming Princess wed  
Had only on her cat's black tail to tread,  
When straight the Spell would vanish into air,  
And he enjoy for life the yielding fair.

He thank'd the Fairy for her kind advice. —  
Thought he, 'If this be all, I'll not be nice;  
Rather than in my courtship I will fail,  
I will to mincemeat tread Minon's black tail.'

## A Budget of Stories

To the Princess's Court repairing strait,  
He sought the cat that must decide his fate;  
But when he found her, how the creature stared!  
How her back bristled, and her great eyes glared!  
That which he so fondly hop'd his prize  
Was swell'd by wrath to twice its usual size;  
And all her cattish gestures plainly spoke  
She thought the affair he came upon no joke.

With wary step the cautious King draws near,  
And slyly means to attack her in her rear;  
But when he thinks upon her tail to pounce,  
Whisk — off she skips — three yards upon a bounce.  
Again he tries, again his efforts fail:  
Minon's a witch — the deuce is in her tail.

The anxious chase for weeks the Monarch tried,  
Till courage fail'd and hope within him died.  
A desperate suit 'twas useless to prefer,  
Or hope to catch a tail of quicksilver;  
When on a day, beyond his hopes, he found  
Minon, his foe, asleep upon the ground.

Her ample tail behind her lay outspread  
Full to the eye, and tempting to the tread.  
The King with rapture the occasion bless'd,  
And with quick foot the fatal part he press'd.  
Loud squalls were heard, like howlings of a storm,  
And sad he gazed on Minon's altered form, —  
No more a cat, but changed into a man  
Of giant size, who frown'd and thus began:

'Rash King, that dared with impious design  
To violate that tail that once was mine,  
What though the spell be broke and burst the charms  
That kept the Princess from thy longing arms,

## Prince Dorus

Not unrevenged shalt thou my fury dare,  
For by that violated tail I swear  
From your unhappy nuptials shall be born  
A Prince whose nose shall be thy subjects' scorn.  
Bless'd in his love thy son shall never be,  
Till he his foul deformity shall see,  
Till he with tears his blemish shall confess,  
Discern its odious length, and wish it less!

This said, he vanish'd; and the King awhile  
Mused at his words, then answer'd with a smile:  
'Give me a child in happy wedlock born,  
And let his nose be made like a French horn!  
His knowledge of the fact I ne'er can doubt —  
If he have eyes or hands he'll find it out.'

So spake the King, self-flatter'd in his thought,  
Then with impatient step the Princess sought.  
His urgent suit no longer she withstands,  
But links with him in Hymen's knot her hands.

Almost as soon a widow as a bride,  
Within a year the King her husband died;  
And shortly after he was dead and gone,  
She had a little royal son —  
The prettiest babe, with lips as red as rose,  
And eyes like little stars — but such a nose!  
The tender mother fondly took the boy  
Into her arms, and would have kiss'd her joy:  
His luckless nose forbade the fond embrace —  
He thrust the hideous feature in her face.

Then all her Maids of Honour tried in turn,  
And for a Prince's kiss in envy burn;  
By sad experience taught, their hopes they miss'd,  
And mourned a Prince that never could be kiss'd.

## A Budget of Stories

In silent tears the Queen confess'd her grief,  
Till kindest Flattery came to her relief.  
Her maids, as each one takes him in her arms,  
Expatriate freely o'er his world of charms:  
His eyes, lips, mouth — his forehead was divine;  
And for his nose — they call'd it aquiline —  
Declared that Cæsar, who the world subdued,  
Had such a one, just of that longitude;  
That Kings like him compelled folks to adore them,  
And drove the short-nos'd sons of men before them;  
That length of nose portended length of days,  
And was a great advantage many ways.  
To mourn the gifts of Providence was wrong;  
Besides, *the nose was not so very long.*

These arguments in part her grief redrest,  
A mother's partial fondness did the rest;  
And Time, that all things reconciles by use,  
Did in her notions such a change produce  
That, as she views her babe, with favour blind,  
She thinks him handsomest of human kind.

Meantime, in spite of his disfigured face,  
Dorus (for so he's call'd) grew up apace.  
In fair proportion all his features rose,  
Save that most prominent of all — his nose.  
That nose, which in the infant could annoy,  
Was grown a perfect nuisance in the boy.  
Whene'er he walk'd, his handle went before,  
Long as the snout of ferret or wild boar;  
Or like the staff with which on holy day  
The solemn parish beadle clears the way.

But from their cradle to their latest year,  
How seldom truth can reach a Prince's ear!

## Prince Dorus

To keep th' unwelcome knowledge out of view,  
His lesson well each flattering courtier knew;  
The hoary tutor and the wily page,  
Unmeet confederates! dupe his tender age.  
They taught him that whate'er vain mortals boast —  
Strength, courage, wisdom, all they value most —  
Whate'er on human life distinction throws,  
Was all comprised — in what? — a length of nose!  
Ev'n Virtue's self (by some suppos'd chief merit)  
In short-nosed folks was only want of spirit.

While doctrines such as these his guides instill'd,  
His palace was with long-nosed people fill'd;  
At Court whoever ventured to appear  
With a short nose was treated with a sneer.  
Each courtier's wife that with a babe is blest  
Moulds its young nose betimes, and does her best,  
By pulls, and hauls, and twists, and lugs, and pinches  
To stretch it to the standard of the Prince's.

Dup'd by these arts, Dorus to manhood rose,  
Nor dream'd of aught more comely than his nose  
Till Love, whose pow'r ev'n Princes have confest,  
Claim'd the soft empire o'er his youthful breast.  
Fair Claribel was she who caused his care,  
A neighb'ring Monarch's daughter, and sole heir.  
For ~~beauteous~~ Claribel his bosom burn'd;  
The ~~beauteous~~ Claribel his flame return'd,  
Deign'd with kind words his passion to approve,  
Met his soft vows, and yielded love for love.  
If in her mind some female pangs arose  
At sight (and who can blame her?) of his nose,  
Affection made her willing to be blind;  
She loved him for the beauties of his mind,  
And in his lustre and his royal race  
Contented sunk — one feature of his face.

## A Budget of Stories

Blooming to sight and lovely to behold,  
Herself was cast in Beauty's richest mould;  
Sweet female majesty her person deck'd —  
Her face an angel's, save for one defect:  
Wise Nature, who to Dorus, over-kind,  
A length of nose too liberal had assign'd,  
As if with us poor mortals to make sport,  
Had giv'n to Claribel a nose too short:  
But turned up with a sort of modest grace,  
It took not much of beauty from her face,  
And subtle courtiers, who their Prince's mind  
Still watch'd, and turned about with every wind,  
Assur'd the Prince that, though man's beauty owes  
Its charms to a majestic length of nose,  
The excellence of woman (softer creature)  
Consisted in the shortness of that feature.  
Few arguments were wanted to convince  
The already more than half-persuaded Prince:  
Truths which we hate with slowness we receive,  
But what we wish to credit soon believe.

The Princess's affections being gain'd,  
What but her sire's approval now remain'd?  
Ambassadors with solemn pomp are sent  
To win the aged Monarch to consent  
(Seeing their States already were allied)  
That Dorus might have Claribel to bride.  
Her royal sire, who wisely understood  
The match propos'd was for both kingdoms' good,  
Gave his consent; and gentle Claribel  
With weeping bids her father's Court farewell.

With gallant pomp and numerous array,  
Dorus went forth to meet her on her way;  
But when the princely pair of lovers met,



## Prince Dorus

Their hearts on mutual gratulations set,  
Sudden the Enchanter from the ground arose  
(The same who prophesied the Prince's nose),  
And with rude grasp, unconscious of her charms,  
Snatch'd up the lovely Princess in his arms,  
Then bore her out of reach of human eyes,  
Up in the pathless regions of the skies.  
Bereft of her that was his only care,  
Dorus resign'd his soul to wild despair,  
Resolv'd to leave the land that gave him birth,  
And seek fair Claribel throughout the earth.  
Mounting his horse, he gives the beast the reins,  
And wanders lonely through the desert plains;  
With fearless heart the savage heath explores,  
Where the wolf prowls and where the tiger roars.  
Nor wolf nor tiger dare his way oppose;  
The wildest creatures see, and shun, his *nose*.  
Ev'n lions fear! the elephant alone  
Surveys with pride a trunk so like his own.  
At length he to a shady forest came,  
Where in a cavern lived an aged dame,  
A reverend Fairy, on whose silver head  
A hundred years their downy snows had shed.  
Here ent'ring in, the mistress of the place  
Bespoke him welcome with a cheerful grace,  
Fetch'd forth her dainties, spread her social board  
With all the store her dwelling could afford.  
The Prince, with toil and hunger sore oppress,  
Gladly accepts and deigns to be her guest.  
But when the first civilities were paid,  
The dishes rang'd, and grace in order said,  
The Fairy, who had leisure now to view  
Her guest more closely, from her pocket drew  
Her spectacles, and wip'd them from the dust,  
Then on her nose endeavour'd to adjust.

## A Budget of Stories

With difficulty she could find a place  
To hang them on in her unshapely face;  
For if the Princess's was somewhat small,  
This Fairy scarce had any nose at all.  
But when, by help of spectacles, the crone  
Discern'd a nose so different from her own,  
What peals of laughter shook her aged sides,  
While with sharp jests the Prince she thus derides!

*Fairy*

'Welcome, great Prince of Noses, to my cell!  
'Tis a poor place, but thus we Fairies dwell.  
Pray, let me ask you if from far you come —  
And don't you sometimes find it cumbersome?'

*Prince*

'Find what?'

*Fairy*

'Your nose ——'

*Prince*

'My nose, ma'am!'

*Fairy*

'No offence.

The King your father was a man of sense,  
A handsome man (but lived not to be old),  
And had a nose cast in the common mould.  
Ev'n I myself, that now with age am grey,  
Was thought to have some beauty in my day,  
And am the daughter of a King. Your sire  
In this poor face saw something to admire,  
And I, to show my gratitude made shift,  
Have stood his friend, and help'd him at a lift;

## Prince Dorus

'Twas I that, when his hopes began to fail,  
Show'd him the spell that lurk'd in Minon's tail.  
Perhaps you have heard. But come, sir, you don't  
eat:

That nose of yours requires both wine and meat.  
Fall to, and welcome, without more ado.

You see your fare — what shall I help you to?  
This dish the tongues of nightingales contains;  
This, eyes of peacocks; and that, linnets' brains;  
That next you is a bird of paradise.

We Fairies in our food are somewhat nice.  
And pray, sir, while your hunger is supplied,  
Do lean your nose a little on one side;  
The shadow which it casts upon the meat  
Darkens my plate — I see not what I eat.'

The Prince on dainty after dainty feeding,  
Felt inly shock'd at the old Fairy's breeding,  
And held it want of manners in the dame,  
And did her country education blame.

One thing he only wonder'd at — what she  
So very comic in his nose could see.

Hers, it must be confest, was somewhat short,  
And time and shrinking age accounted for't;  
But for his own, thank Heaven, he could not tell  
That it was ever thought remarkable;

A decent nose, of reasonable size,  
And handsome thought, rather than otherwise.

But that which most of all his wonder paid  
Was to observe the Fairy's waiting-maid,  
How at each word the aged dame let fall  
She curtsied low, and smil'd assent to all,  
But chiefly when the rev'rend grannam told  
Of conquests which her beauty made of old.  
He smiled to see how Flattery sway'd the dame,  
Nor knew himself was open to the same!

## A Budget of Stories

He finds her raillery now increase so fast  
That, making hasty end of his repast,  
Glad to escape her tongue, he bids farewell  
To the old Fairy and her friendly cell.

But his kind hostess, who had vainly tried  
The force of ridicule to cure his pride,  
Fertile in plans, a surer method chose,  
To make him see the error of his nose;  
For till he view'd that feature with remorse  
The Enchanter's direful spell must be in force.

Midway the road by which the Prince must pass  
She rais'd by magic art a house of glass.  
No mason's hand appear'd, nor work of wood;  
Compact of glass the wondrous fabric stood.  
Its stately pillars, glittering in the sun,  
Conspicuous from afar, like silver shone.  
Here, snatch'd and rescued from th' Enchanter's  
might

She placed the beauteous Claribel in sight.  
The admiring Prince the crystal dome survey'd,  
And sought access unto his lovely maid;  
But, strange to tell, in all that mansion's bound  
Nor door nor casement was there to be found.  
Enrag'd, he took up massy stones, and flung  
With such a force that all the palace rung,  
But made no more impression on the glass  
Than if the solid structure had been brass.  
To comfort his despair, the lovely maid  
Her snowy hand against her window laid;  
But when with eager haste he thought to kiss,  
His nose stood out and robb'd him of the bliss.  
Thrice he essay'd th' impracticable feat:  
The window and his lips can never meet.

## Prince Dorus

The painful truth, which Flattery long conceal'd,  
Rush'd on his mind, and 'O!' he cried, 'I yield.  
Wisest of Fairies, thou wert right, I wrong.  
*I own, I own, I have a nose too long.'*

The frank confession was no sooner spoke  
But into shivers all the palace broke;  
His nose of monstrous length, to his surprise,  
Shrunk to the limits of a common size,  
And Claribel with joy her lover view'd,  
Now grown as beautiful as he was good.  
The aged Fairy in their presence stands,  
Confirms their mutual vows and joins their hands.  
The Prince with rapture hails the happy hour  
That rescued him from self-delusion's power;  
And trains of blessings crown the future life  
Of Dorus and of Claribel his wife.

CHARLES LAMB.

## The Jackdaw of Rheims<sup>1</sup>

### An Ingoldsby Legend

**T**HE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!  
Bishop and Abbot and Prior were there;  
Many a monk, and many a friar,  
Many a knight, and many a squire,  
With a great many more of lesser degree, —  
In sooth, a goodly company;  
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.

Never, I ween, was a prouder seen,  
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,  
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out through the motley rout,  
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;

<sup>1</sup> Two lines have been softened.

## A Budget of Stories

Here and there like a dog in a fair,  
Over comfits and cates, and dishes and plates,  
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,  
Mitre and crosier! he hopp'd upon all!  
With saucy air, he perch'd on the chair  
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat  
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;  
And he peer'd in the face of his Lordship's Grace,  
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,  
'We two are the greatest folks here to-day!'  
And the priests with awe, as such freaks they saw,  
Said all mischief must be in that little jackdaw!

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,  
The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,  
And six little Singing-boys, — dear little souls!  
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,  
Came, in order due, two by two,  
Marching that grand refectory through!  
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,  
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure  
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,  
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch  
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.  
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,  
Carried lavender-water, and eau-de-Cologne;  
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,  
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.  
One little boy more a napkin bore,  
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,  
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in 'permanent ink.'

The Great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight  
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white:  
From his finger he draws his costly turquoise;

## The Jackdaw of Rheims

And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,  
Deposits it straight by the side of his plate,  
While the nice little boys on His Eminence wait;  
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,  
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout, and no end of a rout,  
And nobody seems to know what they're about,  
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out;

The friars are kneeling, and hunting, and feeling  
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.

The Cardinal drew off each plum-colour'd shoe,  
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;

He peeps, and he feels in the toes and the heels;  
They turn up the dishes, — they turn up the plates —  
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,

— They turn up the rugs, they examine the mugs:

But no! — no such thing: — They can't find THE RING!  
And the Abbot declared that, 'when nobody twigg'd it,  
Some rascal or other had popp'd in and prigg'd it!'

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,  
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!

In holy anger, and pious grief,  
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!  
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;  
From the sole of his foot, to the crown of his head;  
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night  
He should have a bad nightmare, and wake in a fright;  
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,  
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;  
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;  
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,  
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying! —  
Never was heard such a terrible curse!

## A Budget of Stories

But what gave rise to no little surprise,  
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse!

The day was gone, the night came on,  
The monks and the friars they search'd till dawn;  
When the sacristan saw, on crumpled claw,  
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!  
No longer gay, as on yesterday,  
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way: —  
His pinions droop'd — he could hardly stand —  
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;  
His eye so dim, so wasted each limb,  
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, 'THAT'S HIM! —  
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!  
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!'

The poor little Jackdaw, when the monks he saw,  
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw:  
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,  
'Pray, be so good as to walk this way!'  
Slower and slower, he limp'd on before,  
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,  
Where the first thing they saw,  
Midst the sticks and the straw,  
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,  
And off that terrible curse he took;  
The mute expression served in lieu of confession,  
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,  
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!  
— When those words were heard, that poor little bird  
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd.  
He grew sleek, and fat. In addition to that,  
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!



## The Jackdaw of Rheims

His tail waggled more even than before;  
But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,  
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.

He hopp'd now about with a gait devout;  
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;  
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,  
He always seem'd telling the confessor's beads.  
If anyone lied — or if anyone swore —  
Or slumber'd in pray'r-time and happen'd to snore,

That good Jackdaw would give a great 'Caw!'  
As much as to say, 'Don't do so any more!'  
While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,  
That they 'never had known such a pious Jackdaw!'

He long lived the pride of that countryside,  
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;

When, as words were too faint his merits to paint,  
The Conclave determined to make him a saint!  
And on newly-made saints and Popes, as you know,  
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,  
So they canonized him by the name of Jem Crow!

R. H. BARHAM.

## King John and the Abbot of Canterbury

**A**N ancient story I'll tell you anon,  
Of a notable Prince that was called King John;  
And he ruled England with main and with might,  
For he did great wrong and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merrie,  
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;  
How for his housekeeping and high renown,  
They rode post for him to London town.

## A Budget of Stories

An hundred men, the King did hear say,  
The Abbot kept in his house every day:  
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,  
In velvet coats waited the Abbot about.

‘How now, Father Abbot, I hear it of thee,  
Thou keepest a far better house than me;  
And for thy housekeeping and high renown,  
I fear thou work’st treason against my crown.’

‘My liege,’ quo’ the Abbot, ‘I would it were known  
I never spend nothing but what is my own;  
And I trust your grace will do me no deere,  
For spending of my own true-gotten gear.’

‘Yes, yes, Father Abbot, thy fault it is high,  
And now for the same thou needest must die;  
For except thou canst answer me questions three,  
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

‘And first,’ quo’ the King, ‘when I’m in this stead,  
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,  
Among all my liegemen so noble of birth,  
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth!

Secondlie, tell me, without any doubt,  
How soon I may ride the whole world about;  
And at the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell me here truly what I do think.’

‘O, these are hard questions for my shallow wit,  
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:  
But if you will give me but three weeks’ space,  
I’ll do my endeavour to answer your grace.’

## King John and the Abbot

'Now, three weeks' space to thee will I give,  
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;  
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,  
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me.'

Away rode the Abbot all sad at that word,  
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford.  
But never a doctor there was so wise  
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the Abbot of comfort so cold,  
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold;  
'How now, my Lord Abbot, you are welcome home;  
What news do you bring us from good King John?'

'Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,  
That I have but three days more to live;  
For if I do not answer him questions three,  
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

'The first is to tell him there in that stead,  
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,  
Among all his liegemen so noble of birth,  
To within one penny of what he is worth.

'The second, to tell him, without any doubt,  
How soon he may ride this whole world about:  
And at the third question I must not shrink,  
But tell him there truly what he does think.'

'Now cheer up, Sir Abbot! did you never hear yet  
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?  
Lend me horse and serving-men, and your apparell,  
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

## A Budget of Stories

'Nay, frown not, if it hath been told unto me  
I am like your lordship as ever may be;  
And if you will but lend me your gown,  
There is none shall know us at fair London town.'

'Now, horses and serving-men thou shalt have,  
With sumptuous array both gallant and brave,  
With crozier and mitre and rochet and cope,  
Fit to appear 'fore our father the Pope.'

'Now, welcome, Sir Abbot,' the King he did say,  
'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep to thy day:  
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,  
Thy life and thy living both savéd shall be.

'And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,  
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,  
Among all my liegemen so noble of birth,  
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.'

'For thirty pence our Saviour was sold,  
Among the false Jews, as I have been told:  
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,  
For I thinke thou art one penny worser than he.'

The King he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,  
'I did not think I'd been worth so little!  
Now, secondly, tell me without any doubt  
How soon I may ride this whole world about.'

'You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,  
Until the next morning he rises again;  
And then your grace need not make any doubt,  
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about.'

## King John and the Abbot

The King he laughed, and swore by St. John,  
'I did not think it could be gone so soon!  
Now from the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell me here truly what I do think.'

'Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry;  
You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;  
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,  
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me.'

The King he laughed, and swore by the Mass,  
'I'll make thee Lord Abbot again in his place!'  
'Now nay, my liege, be not in such speed,  
For alacke I can neither write nor read.'

'Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee,  
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me;  
And tell the old Abbot when thou comest home  
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.'

ANON.

## The Priest and the Mulberry-Tree

**D**ID you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,  
And merrily trotted along to the fair?  
Of creature more tractable none ever heard:  
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word;  
But again, with a word, when the curate said 'Hey,'  
She put forth her mettle and gallop'd away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,  
While the sun of September all brilliantly glow'd,  
The good priest discovered, with eyes of desire,  
A mulberry-tree in a hedge of wild briar;  
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot  
Hung large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

## A Budget of Stories

The curate was hungry and thirsty to boot;  
He shrank from the thorns, though he long'd for the fruit;  
With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,  
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed;  
On the saddle he stood while the creature stood still,  
And he gather'd the fruit till he took his good fill.

'Sure never,' he thought, 'was a creature so rare,  
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare;  
Lo, here now I stand,' and he gazed all around,  
'As safe and as steady as if on the ground;  
Yet how had it been if some traveller this way,  
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chance to cry "Hey"?''

He stood with his head in the mulberry-tree,  
And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie;  
At the sound of the word the good mare made a push,  
And down went the priest in the wild briar bush.  
He remember'd too late, on his thorny green bed:  
Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be said.

T. L. PEACOCK.

## The Wonderful One-Hoss-Shay

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss-shay,  
That was built in such a logical way,  
It ran a hundred years to a day,  
And then, of a sudden, it — ah! but stay,  
I'll tell you what happened without delay,  
Scaring the parson into fits,  
Frightening people out of their wits, —  
Have you ever heard of that? I say.

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.  
*Georgius Secundus* was then alive, —  
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!

## The Wonderful One-Hoss-Shay

That was the year when Lisbon town  
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,  
And Braddock's army was done so brown,  
Left without a scalp to its crown.  
It was on the terrible earthquake day  
That the deacon finish'd the one-hoss-shay.  
Now in building of chaises I tell you what,  
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —  
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,  
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,  
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,  
Find it somewhere you must and will, —  
Above or below, or within or without,  
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,  
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the deacon swore (as deacons do,  
With an 'I deu vum,' or an 'I tell *yeou*'),  
He would build one shay to beat the taown  
'N' the keownty 'n' all the kentry raoun';  
It should be so built that it *couldn't* break down:  
'Fur,' said the deacon, 't's mighty plain  
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;  
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,  
Is only jest  
To make that place uz strong uz the rest!'

So the deacon enquired of the village folk,  
Where he could find the strongest oak,  
That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke, —  
That was for spokes and floor and sills;  
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;  
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;  
The panels of white wood, that cuts like cheese,  
But lasts like iron for things like these;

## A Budget of Stories

The hubs of logs from the 'settler's ellum,' —  
Last of its timber, they couldn't sell 'em, —  
Never an axe had seen their chips,  
And the wedges flew from between their lips,  
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;  
Step and prop iron, bolt and screw,  
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,  
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;  
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;  
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide  
Found in the pit when the tanner died.  
That was the way he 'put her through' —  
'There!' said the deacon, 'naou she'll deu!'

Do! I'll tell you I rather guess  
She was a wonder, and nothing less!  
Colts grew horses, beards turn'd grey,  
Deacon and deaconess dropp'd away,  
Children and grandchildren — where were they?  
But there stood the stout old one-hoss-shay  
As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake-day!

*Eighteen hundred* — it came and found  
The deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.  
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;  
'Hahnsum kerridge' they call'd it then.  
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;  
Running as usual much the same.  
Thirty and forty at last arrive,  
And then came fifty, and *fifty-five*.

Little of all we value here  
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year,  
Without both feeling and looking queer.  
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,  
So far as I know but a tree and truth.



## The Wonderful One-Hoss-Shay

(This is a moral that runs at large;  
Take it — you're welcome. No extra charge.)

*First of November* — the earthquake day.  
There are traces of age in the one-hoss-shay,  
A general flavour of mild decay,  
But nothing local, as one may say.  
There couldn't be, for the deacon's art  
Had made it so like in every part  
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.  
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,  
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,  
And the panels just as strong as the floor,  
And the whipple tree neither less nor more,  
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,  
And the spring, and axle, and hub, *encore*.  
And yet as a whole it is past a doubt  
In another hour it will be worn out!

First of November, 'fifty-five;  
This morning the parson takes a drive.  
Now, small boys, get out of the way!  
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss-shay,  
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-neck'd bay.  
'Huddup!' said the parson. Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text,  
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopp'd perplex'd  
At what the — Moses — was coming next.  
All at once the horse stood still,  
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.  
First a shiver, and then a thrill,  
Then something decidedly like a spill,  
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,  
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,  
Just the hour of the earthquake shock!

## A Budget of Stories

What do you think the parson found,  
When he got up and stared around?  
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,  
As if it had been to the mill and ground,  
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,  
How it went to pieces all at once —  
All at once, and nothing first,  
Just as bubbles do when burst.  
End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay.  
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

O. W. HOLMES.

## The Enchanted Shirt

Fytte the First: *wherein it shall be shown how the Truth is too mighty a Drug for such as be of feeble temper.*

**T**HE King was sick. His cheek was red  
And his eye was clear and bright;  
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,  
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a King should know,  
And doctors came by the score.  
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads  
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,  
And one was as poor as a rat, —  
He had passed his life in studious toil,  
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book;  
His patients gave him no trouble —  
If they recovered they paid him well,  
If they died their heirs paid double.

## The Enchanted Shirt

Together they looked at the royal tongue,  
As the King on his couch reclined;  
In succession they thumped his august chest,  
And no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, 'You're as sound as a nut.'  
'Hang him up!' roared the King in a gale —  
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage;  
The other leech grew a shade pale.

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,  
And thus his prescription ran:  
'*The King will be well if he sleeps one night  
In the shirt of a happy man.*'

Fytte the Second: *tells of the search for the Shirt, and how it was  
nigh found, but was not, for reasons which are said or sung.*

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,  
And fast their horses ran,  
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,  
But they found no Happy Man.

They found poor men who would fain be rich  
And rich who thought they were poor,  
And men who twisted their waists in stays,  
And women that shorthose wore.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,  
And both bemoaned their lot;  
For one had buried his wife, he said,  
And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate:  
A beggar lay whistling there;  
He whistled and sang and laughed and rolled  
On the grass in the soft June air.

## A Budget of Stories

The weary couriers paused and looked  
At the scamp so blithe and gay;  
And one of them said, 'Heaven save you, friend!  
You seem to be happy to-day.'

'O yes, fair sirs!' the rascal laughed,  
And his voice rang free and glad;  
'An idle man has so much to do  
That he never has time to be sad.'

'This is our man,' the courier said;  
'Our luck has led us aright.  
I will give you a hundred ducats, my friend,  
For the loan of your shirt to-night.'

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass  
And laughed till his face was black;  
'I would do it, God wot,' and he roared with the fun,  
'But I haven't a shirt to my back!'

Fytte the Third: *showing how His Majesty the King came at last  
to sleep in a Happy Man his Shirt.*

Each day to the King the reports came in  
Of his unsuccessful spies,  
And the sad panorama of human woes  
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life  
And his maladies hatched in gloom;  
He opened his windows and let the air  
Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world and toiled  
In his own appointed way;  
And the people blessed him, the land was glad,  
And the King was well and gay.

JOHN HAY.



Should you ask me, whence these stories?  
Whence these legends and traditions,  
With the odours of the forest,  
With the dew and damp of meadows,  
With the curling smoke of wigwams,  
With the rushing of great rivers,  
With their frequent repetitions,  
And their wild reverberations,  
As of thunder in the mountains?  
I should answer, I should tell you,  
'From the forest and the prairies,  
From the great lakes of the Northland,  
From the land of the Ojibways,  
From the land of the Dacotahs,  
From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands,  
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Feeds among the reeds and rushes,  
I repeat them as I heard them  
From the lips of Nawadaha,  
The musician, the sweet singer.'

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



## Hiawatha and Kwasind

### Hiawatha and the Pearl-Feather

ON the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward  
O'er the water pointing westward,  
To the purple clouds of sunset.

Fiercely the red sun descending  
Burned his way along the heavens,  
Set the sky on fire behind him,  
As war-parties, when retreating,  
Burn the prairies on their war-trail;  
And the moon, the Night-Sun, eastward,  
Suddenly, starting from his ambush,  
Followed fast those bloody footprints,  
Followed in that fiery war-trail,  
With its glare upon his features.

And Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
Spake these words to Hiawatha:

## Hiawatha and Kwasind

'Yonder dwells the great Pearl-Feather.  
Megissogwon, the Magician,  
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,  
Guarded by his fiery serpents,  
Guarded by the black pitch-water;  
You can see his fiery serpents,  
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Coiling, playing in the water;  
You can see the black pitch-water  
Stretching far away beyond them,  
To the purple clouds of sunset!

'He it was who slew my father,  
By his wicked wiles and cunning,  
When he from the moon descended,  
When he came on earth to seek me.  
He, the mightiest of Magicians,  
Sends the fever from the marshes,  
Sends the pestilential vapours,  
Sends the poisonous exhalations,  
Sends the white-fog from the fenlands,  
Sends disease and death among us!

'Take your bow, O Hiawatha,  
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,  
Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,  
And your mittens, Minjekahwun,  
And your birch canoe for sailing,  
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,  
So to smear its sides, that swiftly  
You may pass the black pitch-water;  
Slay this merciless magician,  
Save the people from the fever  
That he breathes across the fenlands,  
And avenge my father's murder!'

Straightway then my Hiawatha  
Armed himself with all his war-gear,



## Hiawatha and the Pearl-Feather

Launched his birch canoe for sailing;  
With his palm its sides he patted,  
Said with glee, 'Cheemaun, my darling,  
O my Birch-Canoe! leap forward,  
Where you see the fiery serpents,  
Where you see the black pitch-water!'

Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting,  
And the noble Hiawatha  
Sang his war-song wild and woeful,  
And above him the war-eagle,  
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Master of all fowls with feathers,  
Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,  
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Lying huge upon the water,  
Sparkling, rippling in the water,  
Lying coiled across the passage,  
With their blazing crests uplifted,  
Breathing fiery fogs and vapours,  
So that none could pass beyond them.

But the fearless Hiawatha  
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise:  
'Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,  
Let me go upon my journey!'  
And they answered, hissing fiercely,  
With their fiery breath made answer:  
'Back, go back! O Shaugodaya!  
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!'

Then the angry Hiawatha  
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,  
Shot them fast among the serpents;  
Every twanging of the bow-string  
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,

## Hiawatha and Kwasind

Every whizzing of an arrow  
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.  
    Weltering in the bloody water,  
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,  
And among them Hiawatha  
Harmless sailed, and cried exulting:  
'Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling!  
Onward to the black pitch-water!'

    Then he took the oil of Nahma,  
And the bows and sides anointed,  
Smeared them well with oil, that swiftly  
He might pass the black pitch-water.

    All night long he sailed upon it,  
Sailed upon that sluggish water,  
Covered with its mould of ages,  
Black with rotting water-rushes,  
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,  
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,  
Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,  
And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,  
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,  
In their weary night encampments.  
All the air was white with moonlight,  
All the water black with shadow,  
And around him the Suggema,  
The mosquitoes, sang their war-song,  
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,  
Waved their torches to mislead him;  
And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,  
Thrust his head into the moonlight,  
Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,  
Sobbed and sank beneath the surface;  
And anon a thousand whistles  
Answered over all the fenlands,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah

## Hiawatha and the Pearl-Feather

Far off on the reedy margin,  
Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,  
Toward the realm of Megissogwon,  
Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,  
Till the level moon stared at him,  
In his face stared pale and haggard,  
Till the sun was hot behind him,  
Till it burned upon his shoulders,  
And before him on the upland  
He could see the Shining Wigwam  
Of the Manito of Wampum,  
Of the mightiest of magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he patted,  
To his Birch-Canoe said, 'Onward!'  
And it stirred in all its fibres,  
And with one great bound of triumph  
Leaped across the water-lilies,  
Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,  
And upon the beach beyond them  
Dryshod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash-tree,  
One end on the sand he rested,  
With his knee he pressed the middle,  
Stretched the faithful bow-string tighter,  
Took an arrow, jasper-headed,  
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,  
Sent it singing as a herald,  
As a bearer of his message,  
Of his challenge loud and lofty:  
'Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-Feather!  
Hiawatha waits your coming!'

Straightway from the Shining Wigwam  
Came the mighty Megissogwon,  
Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,

## Hiawatha and Kwasind

Dark and terrible in aspect,  
Clad from head to foot in wampum,  
Armed with all his warlike weapons,  
Painted like the sky of morning,  
Streaked with crimson, blue, and yellow,  
Crested with great eagle-feathers,  
Streaming upward, streaming outward.

‘Well I know you, Hiawatha!’

Cried he in a voice of thunder,  
In a tone of loud derision.

‘Hasten back, O Shaugodaya!  
Hasten back among the women,  
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!  
I will slay you as you stand there,  
As of old I slew her father!’

But my Hiawatha answered,  
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing:  
‘Big words do not smite like war-clubs,  
Boastful breath is not a bow-string,  
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,  
Deeds are better things than words are,  
Actions mightier than boastings!’

Then began the greatest battle  
That the sun had ever looked on,  
That the war-birds ever witnessed.  
All a Summer’s day it lasted,  
From the sunrise to the sunset;  
For the shafts of Hiawatha  
Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,  
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Harmless fell the heavy war-club;  
It could dash the rocks asunder,  
But it could not break the meshes  
Of that magic shirt of wampum.

## Hiawatha and the Pearl-Feather

Till at sunset Hiawatha,  
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,  
Wounded, weary, and desponding,  
With his mighty war-club broken,  
With his mittens torn and tattered,  
And three useless arrows only,  
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree,  
From whose branches trailed the mosses,  
And whose trunk was coated over  
With the Dead-man's Moccasin-leather,  
With the fungus white and yellow.

Suddenly from the boughs above him  
Sang the Mama, the woodpecker:  
'Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,  
At the head of Megissogwon,  
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,  
At their roots the long black tresses;  
There alone can he be wounded!'

Winged with feathers, tipped with jasper,  
Swiftly flew Hiawatha's arrow,  
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,  
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.  
Full upon the crown it struck him,  
At the roots of his long tresses,  
And he reeled and staggered forward,  
Plunging like a wounded bison,  
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,  
When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,  
In the pathway of the other,  
Piercing deeper than the other,  
Wounding sorer than the other;  
And the knees of Megissogwon  
Shook like windy reeds beneath him,  
Bent and trembled like the rushes.

## Hiawatha and Kwasind

But the third and latest arrow  
Swiftest flew and wounded sorest,  
And the mighty Megissogwon  
Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,  
Saw the eyes of Death glare at him,  
Heard his voice call in the darkness;  
At the feet of Hiawatha  
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,  
Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha  
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,  
From his perch among the branches  
Of the melancholy pine-tree,  
And, in honour of his service,  
Stained with blood the tuft of feathers  
On the little head of Mama;  
Even to this day he wears it,  
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,  
As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of wampum  
From the back of Megissogwon,  
As a trophy of the battle,  
As a signal of his conquest.  
On the shore he left the body,  
Half on land and half in water,  
In the sand his feet were buried,  
And his face was in the water,  
And above him wheeled and clamoured  
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Sailing round in narrower circles,  
Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha  
Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,  
All his wealth of skins and wampum,  
Furs of bison and of beaver,

## Hiawatha and the Pearl-Feather

Furs of sable and of ermine,  
Wampum belts and strings and pouches,  
Quivers wrought with beads of wampum,  
Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exulting,  
Homeward through the black pitch-water,  
Homeward through the weltering serpents,  
With the trophies of the battle,  
With a shout and song of triumph.  
On the shore stood old Nokomis,  
On the shore stood Chibiabos,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
Waiting for the hero's coming,  
Listening to his song of triumph.

And the people of the village  
Welcomed him with songs and dances,  
Made a joyous feast, and shouted:

'Honour be to Hiawatha!  
He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,  
Slain the mightiest of Magicians,  
Him who sent the fiery fever,  
Sent the white-fog from the fenlands,  
Sent disease and death among us!'

Ever dear to Hiawatha  
Was the memory of Mama!  
And in token of his friendship,  
As a mark of his remembrance,  
He adorned and decked his pipe-stem  
With the crimson tuft of feathers,  
With the blood-red crest of Mama.  
But the wealth of Megissogwon,  
All the trophies of the battle,  
He divided with his people,  
Shared it equally among them.

# Hiawatha and Kwasind

## Kwasind

### I. — His Strength

DEAR, too, unto Hiawatha  
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,  
He the strongest of all mortals,  
He the mightiest among many;  
For his very strength he loved him,  
For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,  
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,  
Never played with other children,  
Never fished and never hunted,  
Not like other children was he;  
But they saw that much he fasted,  
Much his Manito entreated,  
Much besought his Guardian Spirit.

‘Lazy Kwasind!’ said his mother,  
‘In my work you never help me!  
In the Summer you are roaming  
Idly in the fields and forests;  
In the winter you are covering  
O’er the firebrands in the wigwam,  
In the coldest days of winter  
I must break the ice for fishing;  
With my nets you never help me!  
At the door my nets are hanging,  
Dripping, freezing with the water;  
Go and wring them, Yenadizze!  
Go and dry them in the sunshine!’

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind  
Rose, but made no angry answer;  
From the lodge went forth in silence,



## Kwasind

Took the nets that hung together,  
Dripping, freezing at the doorway,  
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,  
Like a wisp of straw he broke them,  
Could not wring them without breaking,  
Such the strength was in his fingers.

‘Lazy Kwasind!’ said his father,  
‘In the hunt you never help me;  
Every bow you touch is broken,  
Snapped asunder every arrow;  
Yet come with me to the forest,  
You shall bring the hunting homeward.’

Down a narrow pass they wandered,  
Where a brooklet led them onward,  
Where the trail of deer and bison,  
Marked the soft mud on the margin,  
Till they found all further passage  
Shut against them, barred securely  
By the trunks of trees uprooted,  
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,  
And forbidding further passage.

‘We must go back,’ said the old man,  
‘O’er these logs we cannot clamber;  
Not a woodchuck could get through them,  
Not a squirrel clamber o’er them!’  
And straightway his pipe he lighted,  
And sat down to smoke and ponder.  
But before his pipe was finished,  
Lo! the path was cleared before him;  
All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,  
To the right hand, to the left hand,  
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,  
Hurled the cedars light as lances.

‘Lazy Kwasind!’ said the young men,  
As they sported in the meadow,

## Hiawatha and Kwasind

'Why stand idly looking at us,  
Leaning on the rock behind you?  
Come and wrestle with the others,  
Let us pitch the quoit together!'

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,  
To the challenge made no answer,  
Only rose, and, slowly turning,  
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,  
Tore it from its deep foundation,  
Poised it in the air a moment,  
Pitched it sheer into the river,  
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,  
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river,  
Down the rapids of Pauwating,  
Kwasind sailed with his companions,  
In the stream he saw a beaver,  
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,  
Struggling with the rushing currents,  
Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,  
Kwasind leaped into the river,  
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,  
Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,  
Followed him among the islands,  
Stayed so long beneath the water,  
That his terrified companions  
Cried, 'Alas! good-bye to Kwasind!  
We shall never more see Kwasind!'  
But he reappeared triumphant,  
And upon his shining shoulders  
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,  
Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you,  
Were the friends of Hiawatha,

## Kwasind

Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind.  
Long they lived in peace together,  
Spake with naked hearts together,  
Pondering much and much contriving  
How the tribes of men might prosper.

### II. — His Death

**F**AR and wide among the nations  
Spread the name and fame of Kwasind;  
No man dared to strive with Kwasind,  
No man could compete with Kwasind.  
But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies,  
They the envious Little People,  
They the fairies and the pigmies,  
Plotted and conspired against him.  
‘If this hateful Kwasind,’ said they,  
‘If this great, outrageous fellow  
Goes on thus a little longer,  
Tearing everything he touches,  
Rending everything to pieces,  
Filling all the world with wonder,  
What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies?  
Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies?  
He will tread us down like mushrooms,  
Drive us all into the water,  
Give our bodies to be eaten  
By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-baigs,  
By the Spirits of the Water!’  
So the angry Little People  
All conspired against the Strong Man,  
All conspired to murder Kwasind,  
Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,

## Hiawatha and Kwasind

The audacious, overbearing,  
Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwasind.

Now this wondrous strength of Kwasind  
In his crown alone was seated;  
In his crown, too, was his weakness;  
There alone could he be wounded,  
Nowhere else could weapon pierce him,  
Nowhere else could weapon harm him.

Even there the only weapon  
That could wound him, that could slay him,  
Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree,  
Was the blue-cone of the fir-tree:  
This was Kwasind's fatal secret,  
Known to no man among mortals;  
But the cunning Little People,  
The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret,  
Knew the only way to kill him.

So they gathered cones together,  
Gathered seed-cones of the pine-tree,  
Gathered blue-cones of the fir-tree,  
In the woods by Taquamenaw,  
Brought them to the river's margin,  
Heaped them in great piles together,  
Where the red rocks from the margin  
Jutting overhang the river.  
There they lay in wait for Kwasind,  
The malicious Little People.

'Twas an afternoon in summer;  
Very hot and still the air was,  
Very smooth the gliding river,  
Motionless the sleeping shadows:  
Insects glistened in the sunshine,  
Insects skated on the water,  
Filled the drowsy air with buzzing,  
With a far-resounding war-cry.

## Kwasind

Down the river came the Strong Man,  
In his birch-canoe came Kwasind,  
Floating slowly down the current  
Of the sluggish Taquamenaw,  
Very languid with the weather,  
Very sleepy with the silence.

From the overhanging branches,  
From the tassels of the birch-trees,  
Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended;  
By his airy hosts surrounded,  
His invisible attendants,  
Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin;  
Like the burnished Dush-kwo-ne-she,  
Like a Dragon-fly, he hovered  
O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.

To his ear there came a murmur  
As of waves upon a seashore,  
As of far-off tumbling waters,  
As of winds among the pine-trees;  
And he felt upon his forehead  
Blows of little airy war-clubs,  
Wielded by the slumbrous legions  
Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
As of some one breathing on him.

At the first blow of their war-clubs,  
Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind;  
At the second blow they smote him,  
Motionless his paddle rested;  
At the third, before his vision  
Reeled the landscape into darkness, —  
Very sound asleep was Kwasind.

So he floated down the river,  
Like a blind man seated upright,  
Floated down the Taquamenaw,  
Underneath the trembling birch-trees,

## Hiawatha and Kwasind

Underneath the wooded headlands,  
Underneath the war encampment  
Of the pigmies, the Puk-Wudjies.  
There they stood, all armed and waiting,  
Hurled the pine-cones down upon him,  
Struck him on his brawny shoulders,  
On his crown defenceless struck him.  
'Death to Kwasind!' was the sudden  
War-cry of the Little People.

And he sideways swayed and tumbled,  
Sideways fell into the river,  
Plunged beneath the sluggish water  
Headlong as an otter plunges;  
And the birch-canoe, abandoned,  
Drifted empty down the river,  
Bottom upward swerved and drifted:  
Nothing more was seen of Kwasind.

But the memory of the Strong Man  
Lingered long among the people,  
And whenever through the forest  
Raged and roared the wintry tempest,  
And the branches, tossed and troubled,  
Creaked and groaned and split asunder,  
'Kwasind!' cried they; 'that is Kwasind!  
He is gathering in his fire-wood!'

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



BALLADS OF BATTLE

F. D. BEDFORD

## A Warrior

His brow is seamed with line and scar;  
His cheek is red and dark as wine;  
The fires as of a northern star  
Beneath his cap of sable shine.

His right hand, bared of leathern glove,  
Hangs open like an iron gin;  
You stoop to see his pulses move,  
To hear the blood sweep out and in.





## Ballads of Battle

### The Destruction of Sennacherib

**T**HE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,  
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

## Ballads of Battle

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LORD BYRON.

### The Battle of Agincourt

FAIR stood the wind for France  
When we our sails advance,  
Nor now to prove our chance  
Longer will tarry;  
But putting to the main,  
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,  
With all his martial train,  
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,  
Furnish'd in warlike sort  
March'd towards Agincourt  
In happy hour;  
Skirmishing day by day  
With those that stopp'd his way,  
Where the French gen'ral lay  
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,  
King Henry to deride,  
His ransom to provide  
To the King sending;

## The Battle of Agincourt

Which he neglects the while,  
As from a nation vile  
Yet with an angry smile,  
    Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,  
Quoth our brave Henry then,  
Though they to one be ten,  
    Be not amazéd.  
Yet, have we well begun,  
Battles so bravely won  
Have ever to the sun  
    By fame been raiséd.

And for myself, quoth he,  
This my full rest shall be,  
England ne'er mourn for me,  
    Nor more esteem me.  
Victor I will remain,  
Or on this earth lie slain,  
Never shall she sustain  
    Loss to redeem me.

Poictiers and Cressy tell,  
When most their pride did swell,  
Under our swords they fell,  
    No less our skill is,  
Than when our grandsire great,  
Claiming the regal seat,  
By many a warlike feat,  
    Lopp'd the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread,  
The eager vanward led;  
With the main Henry sped,  
    Amongst his henchmen.

## Ballads of Battle

Excester had the rear,  
A braver man not there,  
O Lord, how hot they were  
    On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,  
Armour on armour shone,  
Drum now to drum did groan,  
    To hear, was wonder;  
That with the cries they make,  
The very earth did shake,  
Trumpet to trumpet spake,  
    Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,  
O noble Erpingham,  
Which did the signal aim  
    To our hid forces:  
When from a meadow by,  
Like a storm suddenly,  
The English archery  
    Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,  
Arrows a cloth-yard long,  
That like to serpents stung  
    Piercing the weather;  
None from his fellow starts,  
But playing manly parts,  
And like true English hearts,  
    Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,  
And forth their billbows drew,  
And on the French they flew,  
    Not one was tardy;

## The Battle of Agincourt

Arms were from shoulders sent,  
Scalps to the teeth were rent,  
Down the French peasants went, —  
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,  
His broad sword brandishing,  
Down the French host did ding,  
As to o'erwhelm it;  
And many a deep wound lent,  
His arms with blood besprent,  
And many a cruel dent  
Bruiséd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that Duke so good,  
Next of the royal blood,  
For famous England stood,  
With his brave brother;  
Clarence, in steel so bright,  
Though but a maiden knight,  
Yet in that furious fight  
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,  
Oxford the foe invade,  
And cruel slaughter made,  
Still as they ran up;  
Suffolk his axe did ply,  
Beaumont and Willoughby  
Bare them right doughtily,  
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day  
Fought was this noble fray,  
Which fame did not delay  
To England to carry;

## Ballads of Battle

O, when shall Englishmen  
With such acts fill a pen,  
Or England breed again  
Such a King Harry?

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

## The Armada

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's  
praise:

I sing of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient  
days,  
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain,  
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts in Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,  
There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth  
Bay;  
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's  
isle,  
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile.  
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;  
And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had held her close in chase.  
Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the wall;  
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;  
Many a light fishing bark put out, to pry along the coast;  
And with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland many a  
post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old Sheriff  
comes,  
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the  
drums:

## The Armada

The yeomen, round the market cross, make clear and ample  
space,  
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her  
Grace:  
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the  
bells,  
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.  
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,  
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down!  
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed  
Picard field,  
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle  
shield;  
So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turned to  
bay,  
And crushed and torn, beneath his claws, the princely  
hunters lay.  
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight! ho! scatter  
flowers, fair maids!  
Ho, gunners! fire a loud salute! ho, gallants! draw your  
blades!  
Thou, sun, shine on her joyously! ye breezes, waft her  
wide!  
Our glorious *semper eadem!* the banner of our pride!

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled that banner's  
massy fold —  
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll  
of gold:  
Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea;  
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall  
be.  
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford  
Bay,  
That time of slumber was as bright, as busy as the day;

## Ballads of Battle

For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance  
spread —  
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone — it shone on Beachy  
Head:  
Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern  
shire,  
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points  
of fire.  
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering  
waves,  
The rugged miners poured to war, from Mendip's sunless  
caves;  
O'er Longleat's towers, or Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery  
herald flew,  
And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge — the rangers of  
Beaulieu.  
Right sharp and quick the bells rang out all night from  
Bristol town;  
And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on Clifton  
Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the  
night,  
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak of blood-  
red light:  
The bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence  
broke,  
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke;  
At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires;  
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling  
spires;  
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice  
of fear,  
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder  
cheer:



## The Armada

And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,  
And the broad streams of flags and pikes dashed down each roaring street:  
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,  
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in;  
And eastward straight, for wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went;  
And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant squires of Kent:  
Southward, from Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those bright coursers forth;  
High on black Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started for the north;  
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still;  
All night from tower to tower they sprang, they sprang from hill to hill;  
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwen's rocky dales;  
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales;  
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height;  
Till streamed in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest of light;  
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth, on Ely's stately fane,  
And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundless plain;  
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,  
And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide vale of Trent;

## Ballads of Battle

Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's embattled  
pile,  
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of  
Carlisle.

LORD MACAULAY.

### Mary Ambree

WHEN captains courageous, whom death could not  
daunt,

Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,  
They muster'd their soldiers by two and by three,  
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major was slain in her sight,  
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,  
Because he was slain most treacherously,  
Then vowed to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herself from the top to the toe  
In buff of the bravest, most seemly to show;  
A fair shirt of mail then slippéd on she:  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmet of proof she straight did provide,  
A strong arming sword she girt by her side,  
On her hand a goodly fair gauntlet put she:  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,  
Bidding all such as would be of her band;  
To wait on her person came thousand and three:  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

'My soldiers,' she saith, 'so valiant and bold,  
Now follow your captain, whom you do behold;  
Still foremost in battle myself will I be':  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

## Mary Ambree

Then cried out her soldiers, and loud they did say:  
'So well thou becomest this gallant array,  
Thy heart and thy weapons so well do agree;  
No maiden was ever like Mary Ambree.'

She cheeréd her soldiers, that foughten for life,  
With ancient and standard, with drum and with fife,  
With brave clanging trumpets, that sounded so free;  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

'Before I will see the worst of you all  
To come into danger of death or of thrall,  
This hand and this life I will venture so free':  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

She led up her soldiers in battle array  
'Gainst three times their number by break of the day;  
Seven hours in skirmish continuéd she:  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

She filléd the skies with the smoke of her shot,  
And her enemies' bodies with bullets so hot;  
For one of her own men a score killed she:  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoil her intent,  
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,  
Straight with her keen weapon she slashed him in three:  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Being falsely betrayéd for lucre of hire,  
At length she was forcéd to make a retire;  
Then her soldiers into a strong castle drew she:  
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

## Ballads of Battle

Her foes they beset her on every side,  
As thinking close siege she could never abide;  
To beat down the walls they all did decree,  
But stoutly defied them brave Mary Ambree.

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,  
And mounting the walls, all undaunted did stand,  
There daring their captains to match any three:  
O, what a brave captain was Mary Ambree!

‘Now say, English captain, what wouldest thou give  
To ransom thyself, which else must not live?  
Come, yield thyself quickly, or slain thou must be.’  
Then smiléd so sweetly brave Mary Ambree.

‘Ye captains courageous, of valour so bold,  
Whom think you before you now you do behold?’  
‘A knight, sir, of England, and captain so free,  
Who shortly with us a prisoner must be.’

‘No captain of England; behold in your sight  
Two breasts in my bosom, and therefore no knight;  
No knight, sirs, of England, nor captain you see,  
But a poor simple maiden called Mary Ambree.’

‘But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,  
Whose valour hath proved so undaunted in war?  
If England doth yield such brave maidens as thee,  
Full well may they conquer, fair Mary Ambree.’

The Prince of great Parma heard of her renown,  
Who long had advancéd for England’s fair crown;  
He woo’d her and sued her his mistress to be,  
And offered rich presents to Mary Ambree.

## Sir Beville

But this virtuous maiden despiséd them all.  
'I'll ne'er sell my honour for purple nor pall:  
A maiden of England, sir, never will be  
The mistress of monarch,' quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her own country she back did return,  
Still holding the foes of fair England to scorn;  
Therefore, English captains of every degree,  
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

ANON.

## Sir Beville

### The Gate Song of Stowe

**A**RISE! and away! For the King and the land;  
Farewell to the couch and the pillow:  
With spear in the rest, and with rein in the hand,  
Let us rush on the foe like a billow.

Call the hind from the plough, and the herd from the fold,  
Bid the wassailer cease from his revel:  
And ride for old Stowe, where the banner's unrolled,  
For the cause of King Charles and Sir Beville.

Trevanion is up and Godolphin is nigh,  
And Harris of Hayne's o'er the river;  
From Lundy to Looe, 'One and all!' is the cry,  
And the King and Sir Beville for ever!

Ay! by Tre, Pol, and Pen, ye may know Cornishmen,  
'Mid the names and the nobles of Devon;  
But if truth to the King be a signal, why, then,  
Ye can find out the Granville in heaven.

## Ballads of Battle

Ride! ride! with red spur; there is death in delay;  
'Tis a race for dear life with the devil.  
If dark Cromwell prevails, and the King must give way,  
This earth is no place for Sir Beville.

So at Stamford he fought, and at Landsdown he fell,  
But vain were the visions he cherished:  
For the great Cornish heart that the King loved so well,  
In the grave of the Granville it perished.

R. S. HAWKER.

## The Soldier's Dream

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night cloud had lowered,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw  
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:  
'Twas Autumn, and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;  
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

## A Ballad for a Boy

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,  
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;  
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

'Stay, stay with us — rest: thou art weary and worn;'  
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay —  
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## A Ballad for a Boy

WHEN George the Third was reigning a hundred  
years ago,  
He ordered Captain Farmer to chase the foreign foe.  
'You're not afraid of shot,' said he, 'you're not afraid of  
wreck,  
So cruise about the West of France in the frigate called  
*Quebec*.

'Quebec was once a Frenchman's town, but twenty years  
ago  
King George the Second sent a man called General Wolfe,  
you know,  
To clamber up a precipice and look into Quebec,  
As you'd look down a hatchway when standing on the deck.

If Wolfe could beat the Frenchmen then, so you can beat  
them now.  
Before he got inside the town he died, I must allow;  
But since the town was won for us, it is a lucky name,  
And you'll remember Wolfe's good work, and you shall do  
the same.'

## Ballads of Battle

Then Farmer said, 'I'll try, sir,' and Farmer bowed so  
low  
That George could see his pigtail tied in a velvet bow.  
George gave him his commission, and that it might be  
safer,  
Signed 'King of Britain, King of France,' and sealed it  
with a wafer.

Then proud was Captain Farmer in a frigate of his own,  
And grander on his quarter-deck than George upon the  
throne.  
He'd two guns in his cabin, and on the spar-deck ten,  
And twenty on the gun-deck, and more than ten score men.

And as a huntsman scours the brakes with sixteen brace of  
dogs,  
With two-and-thirty cannon the ship explored the fogs.  
From Cape la Hogue to Ushant, from Rochefort to Belleisle,  
She hunted game till reef and mud were rubbing on her  
keel.

The fogs are dried, the frigate's side is bright with melting  
tar;  
The lad up in the foretop sees square white sails afar:  
The east wind drives three square-sailed masts from out  
the Breton bay,  
And 'Clear for action!' Farmer shouts, and reefers yell  
'Hooray!'

The Frenchmen's captain had a name I wish I could pro-  
nounce;  
A Breton gentleman was he and wholly free from bounce,  
One like those famous fellows who died by guillotine  
For honour and the fleurs-de-lys and Antoinette the Queen.



## A Ballad for a Boy

The Catholic for Louis, the Protestant for George,  
Each captain drew as bright a sword as saintly smiths could  
forge;  
And both were simple seamen, but both could under-  
stand  
How each was bound to win or die for flag and native  
land.

The French ship was *La Surveillante*, which means the  
watchful maid;  
She folded up her head-dress and began to cannonade.  
Her hull was clean, and ours was foul; we had to spread  
more sail.  
On canvas, stays, and topsail yards her bullets came like  
hail.

Sore smitten were both captains, and many lads beside,  
And still to cut our rigging the foreign gunners tried.  
A sail-clad spar came flapping down athwart a blazing  
gun;  
We could not quench the rushing flames, and so the French-  
man won.

Our quarter-deck was crowded, the waist was all aglow;  
Men hung upon the taffrail half scorched, but loth to go;  
Our captain sat where once he stood and would not quit  
his chair.  
He bade his comrades leap for life, and leave him bleeding  
there.

The guns were hushed on either side; the Frenchmen  
lowered boats;  
They flung us planks and hencoops, and everything that  
floats.

## Ballads of Battle

They risked their lives, good fellows, to bring their rivals  
aid.

'Twas by the conflagration the peace was strangely made.

*La Surveillante* was like a sieve; the victors had no rest:  
They had to dodge the east wind to reach the port of  
Brest;  
And where the waves leapt lower and the riddled ship went  
slower,  
In triumph, yet in funeral guise, came fisher-boats to tow  
her.

They dealt with us as brethren; they mourned for Farmer  
dead,  
And as the wounded captives passed, each Breton bowed  
the head.  
Then spoke the French Lieutenant, "'Twas fire that won,  
not we.  
You never struck your flag to us; you'll go to England  
free.'

'Twas the sixth day of October, seventeen hundred seventy-  
nine,  
A year when nations ventured against us to combine,  
Quebec was burnt and Farmer slain, by us remembered  
not;  
But thanks be to the French book wherein they're not  
forgot.

Now you, if you've to fight the French, my youngster, bear  
in mind  
Those seamen of King Louis so chivalrous and kind;  
Think of the Breton gentlemen who took our lads to Brest,  
And treat some rescued Breton as a comrade and a guest.

WILLIAM CORY.

## Napoleon and the Sailor

### Napoleon and the Sailor

#### A True Story

NAPOLEON'S banners at Boulogne  
Armed in our island every freeman;  
His navy chanced to capture one  
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him — I know not how —  
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;  
And aye was bent his longing brow  
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight  
Of birds to Britain half-way over  
With envy: *they* could reach the white  
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,  
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,  
If but the storm his vessel brought  
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,  
He saw one morning — dreaming, doting —  
An empty hogshead from the deep  
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought  
The livelong day laborious, lurking  
Until he launched a tiny boat  
By mighty working.

## Ballads of Battle

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond  
Description wretched: such a wherry  
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond  
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea-field,  
It would have made the boldest shudder,  
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,  
No sail, no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced  
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;  
And thus equipped he would have passed  
The foaming billows.

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,  
His little *Argo* sorely jeering,  
Till tidings of him chanced to reach  
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,  
Serene alike in peace and danger,  
And in his wonted attitude,  
Addressed the stranger:

'Rash man, that wouldst yon channel pass  
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned!  
Thy heart with some sweet British lass  
Must be impassioned.'

'I have no sweetheart,' said the lad;  
'But — absent long from one another —  
Great was the longing that I had  
To see my mother.'

## The Pipes at Lucknow

‘And so thou shalt,’ Napoleon said.  
‘Ye’ve both my favour fairly won;  
A noble mother must have bred  
So brave a son.’

He gave the tar a piece of gold,  
And with a flag of truce commanded  
He should be shipped to England old,  
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift  
To find a dinner plain and hearty,  
But never changed the coin and gift  
Of Bonaparte.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## The Pipes at Lucknow:

### An Incident of the Sepoy Mutiny

PIPES of the misty moorlands,  
Voice of the glens and hills;  
The droning of the torrents,  
The treble of the rills!  
Not the braes of broom and heather,  
Nor the mountains dark with rain,  
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,  
Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the Lowland reaper,  
And plaided mountaineer, —  
To the cottage and the castle

## Ballads of Battle

The Scottish pipes are dear; —  
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch  
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;  
But the sweetest of all music  
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger  
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;  
Round and round the jungle-serpent  
Near and nearer circles swept.  
'Pray for rescue, wives and mothers, —  
Pray to-day!' the soldier said;  
'To-morrow death's between us,  
And the wrong and shame we dread.'

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited  
Till their hope became despair;  
And the sobs of low bewailing  
Filled the pauses of their prayer  
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,  
With her ear unto the ground:  
'Dinna ye hear it? — dinna ye hear it?  
The pipes o' Havelock sound!'

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;  
Hushed the wife her little ones;  
Alone they heard the drum-roll  
And the roar of Sepoy guns.  
But to sounds of home and childhood  
The Highland ear was true; —  
As her mother's cradle-crooning  
The mountain pipes she knew.

## The Pipes at Lucknow

Like the march of soundless music  
Through the vision of the seer,  
More of feeling than of hearing,  
Of the heart than of the ear,  
She knew the droning pibroch,  
She knew the Campbell's call:  
'Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's,  
The grandest o' them all!'

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,  
And they caught the sound at last;  
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee  
Rose and fell the piper's blast!  
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving  
Mingled woman's voice and man's;  
'God be praised! — the march of Havelock!  
The piping of the clans!'

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,  
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,  
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,  
Stinging all the air to life.  
But when the far-off dust-cloud  
To plaided legions grew  
Full tenderly and blithesomely  
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,  
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,  
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,  
The air of Auld Lang Syne.  
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums  
Rose that sweet and homelike strain;

## Ballads of Battle

And the tartan clove the turban,  
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper  
And plaided mountaineer, —  
To the cottage and the castle  
The piper's song is dear.  
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch  
O'er mountain, glen, and glade;  
But the sweetest of all music  
The Pipes at Lucknow played!

J. G. WHITTIER.

## John Burns of Gettysburg

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell  
Of Burns of Gettysburg? — No? Ah, well!  
Brief is the glory that hero earns,  
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:  
He was the fellow who won renown, —  
The only man who didn't back down  
When the rebels rode through his native town,  
But held his own in the fight next day,  
When all his townfolk ran away.  
That was in July sixty-three,  
The very day that General Lee,  
Flower of Southern chivalry,  
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled  
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.  
I might tell how but the day before  
John Burns stood at his cottage door,  
Looking down the village street,



## John Burns of Gettysburg

Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,  
He heard the low of his gathered kine,  
And felt their breath with incense sweet;  
Or I might say, when the sunset burned  
The old farm gable, he thought it turned  
The milk that fell in a babbling flood  
Into the milk-pail, red as blood!  
Or how he fancied the hum of bees  
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.  
But all such fanciful thoughts as these  
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,  
Who minded only his own concerns,  
Troubled no more by fancies fine  
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine, —  
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,  
Slow to argue, but quick to act.  
That was the reason, as some folk say,  
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right  
Raged for hours the heady fight,  
Thundered the battery's double bass, —  
Difficult music for men to face;  
While on the left — where now the graves  
Undulate like the living waves  
That all that day unceasing swept  
Up to the pits the rebels kept —  
Round shot ploughed the upland glades,  
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;  
Shattered fences here and there  
Tossed their splinters in the air;  
The very trees were stripped and bare;  
The barns that once held yellow grain  
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;

## Ballads of Battle

The cattle bellowed on the plain,  
The turkeys screamed with might and main,  
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest  
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,  
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.  
How do you think the man was dressed?  
He wore an ancient long buff vest,  
Yellow as saffron, — but his best;  
And, buttoned over his manly breast,  
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,  
And large gilt buttons, — size of a dollar, —  
With tails that the country-folk called 'swaller.'  
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,  
White as the locks on which it sat.  
Never had such a sight been seen  
For forty years on the village green,  
Since old John Burns was a country beau,  
And went to the 'quiltings' long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,  
Veterans of the Peninsula,  
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;  
And striplings, downy of lip and chin, —  
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in, —  
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,  
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;  
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,  
With scraps of a slangy *répertoire*:  
'How are you, White Hat!' 'Put her through!'  
'Your head's level,' and 'Bully for you!'  
Called him 'Daddy,' — begged he'd disclose  
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,

## John Burns of Gettysburg

And what was the value he set on those;  
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,  
Stood there picking the rebels off, —  
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crown hat,  
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but a moment, for that respect  
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;  
And something the wildest could understand  
Spake in the old man's strong right hand;  
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown  
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;  
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe  
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw  
In the antique vestments and long white hair,  
The Past of the Nation in battle there;  
And some of the soldiers since declare  
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,  
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,  
That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest:  
How the rebels, beaten, and backward pressed,  
Broke at the final charge, and ran.  
At which John Burns — a practical man —  
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,  
And then went back to his bees and cows.  
That is the story of old John Burns;  
This is the moral the reader learns:  
In fighting the battle, the question's whether  
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather!

BRET HARTE.

## Ballads of Battle

### Barbara Frietchie

UP from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall;

Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

## Barbara Frietchie

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

'Halt!' — the dust-brown ranks stood fast.  
'Fire!' — out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

'Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,  
But spare your country's flag,' she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman's deed and word;

'Who touches a hair of yon grey head  
Dies like a dog! March on!' he said.

All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost  
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

## Ballads of Battle

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,  
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

J. G. WHITTIER.

## Battle Bunny

(Malvern Hill, 1864)

'After the men were ordered to lie down a white rabbit, which had been hopping hither and thither over the field swept by grape and musketry, took refuge among the skirmishers, in the breast of a corporal.' — *Report of the Battle of Malvern Hill.*

BUNNY, lying in the grass,  
Saw the shining column pass;  
Saw the starry banner fly,  
Saw the chargers fret and fume,  
Saw the flapping hat and plume —  
Saw them with his moist and shy  
Most unspeculative eye,  
Thinking only, in the dew,  
That it was a fine reveiw —  
Till a flash, not all of steel,  
Where the rolling caissons wheel,

## Battle Bunny

Brought a rumble and a roar  
Rolling down that velvet floor,  
And like blows of autumn flail  
Sharply threshed the iron hail.

Bunny, thrilled by unknown fears,  
Raised his soft and pointed ears,  
Mumbled his prehensile lip,  
Quivered his pulsating hip,  
As the sharp vindictive yell  
Rose above the screaming shell;  
Thought the world and all its men —  
All the charging squadrons meant —  
All were rabbit-hunters then,  
All to capture him intent.  
Bunny was not much to blame:  
Wiser folk have thought the same —  
Wiser folk who think they spy  
Every ill begins with 'I.'

Wildly panting here and there,  
Bunny sought the freer air,  
Till he hopped below the hill,  
And saw, lying close and still,  
Men with muskets in their hands.  
(Never Bunny understands  
That hypocrisy of sleep,  
In the vigils grim they keep,  
As recumbent on that spot  
They elude the level shot.)

One — a grave and quiet man,  
Thinking of his wife and child  
Far beyond the Rapidan,  
Where the Androsaggin smiled —

## Ballads of Battle

Felt the little rabbit creep,  
Nestling by his arm and side,  
Wakened from strategic sleep,  
To that soft appeal replied,  
Drew him to his blackened breast,  
And —

But you have guessed the rest.  
Softly o'er that chosen pair  
Omnipresent Love and Care  
Drew a mightier Hand and Arm,  
Shielding them from every harm;  
Right and left the bullets waved,  
Saved the saviour for the saved.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who believes that equal grace  
God extends in every place,  
Little difference he scans  
'Twixt a rabbit's God and man's.

BRET HARTE.





How am I to sing your praise,  
Happy chimney-corner days,  
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,  
Reading picture story-books?

R. L. STEVENSON.



## Children's Books

### ‘The Rose and the Ring’<sup>1</sup>

HERE begins the Pantomime,  
Royal Folks at breakfast-time.  
Awful consequence of crime!  
Ah, I fear, King Valoroso,  
That your conduct is but so-so!  
Here behold the Monarch sit  
With Her Majesty opposite.  
How the Monarch ruled his nation.  
Gruffanuff, and what her station.  
Beware of pride without a cause.  
Who the Fairy Blackstick was.  
Fairy roses, fairy rings,  
Turn out sometimes troublesome things.  
Flattering courtiers make poor martyrs.  
Who was king of the Crim-Tartars.  
Gruffanuff is silenced quite:  
Don't you think she served him right?

<sup>1</sup> This poem consists of the page-headings which Thackeray put to the first edition.

## Children's Books

All ye footmen rude and rough,  
Warning take by Gruffanuff!  
How the Princess, as she played,  
Met a little beggar-maid.  
How this little beggar-baby  
Danced and sang, as droll as may be.  
Of the mistress and the maid,  
Whilst one worked, the other played.  
Shows how Giglio evinces  
Idle tastes like other princes.  
How his pretty cousin meets him,  
And how saucily she treats him.  
Much I fear, when hearts are ill,  
Small's the good of doctor's pill.  
Folks with whom we're all acquainted  
Aren't so handsome as they're painted.  
O you painter, how you flatter!  
Sure he must be laughing at her!  
Other girls, the author guesses,  
Love to flirt besides princesses.  
Other folks, as well as they,  
Blindly fling good luck away.  
Flourish trumpets! rattle drums!  
Royal Bulbo this way comes!  
Friends, if we were princes too,  
Drums would beat for me and you.  
Giglio's jealous of the Crim-  
Tartar Prince, and laughs at him.  
Here's a pretty figure for laughter!  
How they dined and quarrelled after.  
Read — and take a warning by't,  
Have good care of what you write.  
Poor Betsinda! much, I fear,  
Grief's in store for you, my dear!  
Jealousy, in some men's souls,

## ‘The Rose and the Ring’

Warmer burns than pans of coals.  
Even though you wear a crown,  
Burning love will knock you down.  
See the monarch in a huff,  
Look at lovely Gruffanuff!  
Critics serve us authors thus:  
Sport to them, is death to us.  
Leaving Bulbo in this fix,  
We return to Gruffy's tricks.  
She has Giglio's plighted troth.  
Prince and maid, she hates them both.  
See! how woman's anger flies out:  
Sure they'll tear Betsinda's eyes out!  
While the rope's round Bulbo's neck fast,  
King and Queen sit down to breakfast.  
Here, upon the very scaffold,  
Thank our stars! Jack Ketch is baffled.  
Bulbo and his bride are married.  
Now we're to Betsinda carried.  
To a hut she gains admission.  
What a touching recognition!  
Champion bold of right and beauty,  
To Rosalba pay your duty!  
You, who with success would fight,  
Should be strong as well as right.  
How Count Hogginarmo woo'd her,  
Surely nothing could be ruder.  
Much I fear your reign is over,  
Poor Rosalba! where's your lover?  
King Padella comes a-wooing.  
Here we see what Giglio's doing.  
As becomes his lineage knightly,  
Master Giglio acts politely.  
Of the bag, and how she gave it,  
Oh! how I should like to have it!

## Children's Books

Humble pie is wholesome meat,  
Good for all of us to eat.  
In the papers here we read  
Most important news indeed.  
On perusal of this letter  
Giglio swears that he'll abet her.  
Now good-bye to book and pen.  
Follow Giglio, gentlemen!  
Hasten, rescue! Giglio, run! for  
Else our poor Rosalba's done for.  
Little suffering victim tender!  
From these lions heaven defend her!  
I'll keep clear when lions sup;  
These ate Hogginarmono up.  
Yet the terrible Crim-Tartar  
Still would poor Rosalba martyr.  
Of poor Bulbo, how they picked him  
Out, as usual, for a victim.  
May we ne'er be thus befriended!  
Bulbo's pains seem well-nigh ended.  
Hark! they play the march in 'Saul'!  
But the young queen rescues all.  
Kissings, huggings, billings, cooings,  
And all sorts of merry doings.  
After kissing, billing, cooing,  
Up, Sir King! for mischief's brewing!  
Trumpets pealing, chargers prancing,  
Stabbing, slashing, axing, lancing.  
Now the dreadful battle's over,  
Onward ride they maid and lover.  
Here's a pretty pair of knaves —  
Tells us how the King behaves.  
Bulbo now is happy quite;  
Madame Gruff demands her right;  
Giglio shows extreme disgust,

## Randolph Caldecott

Says he won't, but knows he must.  
Gruffy! 'twixt the cup and lip,  
Sure we know there's many a slip.  
Plans of rogues are often crost,  
Gruffy's husband won and lost.  
So our little story ends.  
Merry Christmas, good my friends.

W. M. THACKERAY.

## Randolph Caldecott

THE Caldecott toy-books,  
They fix for all time  
The favourite heroes  
Of nursery rhyme.

Their faces and figures  
For ever we know:  
The mighty Panjandrum  
Looked certainly so;

The Jovial Huntsmen,  
And good Madame Blaize,  
Are quite as the neighbours  
We've known all our days.

The Caldecott toy-books —  
We never shall find  
A gracefuller pencil,  
A merrier mind! L.

## Mr. Lang's Fairy Books

ON winter days, at four o'clock,  
They bring the lamp for me and Jock.

At five o'clock Penelope  
Brings tea (and jam) for Jock and me;

## Children's Books

And when the cuckoo clamours six  
We put away our games and bricks

And hasten to the shelf where hang  
The books of Mr. Andrew Lang.

Then someone who has soft brown hair  
Comes singing up the nursery stair;

A voice cries 'Who's within?' and Jock  
Pretends to turn the broken lock,

And I exclaim in accents fine,  
'Advance, and give the countersign.'

'A foe!' the stranger's voice replies.  
Straightway the postern open flies,  
And shows us mother's laughing eyes.

We both pronounce her, then and there,  
A prisoner in the rocking-chair.

She yields at length; and we debate  
What toil befits the vanquished great;

And Jock, a highly courteous knight,  
Votes that the penance shall be light —

To wit, our prisoner prized and proud  
Shall for an hour recite aloud,

With waving hand and lofty look,  
From any kind of fairy book.

The captive seems absurdly gay,  
And smiles in quite a pretty way;

She takes the book upon her knee,  
Her arms encircle Jock and me,



## Mr. Lang's Fairy Books

And on each shoulder there is laid  
A cruel victor's wicked head.

Then, as each thrilling tale unfolds,  
What company the nursery holds!

With pigmy pipe and dainty drum  
The marshalled hosts of Elfland come;

Pale Queens whirl by in golden cars,  
And fearful Djinns escape from jars;

Haroun-al-Raschid, meanly clad,  
Glides through the streets of rich Bagdad:

And, like a living sapphire, flies  
The Bluebird through the turquoise skies.

In moonlit meadows, hand in hand,  
The fairies dance their saraband;

The moth, their jealous sentinel,  
Peers from a foxglove's highest bell,

Lest lovers, come to catch the dew,  
The Fairy Queen unveiled may view.

Ah! how we listen, how we smile  
When vanquished is the wizard's wile;

And how we tremble when the floor  
Creaks, and we see the nursery door

Opening slowly, till our fears  
Grow laughs when father's face appears!

Now father's very old and wise;  
He's thirty-four, and such a size.

He reads a curious tongue called Greek,  
And lectures on it twice a week,

## Children's Books

And yet he always comes and looks  
At mother reading fairy books;

And, as our chairs are small, his seat  
Is at the hearthrug by her feet.

And I believe that he enjoys  
The tales as much as little boys,

For when the gong is rung by Bess  
To say it's time to go and dress,

He won't get up from off the floor,  
But begs for just one story more.

O tales of ogre, knight, and elf!  
You make a rainbow on our shelf.

Wide store of mirth and magic arts,  
You light the sunshine in our hearts!

They are the key to wizard wiles,  
The guide-books to enchanted isles,

The grammars whence we understand  
The tongue that's talked in Fairyland;

The sum of our inheritance  
Of all the wondrous world's romance.

And therefore let us give good heed  
To thank him very much indeed

Who left his well-loved history  
To bring delight to you and me,

And scientific lore forsook  
To make another fairy book.

And when we read the Red, the Blue,  
The Green — small matter what's the hue

## Lewis Carroll

Since joy is there in black and white —  
Remember him who cared to write,

For little ones, tales old and sweet,  
And ask the fairies (when you meet)

To always keep unharmed and well  
From ogre's maw and witch's spell,

From genie's clutch and dragon's fang,  
The kind magician, Andrew Lang!

ST. JOHN LUCAS.

## Lewis Carroll

Born 1833 — Died 1898

THE Grownup and the Prillilgirl  
Were walking hand in hand;  
They were as pleased as Punch to be  
Alone in Wonderland:  
'If there were other books like his,'  
They said, 'it would be grand.'

A queer and kindly land it was,  
A land of fun and play,  
With many a comic friendly face  
To greet them on their way;  
While laughter, sounding all around,  
Rang innocent and gay.

'I like his Higher Nonsense best,'  
The Grownup made remark,  
'The metaphysics with a wink,  
The logic for a lark,  
The Trial, the portmanteau words,  
The White Queen and the Snark.'

## Children's Books

'For me,' the Prillilgirl replied,  
    'The simpler things for me:  
The Duchess and the Baby, and  
    The Cat and Tweedledee,  
And everything that Alice says,  
    And O! the Hatter's tea.'

'He was so very fond of you,  
    So fond,' the Grownup said,  
'And little plans to make you glad  
    Buzzed ever in his head;  
Well-nigh impossible it is  
    To think of him as dead.'

'But will,' the Prillilgirl inquired,  
    'His writings ever die?  
Will people always love his books  
    The same as you and I?'  
'There is no doubt at all of that,'  
    The Grownup made reply.

E. V. LUCAS.



GOOD NIGHT

F. D. S.

## The Little Boy's Good Night

The sun is hidden from our sight,  
The birds are sleeping sound;  
'Tis time to say to all, 'Good night!'  
And give a kiss all round.

Good night! my father, mother dear:  
Now kiss your little son;  
Good night! my friends, both far and near;  
Good night to every one!

Good night! ye merry, merry birds:  
Sleep well till morning light;  
Perhaps if you could sing in words,  
You would have said 'Good night!'

To all my pretty flowers, good night!  
You blossom while I sleep;  
And all the stars that shine so bright  
With you their watches keep.

The moon is lighting up the skies,  
The stars are sparkling there;  
'Tis time to shut our weary eyes,  
And say our evening prayer.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.



## ‘Good Night’

### Night

THE sun descending in the west,  
The evening star does shine;  
The birds are silent in their nest,  
And I must seek for mine.

The moon like a flower  
In heaven’s high bower,  
With silent delight,  
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,  
Where flocks have ta’en delight.

Where lambs have nibbled, silent move  
The feet of angels bright;

Unseen, they pour blessing,  
And joy without ceasing,  
On each bud and blossom,  
And each sleeping bosom.

## ‘Good Night’

They look in every thoughtless nest  
Where birds are covered warm;  
They visit caves of every beast,  
To keep them all from harm:  
    If they see any weeping  
    That should have been sleeping,  
    They pour sleep on their head,  
    And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,  
They pitying stand and weep,  
Seeking to drive their thirst away,  
And keep them from the sheep.  
    But, if they rush dreadful,  
    The angels, most heedful,  
    Receive each mild spirit,  
    New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion’s ruddy eyes  
Shall flow with tears of gold:  
And pitying the tender cries,  
And walking round the fold:  
    Saying: ‘Wrath by His meekness,  
    And, by His health, sickness,  
    Are driven away  
    From our immortal day.

‘And now beside thee, bleating lamb,  
I can lie down and sleep,  
Or think on Him who bore thy name,  
Graze after thee, and weep.  
    For, washed in life’s river,  
    My bright mane for ever  
    Shall shine like the gold,  
    As I guard o’er the fold.’

WILLIAM BLAKE.



## Bed-Charm—Nannarisima

### Bed-Charm

**M**ATTHEW, Mark, Luke, John,  
Bless the bed that I lay on!  
Four corners to my bed,  
Four angels round my head,  
One at head and one at feet  
And two to keep my soul asleep!

ANON.

### Nannarisima

**H**USH, hush, my little babe!  
And thou shalt have in a trice,  
Alexandria for thy sugar,  
And Cairo for thy rice.

The great Constantinople,  
For three long years of pleasure,  
Three Asiatic cities,  
To fill thy chest with treasure.

Three provinces around,  
Their tribute duly bringing;  
Three mountain monasteries,  
With three tall belfries ringing.

ANON.

### The Dustman<sup>1</sup>

**W**HEN the shades of <sup>h</sup>night are falling, and the sun  
goes down,  
O! the Dustman comes a-creeping in from Shut-eye Town.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright by L. C. Page & Co. By permission of the publishers.

## ‘Good Night’

And he throws dust in the eyes of all the babies that he  
meets,

No matter where he finds them, in the house or in the  
streets.

Then the baby’s eyes grow heavy and the lids drop down,  
When the Dustman comes a-creeping in from Shut-eye  
Town.

When mother lights the lamp and draws the curtains  
down,

O! the Dustman comes a-creeping in from Shut-eye Town,  
And the babies think the Dustman is as mean as he can  
be,

For he shuts their eyes at nightfall, just when they want to  
see.

But their little limbs are weary, for all they fret and frown,  
When the Dustman comes a-creeping in from Shut-eye  
Town.

ANON.

## Wee Willie Winkie

**W**EE Willie Winkie  
Rins through the town,  
Upstairs and downstairs  
In his nicht-gown;  
Tirling at the window,  
Crying at the lock,  
‘Are the weans in their bed,  
For it’s now ten o’clock?’

Hey, Willie Winkie,  
Are ye coming ben?  
The cat’s singing grey thrums  
To the sleeping hen;

## Wee Willie Winkie

The dog's spelder'd on the floor,  
And doesna' gie a cheep,  
But here's a waukrife laddie  
That winna' fa' asleep.

Onything but sleep, you rogue!  
Glow'ring like the moon,  
Rattling in an airn jug  
Wi' an airn spoon;  
Rumblin', tumblin', round about,  
Crawing like a cock,  
Skirlin' like a kenna — what,  
Wauk'nin' sleeping folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie —  
The wean's in a creel!  
Wamblin's aff a body's knee  
Like a very eel,  
Ruggin' at the cat's lug,  
Rav'llin' a' her thrums —  
Hey, Willie Winkie —  
See, there he comes!

Wearied is the mither  
That has a stoorie wean,  
A wee stumpie stousie,  
That canna rin his lane.  
That has a battle aye wi' sleep,  
Before he'll close an e'e —  
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips  
Gies strength anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

## 'Good Night'

### Sleepy Man<sup>1</sup>

WHEN the sleepy man comes with the dust on his  
eyes

(O, weary, my Dearie, so weary!),  
He shuts up the earth, and he opens the skies.  
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

He smiles through his fingers, and shuts up the sun  
(O, weary, my Dearie, so weary!);  
The stars that he loves he lets out one by one.  
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

He comes from the castles of Drowsy-Boy Town  
(O, weary, my Dearie, so weary!);  
At the touch of his hand the tired eyelids fall down.  
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

He comes with a murmur of dream in his wings  
(O, weary, my Dearie, so weary!),  
And whispers of mermaids and wonderful things.  
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

Then the top is a burden, the bugle a bane  
(O, weary, my Dearie, so weary!),  
When one would be faring down Dream-a-way Lane.  
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

When one would be wending in Lullaby Wherry  
(O, weary, my Dearie, so weary!),  
To Sleepy Man's Castle by Comforting Ferry.  
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

<sup>1</sup>By permission of the author. From "The Book of the Native," by Charles G. D. Roberts.

## My Bed is a Boat

### My Bed is a Boat

**M**Y bed is like a little boat;  
Nurse helps me in when I embark;  
She girds me in my sailor's coat,  
And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say  
Good-night to all my friends on shore;  
I shut my eyes and sail away  
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,  
As prudent sailors have to do:  
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,  
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer:  
But when the day returns at last,  
Safe in my room, beside the pier,  
I find my vessel fast.

R. L. STEVENSON.

### I Met at Eve

**I** MET at eve the Prince of Sleep,  
His was a still and lovely face;  
He wandered through a valley steep,  
Lovely in a lonely place.

His garb was grey of lavender,  
About his brows a poppy-wreath  
Burned like dim coals, and everywhere  
The air was sweeter for his breath.

## ‘Good Night’

His twilight feet no sandals wore,  
His eyes shone faint in their own flame,  
Fair moths that gloomed his steps before  
    Seemed letters of his lovely name.

His house is in the mountain ways,  
A phantom house of misty walls,  
Whose golden flocks at evening graze,  
    And witch the moon with muffled calls.

Upwelling from his shadowy springs  
Sweet waters shake a trembling sound,  
There flit the hoot-owl’s silent wings,  
    There hath his web the silkworm wound.

Dark in his pools clear visions lurk,  
And rosy, as with morning buds,  
Along his dales of broom and birk  
    Dreams haunt his solitary woods.

I met at eve the Prince of Sleep,  
His was a still and lovely face;  
He wandered through a valley steep,  
    Lovely in a lonely place.

WALTER RAMAL.

## A Star-Fancy for a Child

WHEN summer nights are warm and dry  
    The Scorpion with his flaming eye,  
Down in the South as twilight grows,  
Watches the lily and the rose.

He sees the poppies and the stocks,  
The sunflowers and the hollyhocks;  
Though all the trees are thick and green,  
With his red eye he looks between.

## A Star-Fancy for a Child

But when the nights begin to freeze,  
Eastwards behind the naked trees  
Orion lifts his head to spy  
Those stars that in the garden lie.

The Scorpion told him how they grew,  
Purple and pink and white and blue;  
So night by night Orion goes  
To find the lily and the rose.

Night after night you see him stride  
Across the south at Christmastide:  
Though all the fields are white with snow,  
He watches for those stars to blow.

But when 'tis near his time to rest,  
Leaning his head towards the west,  
When April nights are sharp and clear,  
He sees those garden-stars appear.

For just before he sinks from sight  
He sees the borders strown with light,  
And looking back across the hills  
Beholds the shining daffodils.

G. FORRESTER SCOTT.

## Robin Goodfellow

FROM Oberon, in fairyland,  
The king of ghosts and shadows there,  
Mad Robin I, at his command,  
Am sent to view the night-sports here.  
    What revel rout  
    Is kept about,  
In every corner where I go,  
    I will o'ersee,  
    And merry be,  
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

## ‘Good Night’

More swift than lightning can I fly  
About this airy welkin soon,  
And, in a minute's space, descry  
Each thing that's done below the moon.  
    There's not a hag  
    Or ghost shall wag,  
Or cry, 'Ware goblins! where I go;  
    But robin I  
    Their feats will spy,  
And send them home with ho, ho, ho!  
Whene'er such wanderers I meet,  
As from their night-sports they trudge home,  
With counterfeiting voice I greet,  
And call them on with me to roam:  
    Through woods, through lakes;  
    Through bogs, through brakes;  
Or else, unseen, with them I go,  
    All in the nick,  
    To play some trick,  
And frolic it, with ho, ho, ho!  
Sometimes I meet them like a man,  
    Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;  
And to a horse I turn me can,  
    To trip and trot about them round.  
    But if to ride  
    My back they stride,  
More swift than wind away I go,  
    O'er hedge and lands,  
    Through pools and ponds,  
I hurry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!  
When lads and lasses merry be,  
    With possets and with junkets fine;  
Unseen of all the company,  
    I eat their cakes and sip their wine!



## Robin Goodfellow

And, to make sport,  
I puff and snort:  
And out the candles I do blow:  
The maids I kiss,  
They shriek — Who's this?  
I answer naught but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,  
At midnight I card up their wool;  
And, while they sleep and take their ease,  
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.  
I grind at mill  
Their malt up still;  
I dress their hemp; I spin their tow;  
If any wake,  
And would me take,  
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow aught,  
We lend them what they do require:  
And, for the use demand we nought;  
Our own is all we do desire.  
If to repay  
They do delay,  
Abroad amongst them then I go,  
And night by night,  
I them affright,  
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazy queans have nought to do,  
But study how to cog and lie:  
To make debate and mischief too,  
'Twixt one another secretly:  
I mark their gloze,  
And it disclose

## ‘Good Night’

To them whom they have wrongéd so:  
    When I have done,  
    I get me gone,  
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set  
    In loop-holes, where the vermin creep,  
Who from their folds and houses get  
    Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep:  
    I spy the gin,  
    And enter in,  
And seem a vermin taken so;  
    But when they there  
    Approach me near,  
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadows green,  
    We nightly dance our heyday guise;  
And to our fairy king and queen,  
    We chant our moonlight minstrelsies.  
    When larks 'gin sing,  
    Away we fling;  
And babes new-born steal as we go;  
    And elf in bed  
    We leave in stead,  
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time, have I  
    Thus nightly revelled to and fro;  
And for my pranks men call me by  
    The name of Robin Goodfellow.  
    Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,  
    Who haunt the nights,  
The hags and goblins do me know;  
    And beldames old  
    My feats have told,  
So vale, vale! ho, ho, ho!

ANON.

## Oberon's Feast

### Oberon's Feast

**A** LITTLE mushroom-table spread,  
After short prayers they set on bread,  
A moon-parch'd grain of purest wheat  
With some small glitt'ring grit, to eat  
His choice bits with; then in a trice  
They make a feast less great than nice.  
But all this while his eyes is serv'd  
We must not think his ear was starv'd;  
But that there was in place to stir  
His spleen, the chirping grasshopper,  
The merry cricket, puling fly,  
The piping gnat for minstrelsy.  
And now, we must imagine first,  
The elf is present to quench his thirst,  
A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,  
Brought and besweetened in a blue,  
And pregnant violet; which done,  
His kitten eyes begin to run  
Quite through the table, when he spies  
The horns of paper butterflies,  
Of which he eats; and tastes a little  
Of that we call the cuckoo's spittle;  
A little fuz-ball pudding stands  
By, yet not blessed by his hands,  
That was too coarse; but then forthwith  
He ventures boldly on the pith  
Of sugared rush, and eats the sag  
And well bestrutted bee's sweet bag  
Glad'ning his palate with some store  
Of emmet's eggs; what would he more?  
But beards of mice, a newt's stew'd thigh,  
A bloated earwig, and a fly;

## ‘Good Night’

With the red-cap'd worm, that's shut  
Within the concave of a nut,  
Brown as his tooth. A little moth,  
Late fatten'd in a piece of cloth;  
With withered cherries, mandrakes' ears,  
Moles' eyes; to these the slain stag's tears;  
The unctuous dewlaps of a snail,  
The broke heart of a nightingale  
O'er come in music; with a wine  
Ne'er ravish'd from the flattering vine,  
Brought in a dainty daisy, which  
He fully quaffs up to bewitch  
His blood to height; this done, commended  
Grace by his priest; the feast is ended.

ROBERT HERRICK.



THE LESSON  
BEAUTIFUL

F.D.B.

## The Ancient Mariner's Farewell

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou wedding-guest:  
He prayeth well who loveth well,  
Both man, and bird, and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

S. T. COLERIDGE.



## The Lesson Beautiful

### On Another's Sorrow

CAN I see another's woe,  
And not be in sorrow too?  
Can I see another's grief,  
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,  
And not feel my sorrow's share?  
Can a father see his child  
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear  
An infant groan, an infant fear?  
No, no! never can it be!  
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all  
Hear the wren with sorrows small,  
Hear the small bird's grief and care,  
Hear the woes that infants bear —

## The Lesson Beautiful

And not sit beside the nest,  
Pouring pity in their breast,  
And not sit the cradle near,  
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,  
Wiping all our tears away?  
O no! never can it be!  
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all:  
He becomes an Infant small,  
He becomes a Man of Woe,  
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,  
And thy Maker is not by:  
Think not thou canst weep a tear,  
And thy Maker is not near.

O, He gives to us His joy,  
That our grief He may destroy;  
Till our grief is fled and gone  
He doth sit by us and moan.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

## About Ben Adhem and the Angel

**A**BOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel, writing in a book of gold.  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
'What writest thou?' The vision rais'd his head,



## About Ben Adhem and the Angel

And with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answer'd, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'  
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'  
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'  
The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night  
It came again, with a great wakening light,  
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

## A Child's Hymn of Praise

I THANK the goodness and the grace  
Which on my birth have smil'd,  
And made me in these Christian days,  
A happy English child.

I was not born, as thousands are,  
Where God was never known,  
And taught to pray a useless prayer  
To blocks of wood and stone.

I was not born a little slave,  
To labour in the sun,  
And wish I were but in the grave,  
And all my labour done!

I was not born without a home,  
Or in some broken shed;  
A gipsy baby — taught to roam  
And steal my daily bread.

My God, I thank Thee, who hast planned  
A better lot for me,  
And placed me in this happy land,  
Where I may hear of Thee.

JANE TAYLOR.



It all comes out of the books I read,  
And it all goes into the books I write.

H. C. BEECHING.

## Notes

*Prefatory Poem.* — ‘Children, you are very little.’

This piece, together with those on pages 134 and 387, is from *A Child's Garden of Verses*, and is printed here by arrangement with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne.

*Page 6.* — ‘Spring.’

William Blake, from whose *Songs of Innocence* I have taken several pieces, as well as other and older poems, is perhaps the earliest man of genius of whom we think as having deliberately written verses for children. But he had predecessors — among them, it may not be well known, John Bunyan. Bunyan's book appeared in 1686, under the very modern title, *A Book for Boys and Girls; or, Country Rhymes for Children*. I doubt if there was an earlier collection for children than this, although Dr. Furnivall, in his *Babees' Book*, gives a number of pieces that apply to the young. Bunyan's book is not very interesting. His wish, as in *The Pilgrim's Progress* and all his works, was

## Notes

to make his readers better, and with this hope he added to each piece a little moral lesson. Here is one:

### OF THE FATTED SWINE

AH, Sirrah! I perceive thou art Corn-fed,  
With best of Hoggs-meat thou art pamperèd;  
Thou wallow'st in thy fat, up thou art stall'd,  
Art not as heretofore to Hogs-wash call'd.

Thine Oats lean Pigs would leap at, might they have it.  
One may see by their whining how they crave it.  
But, Hogg, why lookst so big? why dost so flounce,  
So snort, and fling away? dost now renounce  
Subjection to thy Lord, 'cause he has fed thee?  
Thou art yet but a Hogg, of such he bred thee.  
Lay by thy snorting, do not look so big:  
What was thy Predecessor but a Pig?

But come, my gruntling, when thou art full fed,  
Forth to the Butcher's stall thou must be led.  
Then will an end be put unto thy snortings,  
Unto thy boarish Looks and hoggish Sportings;  
Then thy shrill crys will echo in the air;  
Thus will my Pig for all his greatness fare.

### *Comparison*

This Emblem shews, some men are in this life,  
Like full-fed Hoggs, prepared for the Knife.  
It likewise shews some can take no reproof,  
More than the fatted hogg, who stands aloof.  
Yea; that they never will for mercy cry,  
Till time is past, and they for sin must dye.

There are many quaint things in the little book. John Bunyan was even more severe than most writers upon the cuckoo. His lines to that bird begin:

## Notes

Thou Booby, sayst thou nothing but *Cuckow*?  
The *Robin* and the *Wren* can thee out do.  
They to us play thorow their little throats  
Not one but sundry pretty taking Notes.

And here is a new description of the mole:

The Mole's a Creature very smooth and slick,  
She digs i' th' dirt, but 'twill not on her stick.

One more extract:

### OF THE BOY AND BUTTERFLY

BEHOLD how eager this our little Boy,  
Is of this Butterfly, as if all Joy,  
All Profits, Honours, yea and lasting Pleasures,  
Were wrapt up in her, or the richest Treasures  
Found in her would be bundled up together,  
When all her all is lighter than a feather.

He hollos, runs, and cries out, Here, Boys, here!  
Nor doth he Brambles or the Nettles fear:  
He stumbles at the Mole hills, up he gets,  
And runs again, as one bereft of wits;  
And all this labour and this large out-cry,  
Is only for a silly Butterfly.

Page 39. — 'Christmas Invitation.'

I hope you will not have much difficulty with the spelling and pronunciation of this and the pieces on pp. 135, 139, 141 and 144. They are in the dialect of Dorsetshire, and are by one of the sweetest and kindest of modern poets, William Barnes, a Dorsetshire clergyman. They are all the better if read aloud.

Page 42. — 'The Turkey.'

These lines, together with those on pp. 56, 64, 81, are taken from a book entitled *The Book of Shops*, and are

## Notes

printed here by permission of Mr. Alexander Moring. They originally described the poulterer's shop, with a picture by Mr. Bedford.

*Page 42.* — 'Hands Across the Sea.'

From *Mr. Punch's Christmas Book*, 1905; printed here by permission of Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew.

*Page 43.* — 'Retribution.'

Miss Carolyn Wells, the author of this little pleasantry, is an American lady who has probably made, single-handed, more jokes than any other living lady since the world began. It is to be found in a book entitled *Folly for the Wise* (for one must not be always grave), published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company in 1904.

*Page 51.* — 'The Boy Lives on Our Farm.'

Mr. James Riley, who writes this piece and that on p. 62, is, I think, the best writer of homely poetry since William Barnes, whom he resembles a little. He is an American, and the dialect in which he writes is known as the Hoosier dialect. Mr. Riley understands boys thoroughly. Here is another boy poem from his pen, reprinted by special permission of his publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Co. :—

### AN IMPETUOUS RESOLVE<sup>1</sup>

WHEN little Dickie Scrope's a man,  
He's go' to be a Sailor;  
An' little Hamey Tincher, he's  
A-go' to be a Tailor:  
And Mitchell, he's a-go' to be  
A stylish Carriage-Maker;  
An' when *I* grow a grea' big Man,  
I'm go' to be a Baker!

<sup>1</sup> From *Child Rhymes*. Copyright, 1890.



## Notes

An' Dick'll buy his sailor suit  
O' Hame; an' Hame'll take it  
An' buy as fine a double-rigg  
As ever Bud can make it:  
An' nen all three'll drive roun' fer me,  
An' we'll drive off togever,  
A-slingin' pie-crust 'long the road  
Ferever an' ferever!

I take another boy's ambition poem from a book called *The Visit to London*, illustrated by Mr. Bedford:

### THE CONJURER

WHEN I am a man and can do as I wish,  
With no one to ask if I may,  
Although I'll play cricket a little and fish,  
I'll conjure the most of each day.

The conjurer's life is so easy and grand;  
He makes such superior jokes —  
O, it's splendid to stand with a wand in your hand,  
And puzzle relations and folks.

If eggs should be wanted, you turn to a friend  
And draw two or three from his hair;  
If a rabbit is wished, and his hat he will lend,  
You wave, and behold, one is there!

To pound a gold watch into thousands of bits,  
And restore it as good as before,  
Is a life that beats even a Major's to fits —  
Apart from the absence of gore.

From this *Visit to London* book comes also 'The London Sparrows' on p. 72. Let me quote one fragment more from Mr. Riley's poems — one stanza from 'A Boy's Mother':

## Notes

She loves me when I'm glad er sad;  
She loves me when I'm good er bad;  
An' what's the funniest thing, she sez  
She loves me when she punishes.

Page 52. — 'The Gamekeeper.'

This, together with the pieces on pp. 138 and 163, is from a book illustrated by Mr. Bedford called *Four-and-Twenty Toilers*, and it is printed here by kind permission of Mr. Alexander Moring.

Page 53. — 'Wee Jouky Daidles.'

A poem from a collection of Scottish verse about children, entitled *Whistle Binkie*. From this comes also 'Wee Willie Winkie,' on p. 384.

Page 55. — 'A Friend in the Garden.'

From Mrs. Ewing's *Verses for Children*, published by the S.P.C.K. Mrs. Eden kindly allows it, and those on pp. 59 and 249, to appear here. As a matter of fact, I ought to have a poem in praise of the gardener (which is what one naturally thinks this one is going to be), but I have not been able to find one. Children rarely have better friends than gardeners. Here is the praise of John from *Four-and-Twenty Toilers*:

### THE GARDENER

#### I

WHEN father gave us each a plot,  
'Don't worry John,' he said,  
'But sow your seeds and pull your weeds  
All by yourselves instead.'  
To which we answered him, 'Hear! hear!  
As if we'd let John interfere!'

## Notes

### II

But, somehow, though it's fun to watch  
The way a flower grows,  
And give away a big bouquet,  
And fumigate a rose,  
When weeds grow also, rank and thick,  
Why, John is certainly a brick.

### III

It never 'worries' him, you know,  
He's such a toilsome man:  
We've but to ask — he leaves his task,  
And helps us all he can.  
Why, John can weed for half a day  
And never even think of play.

Pages 59 and 61. — 'Big Smith' and 'The Blacksmith.'

Blacksmiths are always interesting, and it would be impossible to have too many poems about them. From an old book I copy a 'Song of the Cyclops,' by Thomas Dekker. It occurs in a play called *London's Tempe; or, The Field of Happiness*, published in 1629.

### SONG OF THE CYCLOPS

BRAVE iron, brave hammer, from your sound  
The art of music has her ground;  
On the anvil thou keep'st time,  
Thy knick-a-knock is a smith's best chime.

Yet thwick-a-thwack, thwick, thwack-a-thwack,  
thwack,  
Make our brawny sinews crack;  
Then pit-a-pat, pat, pit-a-pat, pat,  
Till thickest bars be beaten flat.

We shoe the horses of the sun,  
Harness the horses of the moon;  
Forge Cupid's quiver, bow and arrows,  
And our dame's coach that's drawn with sparrows.  
Till thwick-a-thwack, etc.

## Notes

Jove's roaring cannons and his rammers  
We beat out with our Lemnian hammers;  
Mars his gauntlet, helm and spear,  
And Gorgon's shield are all made here.  
Till thwick-a-thwack, etc.

The grate which, shut, the day outbars,  
Those golden studs which nail the stars,  
The globe's case and the axle-tree —  
Who can hammer these but we?  
Till thwick-a-thwack, etc.

Page 66. — 'Father O'Flynn.'

This is really a song, as you probably know, and one of the best songs ever written. Mr. Graves very kindly allows me to print it.

Page 101. — 'Human Nature.'

I have no notion where this poem comes from. It was given to me in Ms. as being copied from a magazine, I think. If it is copyright I wish to apologise to the author for using it without leave.

Page 110. — 'A Bunny Romance.'

Mr. Oliver Herford is that rare thing, an Englishman who has become an American humorist. He is a very delightful writer, and he draws as well as he writes. This poem comes from a book called *The Bashful Earthquake*.

Page 113. — 'Easy.'

Mr. Lehmann, who wrote this poem, and who writes in *Punch* every week, is, like Mr. Belloc, at the same time a Member of Parliament; but you see that that has not spoiled him. I print 'Easy' here by kind permission of Mr. Lehmann and Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew.

## Notes

Page 117. — 'The Supper.'

From Mr. Ramal's *Songs of Childhood* (Longmans and Co.), the most remarkable book of poems about or for children that has appeared since Stevenson's. I know of no book the pages of which are so haunted. But although he is rarely gay, Mr. Ramal can be cheery enough when he likes, as you will see by looking at p. 270.

Elsewhere, on pp. 196 and 424, you will find the same poet's 'Captain Lean' and 'The Fly.'

Page 118. — 'Miles Keogh's Horse.'

This, with a poem on p. 312, is by Colonel John Hay, and they are printed here by kind permission of Mrs. Helen Hay Whitney.

Page 120. — 'Home, Pup!'

From *Ionica*, a very beautiful book of poetry by William Cory-Johnson, now published by Mr. George Allen, who gives me leave to quote this and the 'Ballad for a Boy,' on p. 349.

I append to this note one of the shortest dog poems that exists:

### THE OBEDIENT DOG

I AM his Lordship's dog at Whiteham,  
And whom he bids me bite, I bite 'em.

J. HUDDSFORD.

Page 123. — 'Helvellyn.'

I should like to quote here, as a note to Scott's sombre but very musical ballad, another poet's lines on another grave on that noble mountain:

## Notes

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?  
Where may the grave of that good man be?  
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,  
Under the twigs of a young birch-tree!  
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,  
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,  
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,  
Is gone, and the birch in its stead is grown.  
The knight's bones are dust,  
And his good sword rust;  
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Page 127. — 'The Country Faith.'

From a little book containing many beautiful poems of the open air, entitled *A Country Muse*. I print it here by kind permission of Mr. Norman Gale.

Page 145. — 'The Waits.'

I have brought these two poems together under the heading 'The Waits,' but I doubt if any waits ever sang the story of Lazarus. I have taken both of these sweet and simple songs from a volume called *English Country Songs*, edited by Miss Lucy Broadwood and Mr. Fuller Maitland, which gives not only the words, but the music too. The first stanza of Bethlehem City is from Herefordshire, the rest from Northamptonshire. 'Lazarus' is a Middlesex ballad-writer's idea of the parable of Dives and Lazarus, and it goes in the book to the most beautiful sad tune I ever heard. 'The *Golden Vanity*,' on p. 179, and 'The Beautiful Damsel,' on p. 286, are from the same delightful collection.

Page 167. — 'The Diver.'

Mr. E. S. Tylee kindly permits me to quote this poem from his volume entitled *Trumpet and Flag* (Putnams).

## Notes

Page 191. — 'The Captain's Last Hail.'

From *Ballads of Yankee Land*, by Mr. William Edward Penney, published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Co.

Page 198.

I print Lord Macaulay's verses for one of his little nieces, by kind permission of Sir George Otto Trevelyan.

Page 199. — 'When Great-Great-Grandmamma was Young.'

It may surprise my readers to find nothing from the *Original Poems* in this section. The explanation is that all the verses by Ann and Jane Taylor (the best of children's poets) are collected together in a volume uniform with this. The only poems I include here are both by Jane: 'The Farm,' which states something that I wanted stated, on p. 132, and the little hymn at the end, which not only brings, I think, the book to a pretty close, but also is interesting to include in any volume which contains selections from Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses*, because it always seems to me to be the model which he had in mind when he composed that unique and fascinating book. He was putting himself and his sense of mischief and whimsicality into the place of Jane Taylor's little thankful praying child, and the result was the adorable *Garden*.

Page 199. — 'The Fault and the Correction.'

This is the first piece in a little book called *The Mother's Fables in Verse, designed through the Medium of Amusement to correct some of the Faults and Follies of Children*, published by Messrs. Darton and Harvey, the predecessors of the publishers of the present book, in 1812.

Page 202. — 'Mrs. Turner's Object-Lessons.'

I extract these little cautions from *The Crocus, The Daisy, The Pink, and The Cowslip*.

## Notes

Page 212. — 'The First of April.'

From *Poetry for Children*, by Charles and Mary Lamb. It reads to me much more like the work of the sister than the brother, but I have put both names to it.

Page 218. — 'The Elegant Girl.'

From an old book with this title published in 1813.

Page 228. — 'Puns.'

Theodore Hook, who wrote these verses, made more puns than almost any man. He had the wonderful power of composing verses instantly about anyone or anything. The best puns that exist were made by Thomas Hood, two of whose ballads (in spite of Theodore Hook's caution) I print here:

### FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN

#### AN OLD BALLAD

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,  
A carpenter by trade;  
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,  
That was a lady's maid,

But as they fetched a walk one day,  
They met a press-gang crew;  
And Sally she did faint away,  
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,  
Enough to shock a saint,  
That though she did seem in a fit,  
'Twas nothing but a feint.

'Come, girl,' said he, 'hold up your head,  
He'll be as good as me;  
For when your swain is in our boat,  
A boatswain he will be.'



## Notes

So when they'd made their game of her,  
And taken off her elf,  
She roused, and found she only was  
A-coming to herself.

'And is he gone, and is he gone?'  
She cried, and wept outright:  
'Then I will to the water side,  
And see him out of sight.'

A waterman came up to her:  
'Now, young woman,' said he,  
'If you weep on so, you will make  
Eye-water in the sea.'

'Alas! they've taken my beau Ben  
To sail with old Benbow;'  
And her woe began to run afresh,  
As if she'd said Gee woe!

Says he, 'They've only taken him  
To the tender ship you see;'  
'The tender ship,' cried Sally Brown,  
'What a hard-ship that must be!

'O! would I were a mermaid now,  
For then I'd follow him;  
But O! I'm not a fish-woman,  
And so I cannot swim.

'Alas! I was not born beneath  
The Virgin and the Scales,  
So I must curse my cruel stars,  
And walk about in Wales.'

Now Ben had sailed to many a place  
That's underneath the world;  
But in two years the ship came home,  
And all her sails were furled.

## Notes

But when he called on Sally Brown,  
To see how she went on,  
He found she'd got another Ben,  
Whose Christian name was John.

'O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown!  
How could you serve me so?  
I've met with many a breeze before,  
But never such a blow.'

Then reading on his 'bacco box,  
He heaved a bitter sigh,  
And then began to eye his pipe,  
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing 'All's Well,'  
But could not though he tried:  
His head was turned, and so he chewed  
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,  
At forty odd befell;  
They went and told the sexton, and  
The sexton toll'd the bell.

### FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY

#### A PATHETIC BALLAD

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,  
And used to war's alarms;  
But a cannon ball took off his legs,  
So he laid down his arms.

Now as they bore him off the field,  
Said he, 'Let others shoot,  
For here I leave my second leg,  
And the Forty-second Foot.'

## Notes

The army-surgeons made him limbs:  
Said he, 'They're only pegs:  
But there's as wooden Members quite,  
As represent my legs.'

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,  
Her name was Nelly Gray;  
So he went to pay her his devours  
When he'd devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nelly Gray,  
She made him quite a scoff:  
And when she saw his wooden legs,  
Began to take them off.

'O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!  
Is this your love so warm?  
The love that loves a scarlet coat  
Should be more uniform.'

She said, 'I loved a soldier once,  
For he was blithe and brave;  
But I will never have a man  
With both legs in the grave.

'Before you had those timber toes,  
Your love I did allow,  
But then, you know, you stand upon  
Another footing now.'

'O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!  
For all your jeering speeches,  
At duty's call I left my legs  
In Badajos's breaches.'

'Why then,' said she, 'you've lost the feet  
Of legs in war's alarms,  
And now you cannot wear your shoes  
Upon your feats of arms.'

## Notes

'Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray,  
I know why you refuse:  
Though I've no feet, some other man  
Is standing in my shoes.

'I wish I ne'er had seen your face;  
But now a long farewell!  
For you will be my death — alas!  
You will not be my Nell.'

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,  
His heart so heavy got,  
And life was such a burthen grown,  
It made him take a knot.

So round his melancholy neck  
A rope he did entwine,  
And, for the second time in life,  
Enlisted in the Line.

One end he tied around a beam,  
And then removed his pegs,  
And, as his legs were off, of course  
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung till he was dead  
As any nail in town;  
For though distress had cut him up,  
It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,  
To find out why he died —  
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,  
With a stake in his inside.

*Page 231.* — Geography.

The pieces brought together here are from a book called *All the World Over*, of which the copyright is now owned by Mr. Alexander Moring, who kindly allows me to reproduce them here.

## Notes

Page 242. — 'Dame Wiggins of Lee.'

This famous ballad, with excellent woodcuts, was first published nearly a hundred years ago. They professed to be by a lady of ninety, and, indeed, may have been so. In 1885 Mr. Ruskin brought out a new edition, with four new pictures by Miss Greenaway and new verses by himself.

Page 246. — The Cat.

These six sets of rhymes are from a little book called *A Cat Book*, belonging to the Dumpy Series, and they are reproduced here by kind permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

Page 253. — Old-Fashioned Nonsense.

I collect the first three pieces from old books. 'The Comical Girl' is dated 1811.

Page 258. — The Best Nonsense Rhyme.

I have never learnt who was the author of this admirable exercise.

Page 259. — Recent Nonsense Rhymes.

The first six of these I take, by permission of Mrs. Monkhouse, from *Nonsense Rhymes* by the late Cosmo Monkhouse. As to the authorship of the two others I know nothing. The second is printed here by kind permission of Miss Edith Sichel, from her life of Canon Ainger, who, though a clergyman, was not above fun.

Page 260. — The Excellent Nonsense of Mr. Belloc, M.P.

Mr. Belloc is the author of some of the best nonsense verse that has ever been written. I take the pieces given here from three of his books, by his kind goodwill: *A Bad Child's Book of Beasts* (Duckworth and Co.), *More Beasts for Worse Children*, and *A Moral Alphabet* (Edward Arnold).

## Notes

Page 277. — ‘Cobbler! Stick to your Last.’

This ballad was published in 1807 with comic pictures. I do not know who B. A. T. was.

Page 347. — ‘Sir Beville.’

I am permitted by Mr. John Lane to take this poem from Hawker’s works.

Page 369. — ‘The Rose and the Ring’ in outline.

It seemed to me it would be an amusing thing to bring together all the page-headings which Thackeray, in his great, abundant way, wrote for his fairy tale of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo fifty and more years ago — in order that to those who know the story these headings may bring it pleasantly back, and in those who do not yet know it the desire to do so may be agreeably stimulated.

Page 373. — Mr. Lang’s Fairy Books.

I am very glad to be permitted by Mr. St. John Lucas and Messrs. Longmans to use these delightful verses in praise of a delightful series.

Page 377. — ‘Lewis Carroll.’

These verses appeared in Messrs. Hatchards’ catalogue *Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow*, just after the death of Lewis Carroll, in 1898.

Page 388. — ‘A Star-Fancy for a Child.’

Mr. Forrester Scott kindly gives me permission to use this poem, which appeared in *The Spectator*.

## A Farewell Bunch

I have put together here a little farewell bunch of verses which did not seem to fit naturally into any of the groups in the book, but are no worse for that. I am, in fact, rather

## Notes

glad of their three-corneredness, for it must come as a relief to have another taste of the real thing after all these dull notes.

I would just say of them that of the five pieces signed 'L.,' four are from *The Book of Shops*, and 'The Visit to the Zoo' is from *The Visit to London*.

### 'I DON'T CARE'

#### I

'I DON'T CARE' had a bright red frock,  
But cross as cross was she;  
There was a frown on her smooth white brow,  
As dark as dark could be.

#### II

'I Don't Care' had rosy cheeks,  
But they were wet with tears:  
For poor little 'I Don't Care' was young —  
She had only lived four years.

#### III

'I Don't Care' had two bright eyes,  
As blue as the summer sky —  
Eyes that were made to smile at you,  
But never meant to cry.

#### IV

'I Don't Care' had pouting lips,  
And tiny teeth like pearls,  
And as she tossed her dainty head  
The sun shone through her curls.

#### V

'I Don't Care' was a pretty child,  
But she did not look so now,  
With ugly little puckers spread  
Across her baby brow.

## Notes

### VI

Mother came in and smiled at her:  
'Why, what a frown!' cried she.  
'Come, let me smooth the creases out;  
Jump up upon my knee.'

### VII

Then up jumped little 'I Don't Care,'  
And in a second's space  
Mother had cleared the frown away  
From that dear little face.

### VIII

She did not use a heavy iron —  
O dear no! not at all! —  
Only the soft palm of her hand,  
And that was very small.

### IX

So mother had her pet again,  
Though I'm really not aware  
What had become for good and all  
Of little 'I Don't Care.'

L. E. TIDDEMAN.

### CHOOSING A NAME

I HAVE got a new-born sister;  
I was nigh the first that kissed her.  
When the nursing woman brought her  
To papa, his infant daughter,  
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!  
She will shortly be to christen:  
And papa has made the offer,  
I shall have the naming of her.

Now, I wonder what would please her,  
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa?  
Ann and Mary, they're too common;  
Joan's too formal for a woman;



## Notes

Jane's a prettier name beside,  
But we had a Jane that died.  
They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,  
That she was a little Quaker.  
Edith's pretty, but that looks  
Better in old English books;  
Ellen's left off long ago;  
Blanche is out of fashion now.  
None that I have named as yet  
Are so good as Margaret.  
Emily is neat and fine.  
What do you think of Caroline?  
How I'm puzzled and perplex  
What to choose or think of next!  
I am in a little fever,  
Lest the name that I shall give her  
Should disgrace her or defame her.  
I will leave papa to name her.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

## THE CRICKET

### I

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,  
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,  
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,  
Always harbinger of good,  
Pay me for thy warm retreat  
With a song more soft and sweet;  
In return thou shalt receive  
Such a strain as I can give.

### II

Thus thy praise shall be express'd,  
Inoffensive, welcome guest!  
While the rat is on the scout,  
And the mouse with curious snout,

## Notes

With what vermin else infest  
Ev'ry dish, and spoil the best;  
Frisking thus before the fire,  
Thou hast all thine heart's desire.

### III

Though in voice and shape they be  
Form'd as if akin to thee,  
Thou surpassest, happier far,  
Happiest grasshoppers that are;  
Theirs is but a summer's song,  
Thine endures the winter long,  
Unimpair'd, and shrill, and clear  
Melody throughout the year.

### IV

Neither night nor dawn of day  
Puts a period to thy play:  
Sing, then, and extend thy span  
Far beyond the date of man.  
Wretched man, whose years are spent  
In repining discontent,  
Lives not, aged though he be,  
Half a span, compar'd with thee.

WILLIAM COWPER.

*(After Vincent Bourne.)*

## THE FLY

How large unto the tiny fly  
Must little things appear! —  
A rosebud like a feather bed,  
Its prickle like a spear;  
  
A dewdrop like a looking-glass,  
A hair like golden wire;  
The smallest grain of mustard-seed  
As fierce as coals of fire;

## Notes

A loaf of bread, a lofty hill;  
A wasp, a cruel leopard;  
And specks of salt, as bright to see  
As lambkins to a shepherd.

WALTER RAMAL.

### COUNSEL TO THOSE THAT EAT

#### I. — CHOCOLATE-CREAM

WITH chocolate-cream that you buy in the cake  
Large mouthfuls and hurry are quite a mistake.

Wise persons prolong it as long as they can  
By putting in practice this excellent plan:

The cream from the chocolate lining they dig  
With a Runaway match or a clean little twig.

Many hundreds — nay, thousands — of scoopings they make  
Before they've exhausted a twopenny cake;

And then, when the cream is all finished, there still  
Is the chocolate lining to eat as they will.

With ices 'tis equally wrongful to haste:  
You ought to go slowly and dwell on each taste.

Large mouthfuls are painful as well as unwise,  
For they lead to an ache at the back of the eyes;

And the delicate sip is e'en better, one finds,  
If the ice is a mixture of different kinds.

#### II. — HOT POTATOES

POTATOES on the table,  
To eat with other things,  
Potatoes with their jackets off,  
May do for Dukes and Kings.

## Notes

But if you wish to taste them  
As Nature meant you should,  
Why, cook them at a rubbish fire,  
And eat them in a wood.

A little salt and pepper,  
A deal of open air,  
And never was a banquet  
That offered nobler fare.

But if the time is winter,  
There's still another plan:  
You simply pay a penny to  
The hot potato man.

### III. — ORANGES

AN orange cut up and spread out on a plate  
Is all very well for occasions of state,  
But to make a small hole and to suck till it's done,  
With both hands to squeeze it, is much better fun.

L.

### THE CORNISH EMIGRANT'S SONG

O! THE eastern winds are blowing;  
The breezes seem to say,  
'We are going, we are going,  
To North Americay.

'There the merry bees are humming  
Around the poor man's hive;  
Parson Kingdon is not coming  
To take away their tithe.

'There the yellow corn is growing  
Free as the King's highway;  
So we're going, we are going,  
To North Americay.

## Notes

'Uncle Bob shall be churchwarden,  
And Dick shall be the squire,  
And Jem, that lived at Norton,  
Shall be leader of the choir;

'And I will be the preacher,  
And preach three times a day  
To every living creature  
In North Americay.'

R. S. HAWKER.

### THE BARBER

SOME people make the barber bring  
His scissors and his comb,  
His aprons, brushes, everything,  
And cut their hair at home;  
They spread a dust-sheet on the floor,  
And bid Eliza guard the door.

But O! how tame a way is this,  
And not for me and you!  
For, think, the whirling brush they miss,  
They miss the fierce shampoo,  
The squirmy change from hot to cold —  
A feeling worth its weight in gold.

They miss the bustle of the shop,  
They miss the lathered chin,  
The barber's onslaught on the strop  
Before he can begin.  
They miss the razor's deadly sheen,  
They miss the fragrant brilliantine.

L.

### THE VISIT TO THE ZOO

THE Zoo was vastly grander than the children e'er had  
thought:

One animal of every kind at most was what they sought,  
And to merely seek a travelling menagerie at rest,  
And to find our splendid Gardens — is the way to be im-  
pressed!

## Notes

Beginning with the reptile house, it turned the marrow cold  
To think of being crushed within the boa constrictor's hold;  
They shuddered as the python's tongue slid swiftly in and  
out,  
But laughed to see the little polished frogs that hopped  
about.

And next they sought the lion house, and watched the sullen  
rage  
With which a tiger spent himself within his iron cage;  
Ferociously he paced his beat and roared in grim despair,  
While other roars in echo came from sympathisers there.

One lion had his noble head two inches from the bars,  
And in his eyes they saw the light of Africa's soft stars;  
No note he took of anyone as motionless he lay,  
His wistful melancholy thoughts five thousand miles away.

They bought in the refreshment room some luncheon from  
a blonde,  
And uncle made a dreadful pun concerning Spiers and Pond.  
'Their notice-boards describe them as "contractors"; but,'  
said he,  
'The bun I'm eating tells me that "expanders" it should  
be.'

The elephants upraised their trunks, their jaws they opened  
wide,  
And Tom by taking careful aim got fourteen buns inside.  
But ah! the poor rhinoceros, so small a mouth has he,  
That out of two-and-twenty shots none hit the mark but  
three.

The hippopot was bathing and declined to scramble out,  
So nothing could they see of him save now and then his  
snout.

However, this unwillingness to place his neck on view  
His neighbour the giraffe made up — most generously, too.

## Notes

Thus passed, 'midst mammoth, beast, and bird, the pleasant  
time away.

The best of all perhaps they liked the monkeys at their play,  
And least of all the parrot house, for every creature in it  
Had pledged itself to scream the most and loudest in a  
minute.

L.

### A THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell  
Wherein to dwell;

A little house, whose humble roof  
Is weatherproof;

Under the spars of which I lie  
Both soft and dry.

Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,  
Hast set a guard

Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep  
Me while I sleep.

Low is my porch, as is my fate,  
Both void of state;

And yet the threshold of my door  
Is worn by the poor,

Who hither come, and freely get  
Good words or meat.

Like as my parlour, so my hall,  
And kitchen small;

A little buttery, and therein  
A little bin,

Which keeps my little loaf of bread  
Unchipt, unflead.

Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier  
Make me a fire,

Close by whose living coal I sit,  
And glow like it.

Lord, I confess, too, when I dine  
The pulse is Thine,

And all those other bits that be  
There placed by Thee.

## Notes

The worts, the purslain, and the mess  
Of watercress,  
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent:  
And my content  
Makes those, and my belovéd beet,  
To be more sweet.  
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth  
With guiltless mirth;  
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,  
Spiced to the brink  
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand  
That sows my land:  
All this, and better, dost Thou send  
Me for this end:  
That I should render for my part  
A thankful heart,  
Which, fired with incense, I resign  
As wholly Thine:  
But the acceptance — that must be,  
O Lord, by Thee.

ROBERT HERRICK.

And now I wonder if you can guess Hannah More's riddle:

I'm a new contradiction; I'm new and I'm old,  
I'm often in tatters, and oft deck'd in gold:  
Though I never could read, yet letter'd I'm found;  
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose, I am bound;  
I am always in black, and I'm always in white;  
I am grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light.  
In form, too, I differ — I'm thick and I'm thin,  
I've no flesh, and no bones, yet I'm cover'd with skin;  
I've more points than the compass, more stops than the  
flute —  
I sing without voice, without speaking confute;  
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French and I'm Dutch;  
Some love me too fondly; some slight me too much;  
I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,  
And no monarch alive has so many pages.



## Notes

Here the book ends; and I am sure that, whatever its young readers may think, we who are grown up will say, when we have finished it, exactly what Longfellow said so beautifully in his poem 'The Children's Hour':

For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your caresses,  
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That were ever sung or said;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead!

CENTRAL CIRCULATION  
CHILDREN'S ROOM











